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SEPTEMBER 18, 1920

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Alonzo Englebert Taylor—Louise Dutton—Wilbur Hall—Michael J. Phillips
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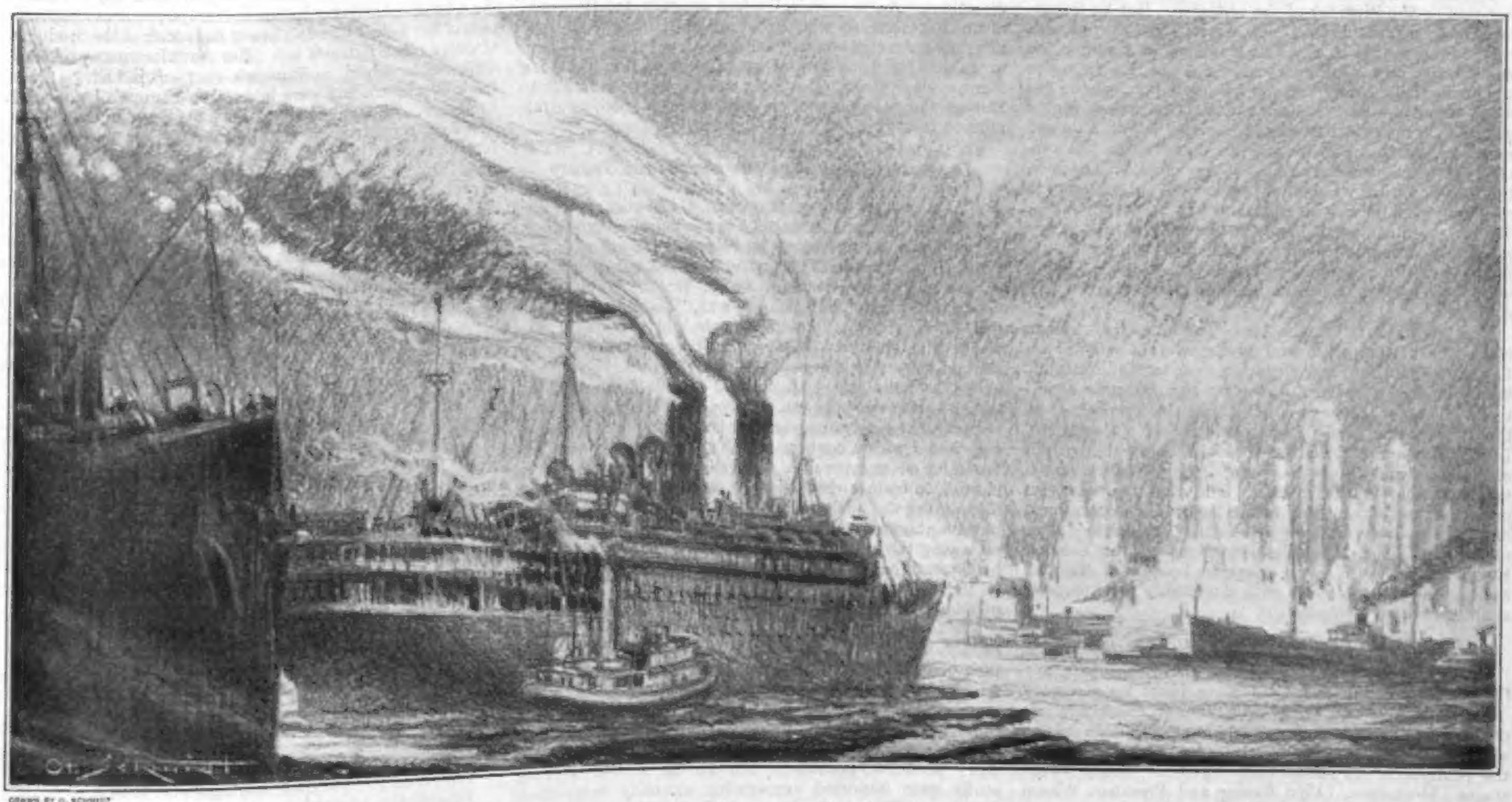
"The Economic Consequences of the Peace" — By Alonzo Englebert Taylor



DRAWN BY G. SCHMIDT

IRRESPECTIVE of the past policies of political parties, and no matter how wide open the platforms leave the doors of future procedure, the relations of the United States to the Treaty of Peace, the League of Nations and the reconstruction of Europe must be regarded as political issues. The incoming administration and the new Congress cannot be expected to adopt policies until the people have formulated opinions. At such a time leadership must come to the people and judgment from the people.

International problems are so new to our experience that members of Congress cannot rely upon precedent; and therefore, to a far greater extent than is the case with ordinary legislation, Congress cannot act until the people give expression to their views. These views must find voice in the election as well as after the election. Under these circumstances the study of our foreign relations becomes an immediate duty. Whether and with what reservations we enter a League of Nations or a World Court of Appeal is an ultimate question. But establishment of peace with Germany and determination of workable conditions of peace between the opposing groups is an immediate question, involving to some extent the economic well-being of every country in the world.

The framers of the Treaty of Versailles recognized more and more with each month of their deliberations that the reconstruction of the war-stricken nations could not be accomplished by formulas. Therefore in the body of the treaty and in annexes they provided for delegation of power to the Reparations Commission, with wide latitude in the determination and enforcement of the economic clauses of the treaty.

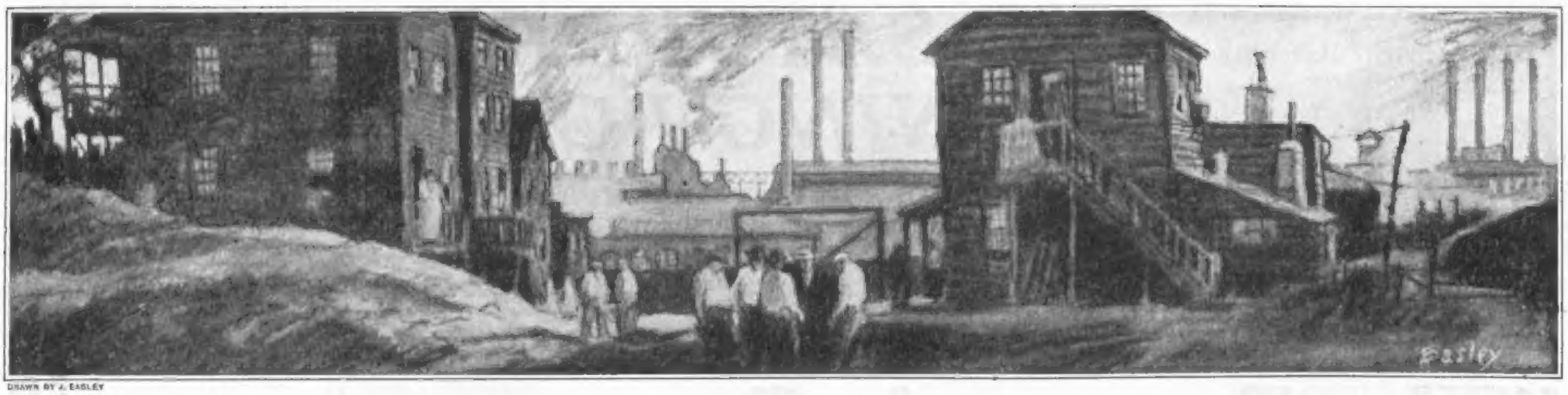
The framers of the treaty may have undervalued the economic and overestimated the political problems, and the powers delegated to the Reparations Commission may be insufficient; but it is clear that the delegates of the Allied and Associated Powers were not mere doctrinaires who attempted to make a peace with formulas. Quite the contrary, the difficulties were of most practical nature, since the Allied and Associated Powers tried to divide what they did not possess. They tried to divide the products of the work of Europe before they had got Europe back to work. If one nation wantonly attacks another and in the struggle both use up their present resources, how is reparation for the injured nation to be obtained? That was the problem that confronted the Allied and Associated Powers.

What are the economic clauses of the treaty concerning which there is so much discussion? What are the proposals suggested as modifications? To what extent are we involved by our war obligations? To what degree are we concerned through the nature of our trade relationship to Europe and the neutral world? In what way must America and Europe function with each other and with the other parts of the world for the restoration of normal conditions?

Current discussions on modifications of the Treaty of Peace revolve largely round the book of John Maynard Keynes, The Economic Consequences of the Peace. Keynes is a Fellow in Economics in Kings College, University of Cambridge, following the footsteps of his father, who held a chair there. Keynes became economic adviser of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the United Kingdom in 1917. In this capacity he came into close contact with the representatives of the United States Treasury abroad during 1917, 1918 and 1919. During the conferences in Paris he acted as adviser and expert to the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the British representative on the Supreme Economic Council, for whom he acted as alternate.

Everyone who has known him testifies to his high-mindedness and uprightness of character. He has never mixed in English politics. In private life he has espoused the principles of liberalism. The banking world of London regarded him as very talented, though rather unorthodox. He had given especial study to gold and the monetary system and was an authority on international trade. It was no secret in Paris that he was frequently out of sympathy with the policies of his government and often directly at odds with the Prime Minister.

It is difficult to conceive a wider contrast between minds. Lloyd George, devoid of quantitative concept in dealing with problems, but adroit to perfection in handling qualitative considerations, a perfect politician with the sixth sense; Keynes, austere and quantitative, and impatient of the viewpoint of the politician. A few weeks before the signature of the Treaty of Peace, Keynes resigned when, in his words, "It



DRAWN BY J. EASLEY

became evident that hope could no longer be entertained of substantial modification in the draft Terms of Peace." In the language of a colleague of Keynes, he resigned in order to retain his self-respect. The book was issued in November, 1919, and created immediately a world-wide sensation. It is being translated into many of the languages of Continental Europe, and has become the ritual of the German Foreign Office.

Keynes did not discover the faults in the Treaty of Peace, nor was he the inventor of the remedies. But he formulated a clearly stated bill of economic rights of Europe, and his book appeared as the first elaborate and competent contribution to the subject. After the reaction from the signature of the treaty and the failure of the peace to become peaceful, the first dark month of oncoming winter was the psychological moment for such a book. I do not mean to say that Keynes was an opportunist, but certainly the book rose on the crest of opportunity. The position of the author was one of peculiar advantage, since it represented a high British official criticizing Allied policies. The extraordinary prominence attained by the book immediately after publication was not due, however, to the intrinsic merits of the presentation. The air was charged with the tension of the situation and the book acted as a conductor.

The book is in seven chapters. The introduction is an eloquent and temperamental prologue. The chapter on Europe before the War is a concise, clear and judicious but highly colored statement of the prewar economic conditions. Chapter Three is entitled The Conference. Here the author analyzes the psychologies of Clémenceau, Lloyd George and President Wilson, rolls up the curtain of the stage and allows the credulous world to gaze upon treaty-making in the making. The next two chapters present extensive analyses of the treaty and reparations, in which the faults are more penetratingly scrutinized than the merits. Then follows a pessimistic chapter entitled Europe After the Treaty, drawn in broad and effective lines; and the book closes with a veritably revolutionary chapter entitled Remedies.

Why Keynes' Book is a Best Seller

THE chapter on The Conference bears no necessary relation to the rest of the book. The economic analysis of the treaty and reparations could have been done just as well by one who possessed no knowledge of the inside of the conference. It makes little difference through what stages Clémenceau, Lloyd George and President Wilson passed in their agreements and disagreements.

Frenchmen who knew Clémenceau much better than Keynes, were not friendly to him, and did not support his position in the peace conference, disagree with Keynes in his interpretation of the psychology of the old premier. Americans who knew President Wilson better than Keynes and may or may not support the President in his position, disagree with Keynes in his analysis of the psychology of our President. We assume that Keynes knew Lloyd George.

The chapter entitled The Conference, and the first portion of the second section of the chapter on reparation entitled The Conference and the Terms of the Treaty—from Page 124 to 138—supplied the dramatic elements and converted the book from a first-grade economic and statistical contribution into a best seller. The majority of people who read the book are the political or national enemies of President Wilson, Lloyd George and Clémenceau. The sale of the book to students of the problem competent to appreciate the technical argument of Keynes would be in the thousands, whereas the actual sale is in the hundreds of thousands.

The success of the book as a best seller has been due to Keynes the amateur politician, not to Keynes the statistician; to Keynes the dramatist, not to Keynes the economist. The descriptions of the conferences between the three heads of states and the denunciation of Lloyd George's behavior in the British election of 1918 supply those elements of the spectacular to the economic morals of the book of Keynes that Simon Legree and Little Eva contributed to the morals of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The book was meant to force political action.

It is correctly stated by Keynes that the treaty is in parts uneconomic and unworkable. It is doubtful whether the faults can be adequately corrected through the operations of the Reparations Commission. Keynes does not dilate on the results that might be expected if the uneconomic features of the treaty were displayed in different directions. An economically bad pro-Ally treaty would mean that Germany would go down first, dragging Europe after her. An economically bad pro-German treaty would mean that Italy and France would go down first, dragging Europe after them. Have the results of the war left to Europe the possibility of an economically good, neutral-minded treaty?

Suggested Remedies for the Peace Treaty

I HAVE spoken of The Economic Consequences of the Peace as being the ritual of the German Foreign Office. Traveling in the ex-enemy and neutral countries during the early months of 1920, almost the first question asked of the visitor by German, Swiss, Dutch, Dane, Pole, Czech, Austrian and Hungarian was, "Have you read the book of Keynes?" Though Keynes did not specifically discuss the Treaty of St.-Germain, the peoples of Central Europe naturally assume that his views on this treaty would be more severe than those on the Treaty of Versailles—also more hopeless. Not only are Keynes' views of the problem widely accepted but his proposals of remedies are viewed with a concern that is always intense, whether favorable or unfavorable. Traveling in Europe, it seems natural to open a discussion of conditions in Europe by introducing the book of Keynes. In a similar way, it may be advantageous to discuss the subject with Americans by reviewing the book of Keynes, particularly since Keynes holds pronounced views as to the obligation which what he terms "generosity" would impose upon the American people.

The fundamental problem of Europe revolved about her supply of food, clothing and raw material. Roughly, one-fifth of the food consumed in Europe, outside of Russia, was imported. This was not only true of primary foodstuffs—the breadstuffs, of which Europe before the war imported some sixteen million tons annually—it was also true of the secondary foodstuffs, meats, animal fats and dairy products, because to sustain the animals feeding stuffs were imported aggregating annually more than fourteen million tons of corn, barley, oats and oil seeds. Europe was dependent on the outside world for practically all her petroleum, copper, nickel, tin, rubber, cotton, jute, and for a great deal of wool and hides. These imports were paid for with the products of work, past and present.

The work of the moment was incorporated into manufactured commodities and shipped out in exchange for food, feeds and raw materials. The work of the past was in the earnings of investments abroad and in the services of shipping. Emigrants from Europe remitted annually to Europe between one hundred and fifty million and two hundred million dollars, and the American tourists spent still more. The net result of these operations prior to the war represented a plus for Europe, which was invested abroad, thus increasing her invisible resources. In this economic situation the elements of import and export, shipping, barter, banking and exchange were most delicately balanced. To an amazing extent Europe operated as a unit rather than as a collection of separate states. The interdependence of the various states was so intimate as practically to obliterate national boundaries.

The stability of this situation has been destroyed by war. If it be not restored, tens of millions of people will be unable to earn their living. Should such a situation continue long, the result will be a tremendous increase in the death rate, accompanied by a heavy decrease in the birth rate, with little relief possible through emigration. But it seems probable that such a Malthusian outcome could not occur with the retention of the present forms of society. Order would be replaced by chaos, government by anarchy and civilization by barbarism. The interdependence of the nations is so intimate that Continental Europe would react as a unit. The war having destroyed almost immeasurable physical and human values, if opportunity of working for mere subsistence be not retained society will collapse.

Of this arch of specialized industry Germany was the keystone. If the other nations are to be saved, Germany must be saved. Every nation in Europe requires the products of her toil. She was a heavy consumer of the products of every other nation's toil. Her manufacture was an indispensable wheel in Europe's gear of industry. Her banking and trading were integral in Europe's balance of exchange. Though defeated in war, Germany must be saved in reconstruction for the sake of Europe as well as for the sake of herself. If the present Germany were to pass through such a period as followed the Thirty Years' War, the economics of Europe would collapse for lack of internal support.

It is the contention of Keynes that the Treaty of Versailles does not insure such a recovery of Germany, and in consequence the reconstruction of Europe. Indeed it is the conviction of Keynes that the recovery of Germany was not contemplated by the authors of the treaty. Other students of the treaty contend that the evil consequences that Keynes portrays may flow from possible construction of the treaty, but deny that they must flow from an inevitable interpretation and execution of the document. Keynes has proposed as remedies, among other less important changes, the following:

Revision of the treaty for the purpose of making it economically and politically workable, including fixation of the sum of reparation within the earning power of Germany; revision of the clauses dealing with coal and iron; the establishment of a free-trade union in Central Europe; and reconstruction of the Reparations Commissions to include representatives of Germany and of the neutral states.

The settlement of inter-Ally indebtedness, meaning by this cancellation all round. It is assumed, though not specifically stated, that this would apply to both sides of the late conflict.

The establishment of an international loan for the purpose of correcting the depreciation of European exchanges and enabling the resumption of importation of raw materials, foods and feeds, so that the cycle of European industry may be resumed.

The resumption of trade relations with Russia.

Repudiation of war issue of paper money and war loans, preferably through a capital levy for the extinction of debt. This is not given the same prominence accorded to the other four proposals, but it is indispensable in the nature of the internal argument. Keynes does not make the last proposal applicable to the United States.

Views on the Comeback of Europe

THOUGHTFUL and economically minded people in all countries of Europe share four misgivings applied to the thesis of Keynes.

It seems tacitly assumed by Keynes that the Europe of the prewar period, with its delicate interstate and international balance of the factors of production, banking, barter, shipping and exchange, can be restored within a commensurable period of time. The faith of Keynes in the comeback of Europe is not widely shared, and the still higher requirements stated in the financial remedies of Sir George Paish have only served to derogate the thesis of Keynes. Have not the material, mental, energetic and spiritual losses been so profound that it lies outside the capacity of the present population of Europe to restore the *status quo ante bellum?*

If the prewar plane of production cannot be estimated as restorable, and the invisible resources are largely dissipated, the conclusion follows that Europe will recover only after a loss in population through increased death rate, reduced birth rate and emigration. If the maximum applicable energy of Europe before the war only sufficed

to maintain the conditions of that day, the greatly reduced capacity of the Europe of to-day will not serve to restore those conditions.

Keynes himself had stated that before the war the operation of the law of diminishing returns was making itself felt in Europe. A period of low standard of living would seem to be inevitable. Under these circumstances the remedies of Keynes, it is felt, would represent, in part at least and probably largely, wasted effort.

It is widely felt that in the statement as presented in the book the economic consequences of the peace are overdrawn and the economic consequences of the war underestimated. This is scarcely a fair criticism as applied to the analysis of Keynes, because he certainly knows what has been lost in the war. But it is equally true that the perusal of the book leaves the average reader with an exaggerated notion of the economic faults of the treaty and an overdrawn idea of the restoration to be expected from the alterations proposed.

Anyone who has read the book can convince himself of the correctness of this observation by reversing certain positions of the text. Let one first, under Remedies, read The Settlement of Inter-Ally Indebtedness, An International Loan and The Relation of Central Europe to Russia. Assuming the proposals under these headings to have been consummated, let the reader then ask himself what changes in the economic clauses ought to be executed in order to enable Germany to get on her feet again. The test will convince anyone that revision of the treaty will appear of much less importance after the other three remedies have been applied than if applied initially.

If the finances and trade of the world are in chaos, revision of the treaty requires almost superhuman courage to face the circumstances; but after the finance and trade of the world have been freed of their shackles through cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness, establishment of an international loan, reform of the currency and restoration of the relations of the world to Russia, the necessary revision of the treaty will appear in modest dimensions. Most assuredly Keynes did not intend to invert the pyramid, but for the average reader his method of presentation has done this.

One of the achievements of the war was the curbing of Teutonic economic power, because economic and military power were combined in the pan-Germanic policy of the Central Powers. If now Germany is to be restored because her energy and capacity are indispensable to Europe, and if in addition a free-trade union be established in Central Europe, does this not come dangerously near the reëstablishment of the pan-Germanic concept of Mittel Europa? Keynes himself is not oblivious to this criticism and has attempted to answer the misgiving by the suggestion that if all the nations of Europe enter into the free-trade union Germany could not control or exploit it. But it is difficult to convince people on the Continent that stimulating Germany might not at the best result in producing an Old Man of the Sea or at the worst in effecting a restoration of her prewar preëminence in Central Europe.

The Cancellation of War Debts

LASTLY, it is widely felt that the remedies do not fit the ailment; that like an escharotic they would destroy sound tissue as well as diseased. In any event, there is no precedent according to which the action of the remedies could be prejudged or controlled. If inter-Ally indebtedness is to be canceled, this must carry with it similar cancellation of inter-enemy indebtedness. If internal war debts are to be obliterated by capital-tax levies—really repudiation—and note circulation deflated in the states of Europe, this must occur also in those countries outside of Europe that have large internal war debts and inflated currencies—for example, the United States, Japan and the dominions of the British Empire. Otherwise, capital and labor in different countries would not be on the plane of parity in international competition.

It may be true that the costs of the war, as far as they are expressed in inflation of note circulation, should be paid for out of the savings of the past rather than out of the savings of the future. But the influence of capital-tax levies on production is entirely problematic. This proposal is regarded as a hypothetical remedy, whose effects would not be confined to the diseased lesions of war finance but would be made manifest in every part of the economic body and for a duration of time that cannot be forecast.

The experiences of Erzberger and Wirth with capital-tax levies do not weigh in favor of the proposition of Keynes. A general bonfire of war bonds and paper money, recommended by Keynes, is indeed an application of the quantity theory of money. Possibly it might be as beneficial as it is simple. But suppose it had the effect of palsying production, replacing initiative with inertia? One may pass through insolvency in a community of solvents. One nation might pass through bankruptcy in a world of solvent nations. But what if the leading nations of the world tried to pass through bankruptcy proceedings at the same time?

In conservative circles in England the book is regarded as next door to treason. It is maliciously insinuated that if the author had not suffered from overwork he would never have written such a book. The average straight-going Englishman cannot believe that the Allied and Associated Governments extended to Germany specific armistice terms of an unusually solemn and binding character and then refused to carry out these solemn pledges to Germany.

British Reactions to Keynes' Book

A DISTINGUISHED writer in the London Times repudiated as unthinkable the suggestion that the British Government could repudiate an engagement or undertaking. It has been a profound shock to British respectability to hear expressions like "debauchery of thought and speech," "greed," "prejudice and deception"; to have the late struggle referred to as "A war ostensibly waged in defense of the sanctity of international engagements, ending in a definite breach of one of the most sacred possible of such engagements on the part of the victorious champions of these ideals"; and to hear the Houses of Parliament described as "A lot of hard-faced men who look as if they had done very well out of the war."

It is clear that Keynes blames Great Britain more than France and Italy, because she had not the extenuation of being in a desperate situation. An irate gentleman in the St. James's Club one evening in a choleric explosion blurted out to the writer that Keynes' book will confirm every Continental person in the correctness of the old trash that has been written about perfidious Albion. To this type of Englishman it was not agreeable to be told that Lloyd George had bamboozled the President, because there was merely misfortune in being bamboozled, whereas there was an odium in being the bamboozler. Keynes' dramatic painting of the inside scene is rejected by the punctilious type of English conservative, because "It can't be true, don't you know."

To the liberals of England the book came at once as a shock and a confirmation. They had mistrusted Lloyd George and the British policy, but were not prepared for the disclosures of Keynes. Some British liberals were indeed in advance of Keynes. Sir George Paish told the writer that he regarded the book of Keynes as a mild statement. Paish was much berated on the occasion of his visit to this country, while Keynes is usually praised. But they differ little in views, except that Paish suggested a much higher figure for the international loan.

One wing of British liberalism was pained that the argument of Keynes was so largely technical and material; that he advocated merely a workable peace of material equity and not one of reconciliation transcending economic considerations. There is no doubt that the main tendencies of the book are shared by men like Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, who from different viewpoints represent the most enlightened humanity of the British Empire.

The officials of the empire resent the appearance of the book in which they are held up to the scorn of the world for the violation of obligations. They protest that the book is one-sided, sententious and visionary; and that some chapters were motivated by personal spite, jealousy and what we call in American slang a sore head. They predict that the dissemination of the book will greatly embarrass future negotiations with Germany and make difficult or impossible such modifications of the treaty as the nations of the Entente are convinced will be needed to make it a workable document. The everyday Englishman calls Keynes an internationalist in the same sense that Hiram Johnson uses the word.

The shippers, traders and bankers of the United Kingdom agree in the main with Keynes' remedies, with the exception of the proposal for cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness, though they censure him for not having written a straight-out treatise on the economics of reconstruction with the avoidance of all political discussion, expressing this in the characteristic English—"It isn't done." In labor circles in the United Kingdom, particularly in the radical wing, Keynes' book has been accorded many evidences of unqualified approval. This is due partly to the fact that British labor does not wish to see German labor placed under a foreign yoke. In addition, Keynes' proposals tend to the demobilization of international banking as at present constituted.

A remarkable change in attitude toward Germany has developed in the United Kingdom during the last year. Of the millions who swore never again to purchase a German-made article, nine-tenths have either forgotten all about the oath or have frankly discarded it because exclusion of Germany's products is now regarded as more harmful to the British than to the Germans.

At the same time nowhere is it more clearly realized that the final settlement of peace must secure two very difficult attainments—the economic reconstruction of Germany and the military security of France against future German aggression. How to make Germany strong again without danger of revival of pan-Germanic militarism states the problem. In his emphasis of the first need Keynes glosses over the second; but the British public, though fully alive to the first, lays great emphasis upon the second.

Opinion in the neutral countries of Europe is largely a question of racial affiliation, commercial connections, geographical location and losses in the late struggle. Diplomats, politicians and scholars have, of course, their own opinions. It is a fair statement that during the war the majority of people in Denmark, Norway and Holland were pro-Ally; the majority in Sweden and Switzerland pro-German. At present the majority in all five countries is pro-German.

The General Palsy in Industry

THIS is due to the fact that all classes in these countries are suffering as the result of the general palsy in industry, for which the Allied and Associated Powers are held to bear the largest responsibility. The working classes of these five countries are strongly socialistic and before the war had close relations with the socialists of Germany. The government of Germany is now one of the people, with the Moderate Socialists as the strongest single party. The working classes of the contiguous countries have faith in the democracy of Germany, and they blame the governments of the Allied and Associated Powers for not having supported the late cabinet.

The blockade of Russia is opposed in all the neutral countries and has cost the Allied and Associated Governments much sympathy, which has gone to Germany. Under these circumstances the book of Keynes, widely read in all of the countries named, has served to confirm a feeling that Germany was economically maltreated in Versailles and as a result her neutral neighbors are suffering.

The scarcity of coal in Europe during the past year has borne heavily on these five nations. This scarcity of coal was made more acute by the fact that the British controlled the exportation of their coal in accordance with a

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DRAWN BY A. EASLEY

FACING FACTS

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

CAPTAIN CUPID AMES, late of a certain machine-gun company little known to fame and now of a Wall Street house that was equally unknown, stood with his feet wide apart in a gray-green patch of moonlight and stared at the biggest snowdrift in Madison Square Park and scowled. The biggest snowdrift looked bigger than ever by moonlight, and dirtier, with a sinister, suggestive dinginess more pervading than honest daylight dirt, but Cupid saw something there that was harder to look at than dirt. He saw just what he had been seeing everywhere for the two tortured hours since he wrote it—the last words of his letter to Cynthia.

He had scrawled it on business paper at his office, and the formal, ornate letterhead somehow made it easier to write, and so did the bustle and clatter of the closing hour and the smell of his stenographer's cheap talcum and MacBride's big hand on his shoulder while he gave his usual elaborate invitations for Saturday.

"But I forgot, son. You're dated up for to-night," Mac said, and laughed.

It was what Mac always said, but this time Cupid answered solemnly: "Next Saturday I'll be free." And folded the letter without a second reading, and went out and looked for a messenger and found one, and sent it to Cynthia.

For the whole two hours since then he had walked the streets, if fighting through scattered drifts could be called walking. He had plunged into this park at last because there were no telephones here; also he could watch the hands of the tower clock pushing slowly—very slowly—toward seven. Seven was the hour when he always called for Cynthia. When it passed—Cupid knew it with the sure, unreasoning instinct of the escaping male—he would be safe. He would not telephone Cynthia or repent. It would be too late. He would go to his room—the old studio building was just out of sight round the corner—and change, smoke, get back his appetite, which had somehow unaccountably disappeared, and go out and eat a square meal, as square meals should be eaten—alone. For Cynthia, up in her select Sixty-seventh Street boarding house, had read his letter long ago, and this was the letter:

My Dear: I'm not coming to-night. I'm not ever coming again. You know why, I guess. You are getting to care for me and I can't afford to be married. War sure is hell. You are the best friend I've got. You will get over this of course. I am so sorry.

GERALD.

Cupid's real name was Gerald. There was a postscript too—"We must face the facts."

That was all. Facing facts; that was what he was doing now; and some were pleasant to face—his first meeting with Cynthia six months ago at a canteen dance. Cupid was afraid of girls. He did not want to marry, and most girls did. Long ago when they were boys—he was twenty-seven now—there had been three who were afraid, Cupid and Mac and little Billy Delano. Poor little Billy was married now, with a flat in Bronxville and twins, and he never got to France. Mac and Cupid, who did, were safe for a time from girls. There was that much good in the war. It made you safe; cut your salary and doubled your rent, and no girl would want you.

She Was Smiling a Shy, Small Smile That Made Love to You and Made Fun of You Too

And Cynthia was not like his other girls; not a vamp or a clinging vine; just a nice little girl, who looked you straight in the eyes and liked you and showed it. She had soft straight bobbed hair and a rare, small smile and big gray-green eyes like some jewel that Cupid had never seen, and very bright. She taught English in Madame Carrel's Æsthetic Culture School and her salary was three thousand a year. Cupid was not making much more. She had to send money home and would lose her job if she married. She told him this and much more on that first night. It was Saturday, and all Saturdays after that and on many nights between they dined together and danced.

How Cynthia could dance! And how she could talk; modern stuff that Mac was up in and Cupid was not—psychoanalysis, spooks, socialistic subjects whose very names took his breath away. But she could listen, too, and Cupid could talk to her; just talk and not fuss or flirt; talk of comfortable things—where to buy shirts and ties and what to take for a cold. They had jokes together, little jokes that Mac would have scorned. She called him Pobbles—they had both forgotten why—and he called her Kitten, because she looked like one.

"Hell!" said Cupid, and kicked at a frozen snowdrift. "Hell's bells!"

For he came now to facts not so pleasant to face; to nights when they dined together and did not dance; when talk failed and silences grew questioning and strange and into Cynthia's eyes crept a look that he feared and knew; when they quarreled about anything or nothing—the Peace Treaty, her green hat, which he thought too small, a Russian folk song at a concert, which made Cupid laugh and Cynthia cry, and the golden gown. It was daring, but chic and French; it was tarnished, but gay; it was worn in a cabaret in farthest Harlem by a henna-haired beauty who did not please him; but the gown did, and he said so and stuck to it till Cynthia wept and rose abruptly and left him—and left her purse in his pocket and had to walk all the way home. It was twelve when she got back to her boarding-house parlor—and Cupid, waiting penitent and pale on the springless sofa there. She dropped down beside him and sat there and clung to his hand, and that was one of the times when he almost kissed her—almost. Cupid had never kissed Cynthia.

"Old stuff," said Cupid bitterly.

Oh, it was! Her work was crude. This was her first affair, but she was out after him, trying to get him, acting up just like any other girl. Cynthia! It was time to break away. Well, he had made a clean break. He was not in love with her—just fond of her, as he was of Mac, only there was more kick to it. Their last evening was perfect, unshadowed by impending partings. At the end, in the boarding-house hall, under a hard, high light, where she looked pale but quite lovely, she lingered wistfully, keeping his hands.

"Happy, Pob?" she asked him quaintly. "Quite happy? Happy enough?"

And he said that he was, and kept his voice steady, and walked very straight down the steps and away, and never once looked back. Then he kept away for a week—a long week. He got so tired of dining with Mac and felt so out of touch with all girls, and then wrote the letter, and now—Cupid stared at the clock. The hands, which had reached the quarter hour and seemed to stand still there indefinitely, had suddenly touched the hour. He was free from Cynthia!

"Good-by," said Cupid out loud. "Good-by, little girl."

It was what he had planned to say, and his voice sounded flat and queer, but he said it and stood with bared head a few minutes. He did not feel very free—not yet. The great moment had crept up on him. He did not get it. It carried no thrill. But he understood that great moments were like that. The thrill would come later. He could wait for it. Meantime a passing policeman was certainly watching him curiously and his feet felt large and very cold; also he did not want to go home or anywhere else. He turned and began to walk rather stiffly out of the park and home.

"If I were a girl I'd cry," he thought.

Was Cynthia crying? Had she torn up his letter? He hoped so. It had to be written. It was. But he was not proud of it. Certainly not. Things looked worse written down than they sounded when you talked about them. But Cynthia and he had agreed about this long ago. She had said that ten thousand a year was the minimum sum to start housekeeping in New York on. Well, he could not earn it. Better men could not.

"Little girl," said Cupid firmly to a lamppost which he had paused to argue with, "you and I are not the only ones. There are others."

Others? Why, that was the point! He did not need to feel guilty. He had not behaved like a cad to Cynthia. He was not a cad. He was fighting; and others, better men, were fighting the same battle, settling this problem of his and Cynthia's. Since the war the town was full of them—the country was. They could not afford to marry. They must wait till they could afford it or give it up. If he married Cynthia he would be unfair to himself and her and to all those others, the boys who were fighting too. Down here in the twilight of the park, in the gloom of the cross street into which he was turning now, at the edge of the big, gay New York Saturday night that had once been his and Cynthia's and never would be again, Cupid was not alone. Those other boys were with him. He was doing his duty to them.

"Facing facts," said Cupid.

He said it out loud and was proud to, for it was a battle cry. Here was his house. A forsaken-looking taxi chugged mournfully outside. His rooms on the top floor were dark and so were the rooms below. He was probably the only

man there not out to-night, and batting, but he did not care. He threw open the door with a proud, free gesture and stepped inside. He stood still there, staring. Sharp light from unshaded gas jets, new floor carpet of bilious green, the faded rug on the stairs—these things were as usual. But one thing was not. Halfway up the first flight of stairs, with her arms clasped round her knees and both hands in her big black muff and her calm eyes fixed upon him, sat Cynthia.

"It's you!" said Cupid rather uncertainly.

And it was no creation of his fevered brain—it was really Cynthia. She was wearing her oldest tailor suit, a frivolous, short-skirted little black one, and formidable high-buttoned spats and tiny low-heeled pumps, set very close together on the stair, as if they were trying hard and unsuccessfully not to dance, and the round green hat that he did not like and jade earrings that matched it. She was smiling at Cupid just as she always smiled—a shy, small smile that made love to you and made fun of you too, and her voice was just Cynthia's voice.

"You're late," she said.

"Then you do understand? You're not angry?"

Cupid stopped. She was looking polite but puzzled. She did not know what he meant. Had she read his letter? How pretty she was! Had he forgotten in a week, or was she prettier to-night? There was a flushed excitement about her—a strange, shy charm.

"Angry? Why, no!" she said. "You're late, but I'm late too. Madame kept me late. That's why I came straight here. I didn't go home to dress. I thought this once I could catch you here and save time. Mac was just going out and he let me in here to wait. I've been waiting half an hour. That cab outside is mine. I found a phone back there in the hall and called it. Where were you? Never mind"—her laugh was a little unsteady—"you're here now."

"You say you haven't been home?"

"Not since breakfast. Why? You look like the Hamlet ghost, or the Richard ones—they're worse. What's the matter? Don't you love me, Pobbles?"

"Oh, yes, I love you all right," said Cupid wearily.

"Then come here." Cupid came and stood stiffly under the light. She rose and inspected him conscientiously, patting his collar and tie into place. "Warm, dry and very beautiful," she pronounced. "Your hair curls. No, don't touch it—mind mother. And don't go upstairs. You won't need to change. Come along."

"Wait," said Cupid. "I—I've got to tell you something."

"No," said Cynthia quickly, "not yet. Not here. I don't wish to be mercenary, but the cheap cabs aren't out to-night—too much snow—and this one's costing me ——"

"You?"

"Certainly! You are my guest to-night."

"Well, I never have let a girl spend money on me," began Cupid hotly.

"I can't let you spend money on me to-night."

There was the strangest little thrill in Cynthia's voice.

"To-night's—not like any other night," she said. "There are two reasons why, and one is this: Madame's raising me—raising me five hundred a year."

"Fine!" said Cupid faintly, but she did not pause for congratulations.

"We're celebrating, and you've got to go where I take you and do what I tell you and let me pay—until midnight. Promise?"

Cupid nodded stiffly. He could not help it, though he could not have told why.

"Right!" She looked at her wrist watch. "More than four hours. That's a long time. It ought to be time enough. It's got to be. When the clock strikes twelve you can tell me anything you want to and I'll tell you something too. But we'll have our party first—the best party we ever had. Won't we? Won't we, Pobbles?"

"Yes," said Cupid rather breathlessly.

She put both hands into his. Cupid gripped them tight, but somehow lost them suddenly. She slipped past him and out of the house and stood holding the cab door open. She was laughing, but very firm, and she made him get in first and shut the door herself.

"I've told the chauffeur where to go," she said. "Now, remember it's leap year, and try to be happy, dear."

"I am happy," Cupid said.

He was. Just how Cynthia had done this and why he had let her he did not know, though he had a feeling that soon—too soon—he would understand it all. Now he did not want to think. Out there in the park, in the snow, he had thought enough. The big car crashed through the cross street and settled into spasmodic but adequate progress up the Avenue. The street was strange with high-piled snow, but strung with the old lines of lights that were never quite familiar, never twice the same, but always his lights and Cynthia's. And before him, beautiful, new, like one last present found in the toe of an empty Christmas stocking or one last drink squeezed from a cocktail shaker, was this evening, his through no fault of his own—one more evening with Cynthia. He was happy, that was all.

"*Monsieur est servi*," said Cynthia.

The cab swung round an icy corner and stopped. Cynthia slipped out first, paid and waved it away with a quick, pretty gesture before he could interfere. They stood under

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Cynthia Sat Looking Up at Him Across the Little Table, Waiting Gravely for His Verdict

Bumping Into the Bolshevists

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

IT'S too flippant, the title of this article, to consort with the experiences and the natural human bitterness of a free American who arrived in Baku a few hours after the Bolshevists had taken it, and who couldn't get away. Within this hour I have been released, after having been interned fifty-odd days. I'm free again, but my mind is prisoner to almost the last picture I saw in Baku. I was walking along Politizaskia, the street on which I lived, and also the street that held the prison behind the Tschesvochika. At the corner I came across a middle-aged woman leaning against a wall and weeping, while a Frenchman, evidently a stranger, was trying to comfort her. You could see that the woman had put on her prettiest clothes, had arranged her hair with especial care. Over her arm was a basket with a white napkin covering it.

"I prepared what he liked best to eat," she was saying over and over in French. "I thought perhaps they would let me see him; and now—and now —— Perhaps I was baking the cake for him when ——"

The Leader of the Bolshevists is the Fourth From the Right in the First Row
Above—The First Bolshevist Funeral in Liberty Square

Pitiful Cases

I HURRIED on, and half a block farther along I met an old Jewish woman, quietly crying; the slow, hard, terrible tears of old age. Then I heard the most despairing screaming, and as I passed the wide doorway of the Tschesvochika I saw a girl of perhaps eighteen, deathly white, her big eyes strained and wide, her hair hanging. She was supported by an old man who was probably her father, and by a Bolshevik soldier whose face showed his sympathy.

Such misery as those poor people exuded, and such anguished interest as there was on the part of the spectators! As I heard later, the three women had gone to see their men, the old woman to see her son, and the younger women their husbands. The girl had been married only a fortnight to a young man who had been accused, by another girl, of talking against communism.

For all I know he had been plotting against Bolshevism; he may have been a real traitor to their cause. In any case, the three women had carried dinner to their men and had just been told that they had been shot the night before.

It all seemed too much to bear. I was passing on with my head down to shut out the misery when a Bolshevik soldier put his hand on my shoulder and shoved me along, saying something in Russian.

Long patience isn't one of my qualities; before I realized what I was doing I had taken out my little American flag and was saying, "Don't you dare touch me! I'm an American subject!"

The Bolshevik could talk English.

"You American?" he said. "You can stay and watch if you like."

"I don't want to watch," I said; "I am walking at my usual pace to the house where I live. I only want to be let alone."

A Russian woman was walking just behind me, and she said in French:

"Madame, you are very fortunate to be able to speak as fearlessly as that. Evidently you are going away from here. Give a thought to those of us who have no other country to go to than this."

I could think of a dozen picturesque incidents to follow this, but I abandon them all in favor of a paragraph of warning addressed to the radicals in the United States, whom the Bolsheviks tell me they expect to influence. I have seen the Bolsheviks make their first invasion into territory other than Russian.

I have seen them take the little republic of Azerbaijan, with its five million people, that stretches westward from the Caspian Sea. I have seen them make it into a soviet republic. To do them justice, they have accomplished their revolution with no general bloodshed. There have been executions of counter-revolutionists. There has been a good deal of organized looting under the name of requisitioning. But the average man has not been in danger of losing his life.

He has, however, lost his liberty. The best that the Bolsheviks can offer their people is not so good as what our own working people are getting under our old-fashioned democracy. What the workingman wants is more money, fewer working hours, and an equality which will assure him that no one else is going to have more money or more power than he has. If, owing to the defects of our old friend Human Nature, Christian ideals have not brought this Utopia to the workingman, far less will the ideals of Bolshevism. Equality? Under Bolshevism there are the same distinctions of higher and lower, of powerful and powerless, that there are in any other society. The streets of Baku are full of automobiles in which some men drive while others walk. There are commissioners who sit in well-furnished offices and drink champagne, while outside stand other Bolsheviks waiting to do their bidding with dry throats. Calling them all workmen or communists does not alter the facts of distinction in rank and importance; masters and servants you find as surely as under the Romanoffs.

Bolshevik Inequalities

MORE leisure? The common man who used to work eight hours a day and who thought that the soviet régime would reduce the time to six hours, now finds that he must work ten or twelve. His Saturday half holiday and his Sunday may be broken into by a demand to do state reconstruction work—road building, house erection, anything the soviet needs. More money? The Bolshevik newspapers of Baku stated that the lowest wages were to be six thousand rubles a month; and the highest, ten; soldiers to receive a certain amount of rations, and workmen to get bread at a reduced rate and perhaps to receive rations also. The workman's wife may buy black bread at two or three rubles a pound if she will stand in line for it for from two to eight hours. In one of the rooms where I stayed in Baku I used to see the people beginning to form in line at two in the morning, and at nine when I got up the line was still there. White bread costs a hundred and fifty rubles a pound; rice, a hundred rubles; raisins, two hundred; butter, five hundred; meat, a hundred and eighty; tea, three thousand; sugar, one thousand. Cotton stockings are three thousand rubles a pair; and shoes, twelve to sixteen thousand rubles. Some Bolsheviks can buy at such prices, and some cannot.

Though in Baku they have nationalized the land and the oil wells and the banks, and done away with the bourgeoisie, to say nothing of the aristocracy, there are many workmen and soldiers who are already asking themselves if Bolshevism has really done anything for them. Others are thoroughly disillusioned, know that they are not only not so well off as they were but are living under a tyranny; yet they dare not raise their voices. I am convinced that if I could take a group of our most discontented workmen or our most ardent radicals and set them down in Baku as soviet subjects, if I could show them both the best and the worst of Bolshevism, they would have to decide that they

could do better for themselves and their children under United States democracy, common laws and trade unions than under any soviet government.

Let me tell how I came into this *galère* of the Bolsheviks. I like to revert to my days of freedom, for though I am at this moment some miles from the Bolshevik frontier I assure you I still suffer from the depression of the prisoner. My being caught in Baku is due to the scruples of my friends, the British in Bagdad. They wanted me to go home by way of the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. As there were no sailings till June, that meant three weeks of torture. I said I wanted to go through Persia. They said they thought the Bolsheviks might swoop down on Baku at any time. I reminded them that the Volga was still frozen, and added that I would prefer the Bolsheviks to a sunstroke. They hesitated for days and then said that I must wire to the American minister at Teheran for permission to go.

A Jest That Was No Joke

IT TOOK ten days to hear from him and another four to manage the transportation arrangements. Fourteen wasted days—and the Bolshevists beat me to Baku by twelve hours.

I like to think of the last lap of that journey to what I supposed was the republic of Azerbaijan. I like to remember the delightful hospitality of General and Mrs. Champain at Kasbin, with the children coming in for a story; idle pleasant talk of the state of Persia and the world generally. I like to remember the drive to Resht, with Wullamie, the Indian driver, yelling loud curses whenever we met Persians driving donkeys or camels or four-horse shebanas.

I asked him once what he said, and he returned, slowly:

"I say, 'Why you wait till road is most narrow and then take up all room in road? I think you worthy of your very bad mother.'"

On we went, away up and away down, past Aga Baba, past Menjil, where the wind always blows from noon till night, and where the willow trees are all thrawn in their efforts to withstand hurricanes. Of a sudden the face of the country changed. The opalescent hills became green belts of woods. The houses were no longer low and flat, but two-story with long sloping roofs. We had come into that belt of country lower than the Caspian Sea, where it rains a great deal and rice fields abound. Resht at last, where a delightful young captain gave me tea and another promised to wrap up my Persian rugs.

Mark those rugs, please; they play a great part in my emotions among the Bolsheviks. I had chosen them with care.

Well, they were wrapped, and I stayed the night at the house of Mr. Butters, the manager of the bank, and the vice consul, a delightful host. I motored next day to Enzeli, got on board the boat, and met a nice young English captain who had been acting as courier between Constantinople and Persia. He remarked that he was making his last trip to Constantinople, after which he would go on leave. Poor lad, at this moment he is in Byloff prison. We had talked only a few minutes when the boat began to roll, and I went below and behaved as I always do on the sea until about noon the next day, when the captain told me we were well in sight of Baku.

The Armored Car That Took Baku

The First Cavalry in Baku

Some of the Bolshevist Captors of Baku

I tottered on deck and fell in love with Baku. It lies, in shape a horseshoe, cream-colored against a hill, with dark, slim, cone-shaped oil derricks on each side. Down along the shore runs a handsome boulevard. I noticed that a lot of people appeared to be standing on the boulevard and staring at us. I also noticed that all the ships in the harbor were decorated with strings of flags. I wondered if it were some feast day.

Presently the police boat came alongside, and its officials exchanged a few words with the master of the ship. Immediately a sailor hurried past the captain and me, carrying a length of red bunting. I supposed it represented some quarantine regulation, but by way of a jest I remarked: "That's the Bolshevist flag. They're going to haul down the Azerbaijan flag and put this one up."

That's exactly what the sailor did. The captain turned a little pale, and remarked hesitatingly that he had to get a handkerchief. The captain of the ship would seem to have had charge of his handkerchiefs, for it was to him that he went. Presently he came back, biting his lips.

"What you said is no joke," he remarked. "The Bolshevists took Baku last night. I wish you hadn't come. Promise me you'll go back to Enzeli if you get the chance."

He was a dear lad to be thinking of me.

"Hadn't you better run downstairs and destroy your passport?" I suggested. "It probably confesses that you were a member of Denikin's volunteer army."

How It Feels to be Arrested

THE captain called on his Maker and fled down the stairs. I watched the police officials giving information to the ship's officials, while one sailor patriotically cut up his red silk handkerchief and distributed the pieces to his comrades for badges. It took about two minutes to turn that boat into a vehicle for Bolshevism. The captain returned just as the police officials began to approach us.

"You haven't kept a diary, I suppose," I said to him, knowing that youths of twenty-three will keep diaries.

Once more he called upon his Maker, and fled downstairs while I cried something about luggage after him.

The police officials came up to me and said, first in Russian and then in German, "Why did that British officer hurry below?"

"To put my luggage with his," I said. "We only met on the boat, but it is perhaps simpler to have all our possessions together."

They then arrested me. I never was arrested before—not knowing how to drive a car—but this arrest was made

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THE SILKEN BULLY

By Michael J. Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"COME to our intellectual feast," had been the wording of the invitation which the program committee of the Woman's Club had sent out. The occasion was the talk on The Modern American Woman by Barnaby Wellton, the British poet. Modern American women had come in droves. They expected more than the usual perfumed foam of the average male speaker at an afternoon affair devoted exclusively to women, for Wellton had the reputation of being forceful. But they did not expect the strong meat that he set before them.

The poet leaned negligently on the high desk on the rostrum at the club auditorium. He twirled his horn-rimmed glasses on their wide black silk ribbon about a long and nervous forefinger, and abused his audience roundly. There were indignant rustlings at some of his remarks, and a frequent flush of anger and indignation flowed from face to face.

"There is no titled aristocracy in America; none that rules by right of birth," he said in a nasal and unpleasant voice. "You have an aristocracy—more or less shoddy—of wealth and breeding. But breeding is too often forsworn for wealth, so that your pretentious self-elected ruling class has no real foundation. To the student America has but two classes—the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. There are doubtless degrees of refinement and exclusiveness among the bourgeoisie, but it is all bourgeoisie nevertheless.

"The women of the upper strata of this bourgeoisie, the modern women of my theme, are the real menace to republican institutions in your country to-day. For though the men of the upper strata rule the country, with the assistance of certain hoodlum types from the proletariat to do the fetching and carrying, the women rule the men. Your males are being effeminized by their women, of whom they live in actual fear.

"The modern American woman holds not only the balance of power but the actual power itself. She did not need the ballot, for which she had been crying, to increase this power. She desired the ballot so that the last semblance of superiority on the part of the men should be taken away. She had the substance, and yet she raised a precious row until the husk likewise was given her.

"I said, and I repeat, that women rule America to-day, and the danger to your country lies not in the rule of women, but in the means they have used to procure power, means which are snapping the fibers of manhood in your really fine husbands and fathers.

"Your modern women are bullies and procure their power by bullying. A government by bullies is not a safe government. Yet the women of America rule vicariously by deliberately shutting their eyes to every dictum of fair play.

"Please understand me. I except in every instance the women of the proletariat. They are fine wives and true helpmeets, taking no unfair advantage of their husbands or of other men, asking nothing to which they are not entitled. They carry half of the burdens. It is with them that the ultimate salvation of America, if it is to be saved, will lie.

"But the women of the upper bourgeoisie, who fondly if erroneously consider themselves a social and financial aristocracy, are strikingly different. Perhaps the men themselves are primarily to blame. These women, all their lives, are surrounded by luxury and adulation and deference. Their word is law in weighty matters of state, as well as in the trifling details of the routine of their opulent homes. They bend men to their will by a smile, or a caress perhaps, in part. Mainly they have their way by the mere fact that they use their culture, their position, their wealth and their beauty to procure that which is unfair and unjust. I do not mean to say, and I do not say, that theirs is a vulgar sex appeal. Rather do they trespass upon the rights of others as a well loved but spoiled child trespasses on the rights of others, because these others are too weak or too peace loving to make the scene which proper discipline demands."

He paused to smile a disagreeable smile, which showed his strong, yellow teeth.

"There is in fact a striking similarity in the methods of the spoiled child and the upper-bourgeoisie American woman. The child cries for the moon, and gets a substitute—cakes which are bad for him, his father's watch, anything at all, to dry his tears. The woman is always demanding the moon and procuring the particular substitute which pleases her for the moment, no matter how it saps the independence or the self-respect of her men to procure it for her. She is more advanced in the art of bullying than the child; she no longer cries. So far has her education of the male progressed that she takes her rights, and his as well, with dry eyes.

"An American man of great wealth told me that his motto is 'Anything to keep peace in the family.' When that motto becomes a rule of life with the dominant bourgeoisie some day it will surrender its liberty to a communist proletariat, which even to-day is crying loudly for the thieves' harvest moon of anarchy and radicalism."

There was considerably more of the same sort. When he had finished the canny Mr. Wellton bowed deeply and retired from the platform. Procuring his hat and topcoat—his check for the afternoon's entertainment was already in his pocket—he left the clubhouse immediately, giving no chance for argument, though several women were on their feet trying to catch the chairman's eye.

One of them was Mrs. Douglas Callendar. Realizing the futility of talking to a roomful of angry women who thought precisely as she did when the man who had roused them to resentment was no longer present, she sat down with her defense of her class unuttered. But as she drove home afterward in her smart little town car her mind kept running to that defense. It was brisk October, and day was slipping into dusk. Rain had been falling and the sky had but recently cleared. The leaves from the denuded shade trees lay in soggy brown heaps. The pavements were wet, and the early lights made wavery paths in them, like trickles of spilled milk. People, whether afoot or in motors, were hurrying. It was near the dinner hour, and there was a hint of coming frost.

"Yet the Women of America Rule Vicariously by Deliberately Shutting Their Eyes to Every Dictum of Fair Play"

"The insolence of the man!" thought Mrs. Callendar as she wrinkled her delicate brows. "If he's a type of British husband—but, of course, he isn't—I pity British wives! One can almost understand why the suffrage people burned buildings and smashed windows and poured acid into mail boxes.

"Ordinarily arguments have no effect on men with viewpoints like Barnaby Wellton.

"He was brutal and unfair. We aren't bullies! We don't take advantage! We are willing to stand on our own feet and do our share. But thank goodness, American men are chivalrous, and I for one am glad they are."

Driving subconsciously as she arraigned the poet, Mrs. Callendar turned into Broad Street. Here progress was slower, for the double car line, the streams of hastening people and the dense motor traffic impeded. It was quite dinner time, and she really should be home, for Freda, the latest marching figure in the endless procession of cooks, was uncertain as to the finer details. Douglas might be there before her, and she had special reasons for not wishing to keep him waiting to-night. She stepped on the accelerator as a clear space showed and shot briskly ahead.

Almost immediately she was forced to apply the brake. A lumbering truck swung into Broad from a side street and blocked her path. She slowed down to five or six miles an hour. Just in front of the truck was an opening, but she could not reach it because of a safety zone filled with people waiting for an uptown car.

"Oh, dear!" she thought ruefully "There's no mistaking it. They must have painted those white lines afresh last night. I'll be frightfully late. If it wasn't for those lines—really those people could crowd over a little and let me by. I wouldn't need to go far into the zone."

She looked swiftly about. There was no traffic policeman on this corner. She resolved to chance it. Sounding the horn insistently she steered toward the zone, keeping as close to the truck on the right, however, as possible. A small panic followed her action. Those in front in the crowded zone were pushed onto the car tracks by the surge of the people in the rear, who hastened to avoid the wheels of the oncoming motor. Those who caught a glimpse of the pretty woman, fur clad, manipulating the steering wheel, smiled a little as they dodged. That is, they did if they were men. One youth exhibited some exaggerated cakewalk steps as the left-hand fender grazed him.

With the women it was different. They were mostly shopgirls, pert, frowning, shrill voiced. No consideration of breeding kept them from protesting audibly.

"Hey, look where you're goin'!" called one.

"Well, of all the nerve!" gasped another.

A slim little blonde, a red tam perched rakishly on her short curled hair, placed hands on hips and thrust out a pink tongue at the car and its occupant.

"Insolent!" commented Mrs. Callendar to herself, her face flushing. "And those are the girls who wait on us when we buy! They haven't even a rudimentary idea of politeness. I don't know what we're coming to, with working people so rude."

There were two other small adventures on the homeward journey. At Broad and State a big roadster driven by a young man turned in from East State. It was on her right, and under the law was unquestionably entitled to precede. But she was in a hurry. It was growing later every minute, and wealthy-looking young men in red leather coats usually have time to spare She did not slacken speed—rather she increased it, at the same time giving an urgent double alarm.

The young man had looked at her when some distance away and had then turned his attention to State Street in

general, evidently assuming that the law of the road was to be obeyed. But at the honk-honk of the little town car he proceeded to get busy swiftly. He twirled the wheel expertly to the right, at the same time applying the brake. The big car hesitated, bucked and slid, then headed abruptly for the right curb. The smaller vehicle swept past, avoiding collision by a hair. The fenders did scrape with a faint "tang!"

Mrs. Callendar drew a breath of relief, glad that everything was all right and there were to be no unpleasant consequences. She knew it was all right, for she had seen the young man's face as her car rolled by. Upon it was a smile. All her life Margaret Callendar had been encompassed by smiles just like it. Her grandfathers, her father and her older brothers had bestowed them on her; then the boys in school, next the young men who came to woo, and then Douglas.

Those were in her immediate circle. But wherever there were men whose orbit touched hers in any degree there were similar smiles, always the same from strangers, compounded of patience and tolerance, appreciation for her charm, liking that was a sort of respectful affection, and a whimsical forbearance. They were all overlaid by a sort of humorous ruefulness, a half lifting of the eyebrows that seemed to imply a negative shake of the head, as one would chide an adorable baby about to tear a magazine not yet perused.

More than she knew Margaret Callendar depended on those smiles, looked for them, trespassed upon them, ignoring the silent scolding which she deserved for her willfulness in handling her car, to accept the forgiveness which they implied. They were the tributes to her personal charm and to the beauty not visibly touched by Time, despite the son who was taller than she and the serious-eyed daughter past fourteen. They said to her, those smiles, "The queen can do no wrong," and she treasured them for that message.

A really vexing delay impended at Broad and Center. It was one of the busiest downtown corners. Through car lines crossed. Traffic Officer Carrigan, who had been policeman on their beat when the children were small and who had taken them under his ample wing on the way to and from school, was handling the converging streams of humanity and machinery. While she was halfway down the block he was still beckoning to the Broad Street traffic to come on. But when Mrs. Callendar's car was still twenty feet from the intersection he turned his broad back and raised his arm to unloose the Center Street floodgates.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Callendar impatiently. "This will mean five minutes more, and I can't bear to see that martyred look on Doug to-night of all nights. Carrigan won't care. He knows me. I'm going!"

It had taken the Center Street cars—stopped for some moments—a little time to get under motion, and the crossing was bare. She had the width of the roadway to herself actually. Figuratively it was crowded, for at her breach of traffic proprieties the Center Street cars set up a horrified squawking that focused attention upon her like the spotlight on a single figure on the dark stage. The few yards to the refuge beyond the intersection seemed to lengthen into miles.

Carrigan turned his head and looked at her. She nodded in friendly fashion and gave him her prettiest smile. But the compressed lips of the policeman did not relax. He looked at her fixedly from under frowning black brows. The cordial salute of other times was not rendered. Not only did he look as if he did not know her, but as if he did not want to know her. She felt that he was considering halting her, to administer open rebuke in the presence of those odious persons who were honking so hideously. Perhaps he might even order her to the police court!

"If he stops me I shall be mortified to death," thought Mrs. Callendar, though she maintained her smile.

He did not halt her. He kept his arms outstretched and his angry eyes fixed on her until she had cleared the crossing and was hastening up Broad Street.

"I'm glad that's over," she said thankfully. "I must be extra nice to Carrigan the next time I see him. But" and the memory of his unyielding face called up a feeling of resentment—"at least he needn't have been so nasty about it. He looked at me as if I were a criminal!"

"I Wish You'd Use Some of Your Money to Pay the Household Bills You've Been Passing Over to Me," He Retorted

"Well, how was the lecture?" queried Douglas Callendar as they sat down to dinner.

His wife frowned in remembrance of the Englishman's talk.

"Horrid! The man was positively disgusting! He said that American women are bullies, without any sense of fair play; that we presume on our good looks and our charm and that we ride roughshod over our men. He claims that the majority of American men are being effeminized, or something like that."

Douglas, Jr., a broad-shouldered boy of sixteen, blond like his father, chuckled.

"He talks like you in one of your gentler moods, dad," he observed.

"Did he say that?" asked Callendar interestedly. "By Jove, I would like to have heard him! That fellow has something in his head besides poetry. If he wanted concrete instances to bear out his theory I could have given him some—a new one to-night, by the way."

"What happened to-night?" queried Doug.

"Another exemplification of the well-bred woman's belief that a man has no rights she is bound to respect," returned his father with a smile. "I was hiking up Conover Boulevard beyond Thirty-fifth Street, where it has just been opened through. I don't know what they were thinking of when they built the walks so narrow, not over five or six feet wide. A lot of that ground has been filled in with yellow, sticky clay, and there were fine, oozy puddles of it on either side of the walk.

"Where the clay is the stickiest and the yellowest and the liquidest I met three women. They were walking abreast arm-linked They just nicely filled the walk so there wasn't any room to pass. I supposed, of course, they would break up their formation when they saw me coming, but they didn't."

"Colored laundresses, weren't they, dad?" suggested Doug mischievously.

"Indeed they were not! They were white and young and well dressed—good-looking too. Apparently they were women of refinement. As a matter of fact, mother, they might have been members of your club getting home after the lecture."

Mrs. Callendar smiled with weary patience.

"Well, what happened?" asked Doug. "Did you buck the line?"

"I felt like it, but I stepped into the mud instead. Went down to my shoe top."

"I'd have bumped right into them, daddy!"

Pauline, shy, grave and freckled, was all self-sacrificing gentleness where her father was not concerned. He was her idol, and anything affecting him unfavorably roused her keenest resentment.

"I couldn't very well, daughter, and not have felt like a bumpkin afterward. That's outrageously punny, but I didn't mean it so. The poet fellow was right. Well dressed, gently reared, good-looking women take everything that isn't nailed down these days, and never so much as say thank you while they're doing it."

He paused to grin apologetically at his wife.

"But this is all old stuff to you, eh, mother?"

Old stuff it was indeed. The inhumanity of pretty women in the little amenities was his pet grievance. He was always holding forth on how they jammed their way into theater lines ahead of those who had been standing many minutes; or how they took street-car seats with little indication and certainly no word of gratitude when

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THE WEDDING OF QUESADA

By Patrick and Terence Casey

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

PEPE PEREZ was an utter scoundrel and we show low taste in writing of him. But, wearing his scarlet waistband with the two knives stuck within its folds, he was hurrying this evening to his lodgings in Triana after a day shiftlessly spent in a wayside wine shop on the road to Jaén. He was passing through a quarter of Seville that was unused to his footsteps. It was that part of the Andalusian city inhabitated by the well-to-do, and he skulked along its empty clean-swept pavements with a hungry eagerness to get back to the crowded alleys of home across the river.

The houses on either side of him were all of stone and of Moorish architecture. There were few windows giving on the street, and what there were of these were narrow and barred with iron rods. Every house bore a strangely secretive look. They were, in that, much like houses of the East, like homes in such cities as Damascus and Bagdad. There was no show of affluence in their drab fronts; but inside, Pepe knew, were courtyards green with growing things, and rooms rich with ancient tapestries, old carved furniture and priceless originals of Velasquez, Murillo and El Greco.

Down a narrow side street, as he made to cross it, Perez sighted a tall figure wrapped in a dark cape cloak standing pensive beneath a window grille. He got a glimpse of a plump round face behind those jealous iron bars. He knew what was up. Here was a lover "playing the bear," as it is called, before the window of an adored "bear keeper."

Pepe slackened his pace, turned into the side street and, his face thoughtful and serious, loitered toward the ardent two so cruelly separated by the cold bars. He was busy deciding a plan of campaign. To a gentleman who lives by his wits, strategy is everything.

Ah, he had it! He would speak softly to the young gallant and by some subterfuge draw him out of earshot of the lady in the window grille. This, because even the most chicken-hearted of Spanish lovers would never stand to be bullied within his adored one's range of hearing. Once he had the man down the street a bit, however, he would play the bulldozer for all it was worth, drawing the longer knife from his *faja* and scaring the fellow with fear of instant death. Gladly would the lover pay tribute to him then, in order that he might be left alone and whole to continue unobstructed with his love-making.

Pepe was all at once sure of himself. These lovers, he knew, were mostly overdressed lads of sixteen or seventeen. They should be home conning their lessons instead of wooing love beneath latticed embrasures. By the same token, the señoritas of their souls were never more than baby-lipped fifteen. But what would you? Love comes early to those of the fervid Spanish race; perhaps that is why they take it so tragically.

Pepe accosted his victim. The fellow had the appearance of a sheep herder, what with his great white felt sombrero and horsehide riding boots visible beneath the edge of the cloak. Certainly he was no Sevillano, no townsman. When he turned his head at sound of Pepe's voice, he showed a sun-browned boyish countenance, smoothly round and hairless.

"A word in your ear," said Pepe quietly. "Please accompany me down the street a ways. It is important."

The countryman exhibited swift irritation.

"But it cannot be important! Señor, I have business here with the lady, as you might see had you only one good eye instead of two bad ones in your head."

"It is important to your welfare, *hombre*," insisted Pepe. "I am from the police, the Guardia Civil of Spain!"

The man came quietly enough then. But there seemed a certain contained strength in his very quietude, and when Perez fell into step alongside he could sense without looking that the fellow was inches taller than he. This was no nervous schoolboy, this lover. He could feel the bulging roundness of muscles as he rubbed arms with the man in walking along the narrow way.

Pepe became uneasy. He looked back toward the grille. It was a pretty nut-brown face he saw there, but it was no child's face. It was the rounded countenance of a young woman at least eighteen years of age. The cold sweat started on Pepe's low brow. He thought he recognized in that face certain unforgetable lineaments he had known in a playmate of his ragged childhood, a bold little gypsy lass called Paquita.

Yes, she it was, he decided on second glance—Paquita, the daughter of Crallis Flammenca, the king of a gypsy clan, who posed as a hedge smith by day, and at night, under the rose, was a daring smuggler. There could be no mistake. She had lived in a hovel next door to his in Triana; in the old days she had been one of the barefoot girls who had hidden in their skirts the walnuts, figs and almonds he and his gang had filched from the bags along the wharves of the Guadalquivir. He could never forget that piquant nut-brown oval, the mouth that was a nest for kisses. Had she not been his own adored one when he was but an urchin of ten?

Here Was a Lover "Playing the Bear," as it is Called, Before the Window of an Adored "Bear Keeper"

The man beside him laughed softly. Perez came back to himself abruptly and felt for his weapon, the longer knife. But said the other calmly: "Where are you walking me, man? Isn't this far enough even for important business?" He stopped short and faced Perez squarely.

"So it is!" returned Pepe, but there was no certitude in his voice. His shifting eyes were just above the level of the man's shoulders and he looked beyond the man, down the narrow hushed street, endeavoring thus to pull his shaken wits together.

At the end of the street he could see a segment of sky that showed all ablaze with crimson fire. It was the sunset. He became aware that two forms were turning into the street. He could not make them out distinctly, as they were between him and the reddish glory of the sky; but with a start, electric as if a piece of ice had touched his spine, he noted that the sunset light was reflecting from something metallic they carried in their hands, from something shiny in the material of their three-cornered hats.

Here *was* a fix! That he, Pepe Perez of all men, should be watching the flash of sunset off tricorn hats and Mausers held at port! He knew what it meant. This was a patrol of the Civil Guard, coming on at a businesslike clip, their elbows touching, their carbines at a slant. He turned to the lank sun-browned countryman.

"A thousand pardons, señor," he said breathlessly. "I have no business with you. It is all a joke of mine; you seemed so interested in that window grille. Now I must go." And he started to swing back up the street the way he had come.

The countryman reached out a hand. Pepe winced as it flexed about his shoulder, for that hand was strong as a vise.

"One moment, *guapo*," said the other. "I must talk with you. What has made you change your mind so suddenly?"

Would this country boor never be done until those two policemen panted up?

"Can't you see, *hombre!*" exclaimed Perez. "You call me *guapo*, and I would pay you for the insult had I the time. But I see two men of the Civil Guard coming on the run, and I feel as welcome in this street as a dog at high mass!"

The other laughed, chill as the sound of a mountain brook.

"They are not coming for you, my man," he said. "They are coming for me!"

Even under the tight grasp Pepe drew himself up, shocked, his pride in his own evil repute outraged.

"You! Why, what mean you, countryman? I tell you, to my mother's sorrow, they are coming for me. I am Pepe Perez of Seville. Now detain me if you dare; for you have heard who I am, a famous *matón*, the greatest killer in all Seville!"

The young country fellow smiled, his lips parting to show even white teeth, the corners of eyes and mouth wrinkling into fine little sardonic lines.

"You do not fear me!" gasped Perez. He was dumfounded, dismayed.

"Perez, my little *guapo*, be quiet," said the countryman. "Pretend you do not see these policemen approaching. Act as if we are two friends talking, my hand in all cordiality upon your shoulder. I have a scheme to upset these two Civil Guards. For know you, I am no little killer of a small town like Seville. I am the Wolf Cub, Jacinto Quesada of all the Spains, he hunted forever by the Spanish police!"

II

TO LOOK at this countryman who announced himself so grandiloquently, you would surely judge him to be a young cowboy or sheep herder, such as can be seen any day in Seville, acting clumsy and strange in the house-hedged streets and apparently only anxious to be gone from the hurly-burly and back to the sunny immensity of the open places. But Pepe Perez appeared to see more than the boyish sun-browned face would indicate. Forgotten was the fact that the fellow had called him a *guapo*, or roughneck; forgotten even were the two Civil Guards trotting so grimly up the street. His face grew positively chalky with emotion and his eyes glowed like candles.

"Jacinto Quesada!" he gasped.

It was as if he had been signally honored by the visitation of some god come down from Olympus. He reached out both hands and touched the countryman with the tips of his fingers.

"*Carajo*, it is true!" he ejaculated. "The Wolf Cub of Spain in the flesh!" And he gripped the man by the biceps and held him off at arm's length and devoured him with all his eyes.

He was face to face with a popular idol, a modern Robin Hood, the most daring bandit of the peninsula!

"Take care!" exclaimed that personage, dropping his hand significantly from Pepe's shoulder to his own waistband. "You have done a foolhardy thing, Pepe Perez, in putting hands upon me. If I thought you were seeking to hold me for those two Civil Guards ——"

The threat remained unfinished.

"Ah, Don Jacinto, do not say that!" broke in Pepe pleadingly. "You, the friend of the poor, the enemy of the rich, the bravest man in the two Spains, do you think I would harm a hair of your head? No; I am only Pepe Perez, a *guapo* of Seville, as you rightly called me; but I reverence you as the greatest of living Spaniards, and to aid you to escape would be the biggest thing in my life. Go! Go, quickly, Jacintito, before these two Cocked Hats come up. I will wait here and engage them in talk or fight until you make good your get-away."

"Small use," objected Quesada. "You would only be risking your liberty, perhaps your life."

"But to such as I am that would be an honor. Believe me, Don Jacinto. To save the Wolf Cub from the hounds of the police—ah, I would give up my life to have the people say that!"

But Quesada still shook his sombreroed head.

"Thanks, my friend; but they will not pause to parley with you, should they see me hurrying away. I fear they have recognized these trappings of mine—sombrero, boots and cloak. It is a cowboy disguise I have assumed in order to enter Seville unsuspected and thus be enabled to woo my future wife, Paquita, in this very street. You know I have had it publicly announced that we shall wed, here in Seville, under the very nose of the police."

"That puts a different face on the matter."

"Entirely; for I believe they have spotted me and taken to watching the house; it is the residence of John Fremont Carson, the American consular agent and my tried and true friend. No, Pepe, nothing will stop them from pursuing me. It is a tight fix. I must stay and give battle, although I like not to be thus trapped in the heart of Seville, and particularly after such a daring announcement."

"But cannot we change outer garments?" In his exaltation over meeting this romantic hero Pepe felt he must do something to aid.

"What! Change hats and cloaks? But why?"

"One thing at a time, Don Jacinto. You put on my bolero jacket, mantle and bull fighter's hat, and I'll assume your cape and big white sombrero. Then we'll walk together up to the corner and there part company, each turning into the cross street in an opposite direction. Suspecting the cloak and sombrero, the bloodhounds will follow me; they cannot separate ——"

"I know; because of that regulation of the Guardia Civil which requires two policemen always to hunt together for fear of treachery and ambush."

"Exactly. Well, when they accost me, I'll run."

"But the Civil Guards only give one '*Alto!*' Then they shoot. And they shoot to kill."

"On the broad plains and in the mountains, yes; but not in Seville, with women and children abroad on the pave and in the windows all about. They will not dare to shoot for fear of hitting some innocent one. Come; do as I say, Don Jacinto of my soul, and I will lead them a merry chase, I promise you, until I win to safety in the midst of a crowd."

"But they may discover by your face that you are not Jacinto Quesada. It will go hard with you then, Pepe. These men of the Civil Guard are stern leeches and they have sworn to get my life."

But Perez as much as Quesada lived in the shadow of the law and was not to be daunted.

"It is all a chance, Don Jacinto, and we must risk it. Hurry, the two Cocked Hats are getting ready for action, one dropping twelve paces behind the other. Into this doorway! They will not see us changing now. Here is my Sherry mantle, my hat. Your *capa*, quick; now the sombrero; and now let us lengthen our legs and shake off these two fleas of the police."

In a trice Quesada had assumed the trappings of Perez and the strong-armer had become to all outward appearances the bandit. They started up the street away from the two approaching guards. The policeman in the lead was not more than a hundred and fifty feet distant, but Quesada and the *guapo* did not dare run lest in that deserted byway the policemen might chance a shot.

As they passed under the window where Paquita had sat, her nut-brown face pressed to the iron grille, Quesada looked up; but he was doomed to disappointment; the gypsy girl had disappeared. Walking at a rapid gait the two reached the intersection of the cross street.

"I will not forget you, Pepe Perez," promised Quesada sincerely as they parted. "Now go thou thy way with God!"

"Always at the feet of thy brave self," returned Perez, his face pale but his eyes glowing.

They turned their backs on each other and started along the cross street in diametrically opposite directions. Quesada could hear the first of the guards panting behind him, the two were that close; then he could hear no more of them save the dwindling tattoo of their footbeats.

The two had taken the wrong scent. On account of that regulation of the police they could not separate, one to follow Perez, the other Quesada. Whether the trail was fair or false, they must hunt in pairs like beagles. Because of that telltale countrified sombrero and cloak they were following Pepe Perez, the *guapo*.

"One Moment, Guapo," Said the Other. "What Has Made You Change Your Mind So Suddenly?"

III

AFTER parting from Jacinto Quesada, Perez walked along the cross street at his fastest pace, the long dark cloak swishing about his legs. Behind him he could hear the footsteps of the policemen. He had proceeded well along the block when he heard those dogging footsteps quicken into a sprint.

"*Alto, á la Guardia Civil!*" came a cry. "Halt for the Civil Guard!"

Perez took to his heels then, swinging round a corner into another side street. He realized the moment he entered the side street that he had done wrong. It lay silent and empty ahead, deserted of wayfarers. But the policemen were turning the corner behind him and he could do nothing but keep on in endeavor to prolong the chase.

"*Alto! Boca abajo!*" came a new cry, sharp and vicious as hail. "Halt! Mouth to the ground!"

Perez stopped short and threw himself flat on his face upon the pavement, his outflung hands easing the fall, the great white felt sombrero spinning from his head into the gutter. Behind him, on the instant, the tattoo of racing feet ceased; a double report rang out; and two bullets whined like one over his prone body.

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THE ART OF BUYING

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"My Wife Refuses to Buy Scientifically Because She Says That Takes All the Joy Out of Shopping"

JERRY BAKER, eight months out of college, had been with Evergood Food Products as an unattached student of the business for three or four weeks when he went to the office of the president one afternoon and draped himself on a desk corner with this question on his lips, "Dad, who is the real boss of this concern of yours?"

Gerald W. Baker, Sr., looked up from a pile of reports on crop probabilities with a puzzled stare.

"What do you mean? Wharton runs it, but I hope I'm still the boss."

"Then who is this man Wiley?"

"Wiley? Purchasing agent. He is king in his own department, and when I interfere I confess I get my fingers burned. But as for being the boss ——"

"He's the man all right. Why haven't I met him, I wonder?"

"Didn't occur to me. Wiley is an unusual sort—rather the heart of this business. But I'm trying to teach you the manufacturing and selling end first."

"That's fair enough. But everywhere I go all I hear is Wiley. The sales manager quotes him; the factory superintendents swear by him; Mr. Wharton tells me to ask him for the real inside dope; no one in the organization seems to know what he wants for lunch until he looks up Wiley. I'm beginning to think that the short cut to learning the food-products game is to meet this Admirable Crichton."

The older man cogitated, rubbing his nose with a forefinger.

"H'm! Never thought of that before. Something in it too. Not a bad idea. Press that fourth button there, will you, Jerry? Thanks. Now go on ruining your nerves and your lungs with that nicotine respirator of yours and leave me alone for a minute."

The youth took both hints—threw away his cigarette and retired into a big chair, contemplating his toes and holding his peace. At the end of five minutes an inner door opened and a spare, spruce, alert, bespectacled man of thirty-five entered and crossed to the president's desk.

"I was saving the firm between eight and nine thousand dollars on truck tires for next year, chief," he explained pleasantly. "So I had to keep you waiting."

"All right, Wiley," the older man growled. "You've always got an alibi. Shake hands with my boy, Jerry, Junior. This is Mr. Wiley, son."

"I've seen you about the plant, Mr. Baker," the purchasing agent said, wheeling and putting out a hand. "I'm glad to know you. I would like mighty well to talk to you sometime about your thesis on Economic Outward Pressure in the Balkans."

Young Baker flushed.

"You're kidding me, aren't you, Mr. Wiley?"

"Not a kid! I read everything on economics that I can get my hands on, and it seemed to me that you were pretty sound. I found your master's thesis in the University Bulletin."

"Are you a college man?"

"Yes—College of Get-out-and-get. 'Naughty-one—and been taking a post-graduate course ever since."

"I imagine you found my screed pretty dull reading, didn't you? I supposed the average tired business man ——"

"You thought because I was a business man I wouldn't know what Balkan economics meant? Well, I'll tell you something." He turned to the president. "Did you happen to hear of my turning down a bargain in jute sacks a few weeks ago?"

"I did. Wharton came in and wept all over my new desk top, but I told him I wouldn't interfere. What has that to do with the economic fa-la-la of something or other?"

"The Balkans," Wiley supplied, smiling. "Just this: I thought I had a fairly good line of information on general European conditions, but your son's thesis set me to thinking. He advanced the theory that starvation in Middle Europe would lead to anarchic disturbances for months, perhaps for years, and he said quite positively that there would be no grain-crop movements from there for a long time to come. I began to inquire more closely, and I soon made up my mind that jute sacks would go begging in Europe this year. But the market hadn't begun to sag here. I took a long chance and waited. This week I had a wire from Hildebrand, in New York, that he has found me a year's supply of jute billed for Odessa but held on the docks by a countermand order. I'm ashamed to look anybody in the face and tell him what I'm paying. But I will say that the local brokers, if they heard it, would scream with agony."

President Baker grunted, perhaps to conceal his satisfaction.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were flattering Jerry in the hope that I might give you an increase in your already top-heavy and extortionate salary! There is nothing like a college education after all, is there? But to supplement it I should say that a course in purchasing mightn't be a bad idea. Do you want to take on a pupil?"

Wiley winked across at young Baker.

"I didn't figure on an assistant in my budget this year," he began doubtfully, but the president cut him short:

"Your budget be blamed! You're such an everlasting hog for market tips I'll give you one. There is a bullish movement on in your stock round here for a better job than you hold down, and some day you're going to be asked to nominate your successor in the purchasing department. If that hint penetrates I wish you two would get out and give me a chance to attend to something important."

His son broke in.

"I don't relish being thrown at any man's head, dad," he demurred. "Perhaps Mr. Wiley ——"

"What Wiley likes better even than bullying me in my own office is showing off to someone besides his stenographer. Now clear out! Everyone may think that Wiley runs this concern, but I notice that I continue to be the old goat who has to show up before the directors twice a year with the dividends. Fix it up between you."

The two younger men went out laughing. The purchasing agent turned to Jerry Baker as soon as they were in the corridor.

"I heard that you were coming here to learn the business," he said. "And I was rather hoping you'd find my little cubby-hole before you got far. How did your father happen to send for me just now?"

"All my fault," Jerry replied. "I asked him who ran this institution, because everywhere I went I heard about you. I'm afraid I touched him a little on the raw."

"I guess not. I've been with the company about two years now, and your father and I understand each other pretty well. We had a little difference of opinion early in the game, but I was obstinate enough to know when I was right, and we got through it beautifully."

"I've heard something about it. A clash over motor trucks, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Your father wanted me to buy a certain brand and it jolted him when I refused."

"In the end it developed that you were correct?"

"In the end it developed that he found out I was. Are you serious about coming into my department?"

"It was news to me. Father's idea. He never gives a person any warning. Of course if you think I would be a nuisance ——"

"I think you would be a godsend at this particular moment, if you ask me. I'm out of my depth and swimming with an anvil in each hand, as the Irishman said. There is a world of hard work to be done, and though I won't assert that you can learn the whole Evergood Food Products business in the purchasing agent's office, I can safely promise to show you some sides of it that you might miss elsewhere. Come in and look us over at any rate."

The office into which Wiley led the president's son was as bare as a prairie, save for three desks, a big filing cabinet and a dozen chairs. The two stenographers and a clerk were so busy they scarcely glanced up. The three other occupants of the place grinned at Wiley cheerfully, and rose, sample cases in their hands and their pockets bulging with price-sheet books.

Wiley greeted them smilingly, motioning Jerry on into an inner room, and himself opened on his visitors a rapid-fire attack of questions about prices, deliveries, terms, shipments and commodities. The president's son passed on and sat down, looking round the purchasing agent's office curiously. It was even more bare than the first room. It held one large, flat-topped desk that was as bare as the room itself. There was not a paper or a memorandum, not a file or a letter basket in sight. The place was as austere as a monk's cell. When Wiley came in young Baker spoke of this painful tidiness. Wiley nodded.

"It's partly for effect," he said. "When a man comes in to talk selling to me I don't want anything for him to look at. You can get quick action and the low-down truth of a proposition better. But mainly it's to help me concentrate. Some people laugh at me, but I never tackle a new proposition with any reminders of an unfinished one lying before me. When I am going to buy belting, for instance"—he reached into

"The Purchasing Agent Leaned His Fist on the Table and Said, 'That Means Don't Buy Plate Glass Now!'"

a drawer and pulled out a sheaf of memoranda—"as I am in a few minutes, I don't want to be staring at the catalogues of electrical-supply houses, or at samples of cheese cloth, or at a memo to telephone some refrigerating-machinery-company agent. The only time I do two things at once is when I answer the telephone."

One of his stenographers had just dropped a pile of correspondence on his desk, and the telephone bell had rung as she turned away. Wiley raked the letters to him as he took up the phone. His part of the conversation was terse, decisive and unhesitant; yet all the time he was running swiftly through the letters—sorting, checking or initialing them with amazing certitude. When he had hung up the receiver Baker commented on this.

"If you are interested I'll tell you how I do it," Wiley said. "Also why. Most telephone conversations, to begin with, consist of inquiries and answers, or offers or bids or propositions that have to be confirmed later. I find that information of value to me, no matter how I get it, sticks in my mind whether I am half thinking of something else or not. On the other hand, there is a lot of talking over the telephone that means nothing to me. You see what I mean—while I check my correspondence with one hand and half my head, I catch everything that is really important to me or to the firm, while mere chatter neither makes any impression nor takes any time. But there is a good deal more to my system than that."

"What?"

"Dividing my mind prevents my making hasty decisions and giving careless or snap-judgment orders or instructions over the telephone."

"I don't understand that."

"Well, take the case of the man who just phoned in. He

"Press That Fourth Button There, Will You, Jerry? Thanks. Now Go and Leave Me Alone for a Minute"

is the salesman for a glass company. He called a few days ago and tried then to rush an order out of me. I resisted his siren call. He has spent two or three days cooking up an attractive-looking offer to make me, as he says, just as he was ready to board his train for the East. Still trying to rush me, you see. Because my mind was at the moment about two-thirds occupied by a letter from the claims agent of a railroad company that made tutti-frutti of four carloads of jams in a wreck last month, I couldn't be hurried by my importunate friend. The result is that he has decided to miss his train to-day and stay over until to-morrow to see me. I will probably get a real price out of him then—and something approximating the exact truth regarding his line."

Jerry Baker laughed. "I'm wondering if there isn't a tip for everyone in that. What do you do, though, if a man is calling to ask you out to lunch?"

"If I am hungry and have time to go I push my letters aside and lean in hard for details," Wiley admitted. "Now that you know that much, are you ready for work?"

"I am."

"It isn't going to be pretty work."

"I'm ready for anything."

"You have the highest possible recommendations then. Let's see. I have been studying out a complete new filing system for the office, and I have it ready to go into operation. I think I will let you start with it. To do it intelligently you will have to glance through every letter I have in my present files, and as they run back for two years and cover about all the subjects touched on by the Encyclopædia Britannica, it will get monotonous. But on the way you may learn something about purchasing, and incidentally something about the company's business. Are you game?"

"I once licked a big football tackle who said I wasn't," Jerry Baker responded. "Lead me to it."

There were times in the next month when he came very close to regretting his choice of a place, and when he thought some of going back to father and haughtily demanding a job as janitor or truck driver or something soft and easy. But he stayed with the irksome task assigned him, partly because he was no quitter and partly because he soon began to pick up a current of broad meaning in the stream of dull letters flowing under his eye.

They covered, as Wiley had warned him, almost innumerable subjects, were from all sorts of people—or to them—and dealt with matters ranging in importance from the loss in transit of a hundred crates of berries to the installation of a refrigerating plant at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Taken separately, they were undeniably dull and meaningless. But as the symbols of a gigantic canning, drying and preserving fruit business, reaching into every part of the West for its produce, and thence through a dozen big plants and a hundred offices and branches to the whole world for a market, they began to be coördinated into a running story of the development and status of the whole enterprise.

Jerry had heard his father call the purchasing agent the heart of the Evergood Food Products Company; now he began to see that this was because neither raw materials, manufacturing processes, chemical formulas, transportation facilities, distribution, advertising nor selling would avail without one agency that provided the mechanical essentials to the business, and that from one central point kept them all functioning so smoothly that not a beat was ever missed in the tempo of the year's activities.

He was amazed presently at the knowledge of detail that the purchasing agent seemed to possess. His letters, and those of his assistant, showed a first-hand acquaintance with the needs, plans, purposes and peculiar circumstances of every department in the organization. And he observed presently that the mere ordering of supplies for the concern was less than half the job of the P. A. Apparently he had to know as much about salesmanship, manufacturing, buying fruits and vegetables in the field, transportation, office management, factory efficiency and distribution as the men intrusted with those details. As he went on with his dusty and wearisome task he began to sense something of the romance of manufacturing, and toward the end he caught the enthusiasm and felt the romance of big American business as never before. When his last letter was in its new place and the last index and cross-index notation was completed he went into Purchasing Agent Wiley's office with a grin on his face.

"You've sold me to the job," he said boyishly.

"Scientific Buying Is All Right, But When It Comes to the Joy of Shopping I String With Your Wife"

"When I came here I thought that a week would give me all I would need from you, and that then I could slide out. But I guess this office is where they keep the mainspring, isn't it?"

Wiley held out a hand and shook with the president's son.

"I'll never question your gameness again, Jerry," he said; "and I can also tell you truthfully that you have the makings of a good business man in you that ought to get you quite a way in spite of your being Gerald W. Baker's boy instead of because of it. As to the wheels, you have only just begun to hear them hum. As far as you've gone, what do you think of the purchasing agent's job?"

"I came here," Jerry Baker said slowly, "believing that you sat down every morning to the telephone, like a woman running a house, and ordered what you needed for the day and then went out to play golf. I'm beginning to doubt that."

"That was the old method of buying," Wiley said with a laugh. "A few years ago a member of the firm, or the heads of departments, or the chief clerk or auditor or janitor, ordered what seemed to be needed round the shop and had it charged. A purchasing agent seemed as superfluous in a business house as a Chinese cook. We crept in by various ways—usually as the result of some accident.

"Here is an example: There was an iron founder in the city who never could see the necessity for a P. A. in his business. He simply wouldn't have one about! One evening when he was in a rush to leave his office he could find no soap in his private wash room. He was a short-tempered old fellow, anyhow, and when he discovered that the soap dish was empty he began to rave. The only victim who came within reach of his rage was a simple-minded sort of bookkeeper.

"'Hi, you!' he shouted. 'Who's been using my soap? Where the devil's my soap? Confound it all, don't stand there gaping at me! Get out and order some soap for this poverty-stricken tin shop!'

"The bookkeeper was frightened out of three of his five senses. 'Yes, Mr. Henry,' he stammered. 'What sort of soap do you wish? Where shall I order it? How much do you want me to get?'

"Don't Stand There Gaping at Me! Get Out and Order Some Soap for This Poverty-Stricken Tin Shop!"

(Continued on Page 97)

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

By Princess Cant acuzène, Countess Spéra nsky, née Grant

Schönbrunn—The Imperial Palace at Vienna

THE strange feeling in returning to the big old-fashioned rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel after my grandfather's funeral was indescribable. Since his death we had lived in a sort of dream—at least it seemed so to my childish brain. The rapid packing up of our trunks and the leaving of Mount McGregor cottage, the excitement of the trip in a large family party, the shopping for black things were all strange. I had never had everything bought new for me at once before. The coming and going, the consulting as to funeral arrangements, the discussions as to each person's place were stranger still. The arrival of the special train with my grandfather's casket and my father, with his sad, white, strong face, his infinite gentle patience and his capacity for work impressed me deeply; while strangest of all was that the strain to nerves and heart had made him lose his voice completely since the day my grandfather had died.

Some people were saying he ought to see a doctor; others recalled the traditions and legends brought from Scotland by the family, to the effect that the "silent Grants" had always been dumb under excitement, when others cried or shouted. Whatever the reason, it was a fact that for all the time of that long, tense fortnight my father could speak only in a whisper. Later his voice came back by degrees, first very hoarse, then less so, till the weight lifted and the sound was again normal. It seemed to me there was something weird about this, and the fact that later in life on various occasions it has happened to me, linking me up in times of excitement and stress with those ancestors of the Scottish tribes to whom I am attached by an invisible thread of my voice, or lack of it, in spite of twelve generations of American life, seems most uncanny by its suggestion of how one is held by a blood heritage through centuries.

An Adventure in Independence

NEW YORK as we had driven back from the tomb was still black with mourning draperies and seemed dreary to us. Grandmamma was quite broken down, and everyone anxiously got her to bed. Then began a general discussion of plans. My father thought he ought to stay near his mother, settle her quietly, and help her to recover her calm. On the other hand, I remember my aunt, Mrs. Palmer, coming to my mother's room, and the two beautiful sisters talking lengthily over how my father himself after a solid year of urgent work for the book, deep anxiety for the author's failing health, and nervous wear and sedentary life, needed a rest and change for a few short weeks if he was to avoid a breakdown.

My aunt had a plan to suggest, and as I listened it seemed to me a delightful new chapter of life laid out before my tired little spirit. I was to be loaned to my Aunt and Uncle Palmer, who were leaving next day for Chicago; and as soon as they could finish with what they had to do my father and my mother were to follow with my young brother and Nurse Louise.

I was delighted to step out into the world, unaccompanied by any of those who had been my guides till then. I had been able to dress myself for a long time, I felt much aged by my recent experiences, and it seemed quite fitting now to take a trip. So my small trunk and bag were quickly packed, and the day following I kissed and was kissed good-by, and with many promises to obey and be careful, and so on, I departed for Chicago to pay a visit. It seemed to me to be vastly aggrandizing to think I would probably decide which of my two or three gowns I would wear, which gloves and hat, and so on; and secretly I determined to be always dressed in my best. Children, or at any rate we, had very few things and wore them out thoroughly in those days, so I greatly appreciated the little black jacket, which had a swing-out cut at the back, almost of the effect of the grown-ups' bustles. I remember struggling before every mirror to get a good side view. I had also a small black taffeta silk apron, made with tiny sharp scallops as trimming, and with a pocket—a present from my grandmother and made for me under her personal superintendence, with many a tale of how she had worn just such a one when she was a little girl. I had not been allowed to wear this much, till the time of the funeral, but since it was black, now that we were in mourning, I had the joy of putting it on constantly over my little white cotton gowns. Then I expected that, unnoticed, I could wear my best gloves often, since the new pair were black and the old ones brown.

In the lost papers I left in Russia was a little scribbled letter written back to my mother telling her of the beginning of this visit: I thought I had been good; and the rest of the pages were devoted to my delight and appreciation, for my aunty had bought me, when first we landed in Chicago, besides several small things, a jersey such as grown women wore in the 'eighties, buttoning tightly with a row of small buttons from the neck down to my hip line. I must have filled it like a sausage, but I felt I looked considerably aged by its elegance, and further my happiness was made complete by the gift which followed—a broad, soft brimmed, floppy, black straw hat.

I adored the lovely aunt who petted me so much. Besides her gifts, she gave us children much time, and the great new house, not yet entirely finished and looking out on to the blue beauty of Lake Michigan, seemed fairyland. The aunty would read improving books out loud to her boys, aged ten and eleven, and I was drawn up close to her and made to take part. She held me and let me play with her bracelets and hand or her gown, while I watched for a picture and forgot to keep track of the subject of the reading.

My uncle was very kind to me also, and often explained to me the work which artists, decorators and cabinet-makers were doing to the walls and ceilings here and there in sundry unfinished parts of the house. He and my aunt were immensely interested in the materials, furniture and rare ornaments that were being fitted into empty spaces. As was the fashion of those days, each room was a specimen of the art of a different epoch and country; a Japanese, two Moorish, an Indian, a French, a Dutch and an old-English room each in turn absorbed me; and I began to believe geography represented something real, and to ask questions which were patiently answered by various members of the family. I was called "the little cousin" and "the little visitor," and everything was done to make me content and happy.

An old Aunt Laura and Uncle Ben, from Kentucky, lived in the house with my Palmer aunt and uncle. Aunt Laura adopted me at once, as in the days of my babyhood, and called me "honey" or "chicken"; and old Uncle Ben was a marvelous organizer of games and much appreciated by us youngsters. My grandfather Honoré was away on business, but my grandmother came often to the big house to stay through an afternoon or an evening. Her splendid beauty was so striking it could not fail to impress even me, a child.

Tall, slender, willowy, she bore her small head high and suggested some rare graceful plant swaying slightly. The extremely long neck added to the distinction of tiny hands and feet, while a straight little nose, regular mouth and large luminous brown eyes made a rare type—reenforced by the mass of curling white hair, which was parted simply, dressed in a high knot and fastened with a quaint ivory comb. This brilliant woman awed me very much, and her correct and quiet way of speaking commanded instant obedience. She seemed so perfect that my faults weighed on me under her eye, especially as I was having a grand holiday and doing all sorts of things that had never been permitted me before.

Happy Days With My Cousins

DURING a short time the dreary feeling lasted, perhaps a remnant of the sad atmosphere from which I had come. Possibly 'twas this which brought me the extra spoiling I was given from all sides. The cousins initiated me into their own gay games, and I loved them. During the day's free hours we were allowed to play at camping out and picnicking in what was to become the great salon of the house, but still was used as the workmen's storeroom for materials. We called it "the desert," and pitched tents there built of old sheets; and we kept house Robinson Crusoe fashion, carrying our varied finds or captures into our island home, where we lived a fairy tale. Never was such a room invented to house children. With its mystery of materials, paints, putty and planks or fixtures piled about, it was a hunting ground rich with surprises and renewed joys each day. We got ideally dirty and made an awful mess, and no one cared.

The great room was well aired and cool all day. Occasionally my aunt or somebody sent by her would look in on us; but we were never scolded, and I for one was supremely happy.

Evening brought a bath and a clean gown; and after dinner, for which I went to the grown-ups' table with my cousins, there were delightful games of hide and seek over the whole house. Four young uncles, my mother's brothers, generally arrived, took possession of us, and obtained permission for a romp till bedtime. Old Uncle Ben joined in heartily, and then for a half hour shouts and squeals of delight rang out all over the house, while we followed the uncles—Ben, Adrian, Harry, Nat and Lockwood—madly up and down stairs and across dark rooms and passageways, of which I was no longer afraid.

When my parents came out to Chicago they were, I fancy, both surprised and grateful for the healthy and consoling influences that had been acting on me, and though I went back with my father and mother soon afterward to the quiet house of mourning, in East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, I no longer felt a weight of sorrow, but only

the soft memory of my grandfather, to carry as an inspiration through the years of life to be given me.

From that time, when I was just nine, till the spring of 1889, when I was nearly thirteen, we lived with my Grandmother Grant. All the first part of those years my father worked at the book, which my grandfather had left in manuscript to his heirs. It had to be gone over, and the proofs corrected, while endless detail work was involved getting the maps and illustrations prepared. Instead of the little office in the second floor front, this room was switched back to its old employ of my grandmother's boudoir, and she moved again into what had been my grandfather's bedroom. The work furniture went up to the third floor, and there, in a room just over the earlier office, my father carried through his daily task—saw publishers, arranged terms and carried out in detail the instructions of the dead author. He also, as the money came in after the first edition of the memoirs was sold, handled all his mother's business.

It was a great gratification to see the volumes, written with such courage, while fighting death and enduring a martyrdom of suffering, so appreciated by the public and attaining the result for which they were written.

The first check sent in by the publishers beat all records for size. It was for over three hundred thousand dollars.

With his old friend and comrade, Mr. William A. Purrington, the well-known lawyer, my father also attended to all details connected with grandmamma's property, and devoted himself to his family's interests entirely. It was a labor of love, and he acquitted himself with his usual thoughtful, gentle generosity—for while my grandfather had left him a special share in the profits of his book, my father had declined to touch the money. Seemingly his payment was in the knowledge of doing all that was possible to aid the hero he had worshipped since the old days in 1862, when in the deep night watches they lay together in a tent, the sleepy boy and the wakeful man, building the foundation of a rare comradeship which had lasted till the end.

Good Friends I Inherited

SOME political interests had come into my father's life and these took him away on a speaking tour through New York State one autumn, putting him in contact with the various forces of the Republican Party. Another great interest was his position among the old soldiers. All these had known him, at least by sight, and he was constantly invited to their reunions. I was taken to such a meeting one evening, and I remember well the gayety of the scene. I sat up in a gallery as quiet as a mouse next to my mother, and surrounded by women, all excited and talking. Spread before us down on the ballroom floor were tables, crowded with old veterans, some in uniform; flags, on the walls everywhere, were especially thickly draped on the main wall opposite us. Against this background, on a raised platform, stood the honor table, where sat the guests of the evening. Sherman was there, Logan too, and a lot of others. Both Sherman and Logan made great speeches. Then a veteran called, "We want Fred to talk—Fred Grant!" and round on round of applause rang out as the cry was taken up.

My mother at my side said to someone who asked her: "My husband has never spoken before, and I don't know if he can. Probably he won't be able to think of anything to say, impromptu, like this. I hope he won't break down!"

I felt hanging in space, frightfully anxious. I did not know how my father could make his speech, once my mother had recited this possible tragedy. I accepted it as hard fact, not just a tactful stating of difficulty which would augment success, and I sat with tears in my eyes, waiting to hear my father's voice. At last it came, too hoarse and too low to make itself heard where we sat. The veterans listened, those in front evidently liked what they were getting, those farther back leaned forward, and my heart beat so that I throbbed all over.

"Speak a little louder, Freddy!" rang out a gruff old voice from somewhere.

Then suddenly my father's tone, clear as a bell, reached me, and I breathed. It had been shyness or modesty holding him back, and it was passed, for concise words followed, forceful and charming in the memories they evoked, of the boy veteran who had never known fear and had stood discomfort with enthusiasm. An anecdote of old war days, a word of thanks—and the ordeal ended in a triumph for the débutant.

I recall how General Sherman came up to our gallery and brought me his menu and the program. He asked me if I had had a pleasant time and what I thought of my father's fine speech. He said he thought it the hit of the evening and that it was time that old fellows like himself made way. He had always put his finger under my chin, and raising my face up kissed me—and he did so now. I was vastly embarrassed by this demonstration, as I hadn't seen him kiss any of the other ladies in the gallery; but I fancy none of them were shocked at all, my age being about ten at the time. The general had a gruff magnetic manner which to a child was very winning; and I was proud of this big friend whom I had inherited. All the visitors who were habitués at my grandfather's continued frequenting grandmamma's home, and I still had many an interesting half hour, though my lessons were growing in quantity and importance and gave me less and less time to hang about the grown-ups. Still, on my way up from our early supper I occasionally was allowed to stop in to see grandmamma while she dressed. Her clothes were all black, and the jewels were put away, so I no longer fastened on her pearls for her; but she always spoke cheerfully, and had many an interesting story about "your dear grandpapa," or "the days when we were young," in which I was deeply interested. It was so that she told me something of her life on the plantation of her father, Mr. Frederick Dent, outside of St. Louis, and of the good-looking young men who came courting her and her sisters; of the pretty gowns of printed organdie the girls wore and the homemade cake and wine and jelly they served; and she lingered with pleasure on the memory of the lieutenant who had come into their group one day, and how he was her brother Fred's friend; and soon after that she had looked at no one but this new Ulysses, who had declared himself and been accepted by her. The Mexican War intervened and he had gone off to the front, whether just before or just after their engagement was announced I have forgotten; but she had been married very quickly after her hero had come back from Mexico. Little anecdotes of the wedding—what each one wore or said or did—she told; and as grandmamma had graphic words at her command, and a vivid human way of talking, I listened breathlessly and enjoyed the stories vastly. Thirty-five years have effaced in my mind only some of the details.

Tales That Grandmamma Told

A STORY that I specially liked and that was repeated often enough to hold out in total against time was one tale of my father's mischief. He was two or three. Grandmamma had just dressed him and told him to sit still somewhere till she was ready for a birthday party she was to give him. He was so quiet it roused her suspicions, and leaning over him from behind she caught him cutting round holes in the new suit she had just made for him with her own hands, and finished the day previous. The little rascal had cheerfully explained he was hot and wanted to let the air in.

Some of her stories were about the war, how she had spent a little time with dear grandpapa here or there when his armies were in winter quarters, and how they had tried to be as comfortable and cozy as they could, in spite of the war weariness from which everyone suffered. She told how keen and intense my grandfather was, never discouraged or impatient; how absorbed in his work, too, to the point of forgetting those round him. She said one evening late an officer rushed into their sitting room, saying the enemy would be there at once. My grandfather sat down and wrote orders, or gave a few verbally to his aides-de-camp, who came and went in haste. Grandmamma began to feel quite agitated, she said, as to what she should do; so after some time she approached her husband and asked: "And what are you going to do with me, Ulysses?" He looked at her as if unaware till then of her being there; then said quietly: "This is no place for you; you ought to go at once." He called an aide-de-camp and gave minute directions as to how the latter should act to get grandmamma away without delay. She told how she would never have thought of discussing his instructions but how delighted she was when a messenger shortly afterward came to say the Southern army men, reported as being near at hand, had taken another turn now and were moving elsewhere; so she had been allowed to remain a little longer at headquarters. She described the tiny shabby houses my grandfather stayed in when not in his tent through the war years, and how he had worked and strained till she felt she could not see him go on through the winter without a leave; but he was not to be persuaded to give in to anyone's arguments and stayed right at the front till the war ended.

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Maximilian Platz, Vienna

THE FOUL FANCIER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

The Mastiff Snapped at His Whizzing Foe as Jeff Passed Under Him

IN THE sixth round of his fight with Kid Feltman the end came. And it was not at all the end that anybody but Dan Rorke and Keegan, his manager, looked for. For the outclassed and battered and wabbling Rorke won. Two minutes earlier no one in the Pastime Athletic Club auditorium would have bet a canceled lottery ticket on Rorke's chances. And the result left the crowd as puzzled as was the raging Feltman himself.

No; Rorke did not see one sweet face in the throng—a face that nerved him to superhuman effort and to victory. Nor did he spur himself to a Herculean last stand that won him the fight. That was not Dan Rorke's way. And most assuredly it was not the way of his manager and mentor, Red Keegan. The victory was won by subtler and less hackneyed methods.

Here, in brief, was the procedure: At the end of the fifth round Dan had slumped back to his corner, dizzy and gone. Red Keegan's practiced eye summed up his condition as it had summed up his chances during the past two rounds. And he whispered: "Time's come for it, Danny boy! He's too many for you."

Danny boy needed no further amplifying of the order. Twenty times in the gym, under Keegan's shrewd tutelage, he had rehearsed what now he was about to do. Rorke rose sluggishly, groggily, staggeringly, to the summons for the sixth round. He swayed drunkenly toward the center of the ring. Seeing which, the crowd screeched to Feltman to sail in and finish him. Obligingly Feltman prepared to obey the behest of his patrons. He took no chances of a possible trick by laying himself open. But, with all the zest that could include caution, he went for his worn-down opponent.

Rorke met the onslaught right gamely. He called on all his waning strength for one last desperate rally. And the crowd did homage to his gameness by howling approval.

Feltman was a wise man. He knew this false burst of power could not last. Sooner than waste himself in fighting back he covered and waited for the momentary flash to burn out.

But the cheering of the fickle crowd was too much for him. And after an instant of blocking and retreating he met the pathetically brief rally, foot to foot. There was a flurrying exchange of close-quarters blows, Rorke spinning about so that his back was toward the referee. And as he spun Rorke screamed out in mortal agony. His gloved hands flew heavenward, pawing the air. He sank to the canvas floor, doubled up like a jackknife, his hands clutching spasmodically at his abdomen some two or three inches below the belt.

Feltman stepped back in astonishment. He had not struck below the belt. He could not account for Rorke's posture of anguish. But for the fallen man's face both Feltman and the perplexed referee would have branded the squirming and groaning antics as a pure fake. But there was nothing fakelike in the face that twitched above the writhing body. Rorke's swarthy visage had gone green white. It had the ghastly hue of death.

On the instant Red Keegan was leaning over the ropes, shaking his fist in Feltman's face, and squalling shrilly:

"Foul! Did y'see that, Mister Referee? Y'saw it! Y'couldn't miss seeing it! Foul! Look at the poor lad, will you? He's dying!"

The referee, Honest Roy Constantin, lived up to the record that had given him his nickname. Rorke was rolling about the floor in torment. His face was better indorsement of his condition than would have been fifty doctors' certificates. Only by a foul could such agony have been caused.

Not alone was Rorke's manager claiming it, but fifty voices from boxes and bleachers were taking up the yell, in the wontedly sheephke fashion of fight fans. Honest Roy himself had been behind Rorke at the moment the blow was struck. But he had seen that Feltman was leading for the body. And he could deduce the rest. While Kid Feltman frothed at the mouth with impotent fury Honest Roy Constantin thereupon awarded the fight to Rorke—on a flagrant foul. And the whole thing was done on the strength of Rorke's facial aspect. If Constantin had chanced to be an actor instead of a pool-room czar he would never have been taken in by so simple a trick. For even in those days it was a common ruse on the stage.

Dan Rorke, at the outset of the round, had drawn in a deep breath; and he had held it. This, together with his wild exertions, had turned his complexion to a purple red. Then, suddenly, as he fell, he had relaxed his muscles and his breath; and had at once taken another breath and had rolled his eyes upward. The receding blood had left his face a chalky green. Long rehearsed acting had done the rest. After that first frenzied glare at the referee he had let his head droop and had hidden his slowly incarnadining cheeks from further view. The one glimpse of his corpse-like face was enough for Honest Roy.

"You see, Danny," apologized Keegan, when he had half carried his principal to the dressing room, "it was the only way out. We either misjudged that Feltman bird wrong or else we overplayed the big improvement you've been making these past few months. One or the other. It don't matter which. The way it lays, you ain't good enough—not yet—to go up against a topnotcher like him. I seen that before you'd been in the ring two rounds. He was a-eating you up. It was either pull the good old foul claim or stand for a knock-out. I didn't dast give you the office for any funny business. Not with Honest Roy refereeing. He's a crank on square fighting, Roy Constantin is. He'd 'a' spotted any of our best ones. So I had to frame it, other way round. But it was a close call at that!"

When Red Keegan picked Dan Rorke out of the night-shift puddler crew at the Pitvale Steel Works he did so after a long psychological study. This study dealt much with the young middleweight's rugged strength and gameness and his natural skill as a fighter. But it concerned itself equally with Rorke's innate gifts for more subtle things; among the rest, a certain crude ability for acting. Then he had molded the ignorant boy according to his own wily plans.

As a man Keegan was not a marked success. As a crooked diplomatist he had sparks of genius. Too fragile and too timid to hit a blow himself, he was a born ring general. And it was his joy and his talent to study out more foul tactics than occur to the normal fighter's bovine brain in the course of a lifetime.

None of these maneuvers came under the head of "rough stuff" or even of "coarse work." There was a finesse to them all. They could be pulled—rightly learned by the right man—under the very nose of the average referee.

Not once, but six times, had Dan Rorke gone into the ring, coached by Keegan, and bested men who were his superiors. He had done it by a succession of crafty and murderous fouls, which the referee failed to bring home to him.

Twice, by unobtrusive butting in the course of a clinch, he had ripened his half-stunned antagonist for an easy knock-out. Again, he had driven his specially shod heel down on the instep of Spider Boyce with such scientific force as to make the sufferer drop his guard long enough to let in a haymaker to the jaw. Surreptitious kneeing was another of his arts.

All these tricks seem broad and obvious in the telling. So would a full description of the way a conjurer hauls a kicking rabbit out of an empty hat. It is all in the way it is done. And, thanks to Red Keegan's tireless rehearsing and to his own peculiar talents, Rorke did it in a way to defy casual detection.

When an overkeen referee happened to be the third man in the ring there were other tactics to fall back on. In such event and with a too formidable opponent, there were still divers means for wooing victory—the claim of foul and the white-faced anguish, for example. Twice before, in other sections of the fight map, had Rorke and Keegan worked this bit of acting.

As a result Dan Rorke was rising fairly fast in his profession. He was not of championship timber. He would never develop into such a contender; nor does one real-life fighter in fifty. But he was good enough to do all manner of things to dozens of fairly good men in the rank and file of the middleweight army. And the dollars were drifting in.

To Dan Rorke himself—fresh from the puddling gang, and seeing the fight game only through Red Keegan's gimlet eyes—there was nothing wrong or even doubtful in his own methods. He took his orders from Keegan; and his share of the cash profits. He did not bother his thick head about ethics.

It was a week after the Rorke-Feltman battle, and while Kid Feltman was still making the sporting world ring with his cries of trickery and his clamor for a return match Rorke and his manager had gone back to their home town of Pitvale; not only for a needed rest but to let certain unjust and cruel accusations blow over. Rorke some months earlier had been installed in the biggest room of the manager's Pitvale bungalow; and had settled thus in the first semblance of a home he had ever known since his graduation from the orphan asylum twelve years earlier. Behind the bungalow was the rickety barn which served as his training quarters.

Dan's old fellow toilers of the Pitvale Steel Works had bet loyally on their former associate in his fight with the redoubtable Feltman. Even though their paladin had won on a foul, still he had won, and they had cashed in on their bets. Gratitude welled high in their souls and it took a practical form.

On the morning of the eighth day after the match a delegation of five puddlers invaded the Keegan bungalow at breakfast time; escorting among them a big young collie dog, gold and white in hue, classic in outline, kingly in bearing.

The pup had belonged to the foreman of the night shift, who was taking a job somewhere out West and could not carry his pet along. So the boys had bought him cheap; and now presented him in due form to Dan Rorke as a pledge of their hero worship.

In all his twenty-four years Rorke never before had had a dog of his very own. Such luxuries had not been encouraged at the orphan asylum, nor at any of the steelworks boarding houses where he had since lived.

Now, at sight of the splendid beast, the friendship of a normal man for a good dog woke within him. In spite of Keegan's sour protests the pup was installed in the bungalow as a permanent member of the household. In honor of the champion who just then was the idol of Rorke's profession the newcomer received the historic name of Jeff.

An instant and perfect liking sprang up between Jeff and his middleweight master. From the first the two were inseparable. For some reason best known to himself the young collie accepted the fighter as his one and eternal lord and lavished on him a single-hearted devotion he had never granted to his former uninterested owner. To Rorke the dog was a revelation. His starved heart went out to the collie's staunch friendliness. His sluggish imagination was stirred to unguessed depths by the dog's flashes of cleverness and of gay loyalty. His vanity—and something deeper—was touched to the quick by the deathless worship in his pet's eyes.

If Dan Rorke strayed through the town, for the sake of giving the Pitvalians the privilege of gazing on their foremost citizen, Jeff was always trotting gravely at his side. If he suppled his hard muscles by a ten-mile hike through woodland and over mountain the collie's plumed tail was ever just ahead as pacemaker for the trip. At meals Jeff stretched himself out on the floor beside Rorke's chair, scorning to beg, but eagerly receptive of such food bits as were tossed to him. At night the dog slept outside Rorke's door, a keenly alert sentinel over his master's rest.

Once, down on Main Street, a Rorke fan swatted the fighter applaudingly on the back. In practically the same instant the swatter was on his own back in the gutter with Jeff's teeth menacing him. The collie had misunderstood the motive of the blow, and after the manner of his kind had sprung to his demigod's defense.

This sealed once and forever Rorke's love for Jeff. The dog had risked dire punishment to ward off a fancied danger from him. It was wonderful, tremendous. Dan told of it for the next six weeks whenever he could find anyone to listen to his marvelous yarn. And he added so many unconscious details in the repeated telling that late comers in the succession of listeners were left with a vague impression that Jeff had beaten off fully a dozen armed men who had assailed the fighter.

Keegan used to groan in spirit whenever Dan pointed out Jeff to some chance caller and began the oft-told saga. One dog man earned Rorke's lifelong hatred and the many-adjectived appellation of liar by his tactlessness in saying: "Why, most any good purp will do as much as that if he thinks someone's trying to hurt the feller that owns him."

Dan Rorke was calmly certain that no other dog on earth would have had the pluck and the loyalty to do it. And gradually Jeff became to him a sort of fetish for everything that was noblest. Which perhaps was quite as natural as that a high-bred collie should deem Dan Rorke worthy of adoration.

On a slippery and slushy morning in early spring some six months after dog and man formed their life partnership Dan started through a corner of Pitvale for his daily hike. He had just won a foul-incrusted battle and had not yet signed up for another. In the interval before hard training should set in he was keeping in shape by means of these daily tramps and by a little gym work.

He and Jeff came abreast of Vining's livery stable, and were about to swing past it when out through the open doorway flashed something tawny and big and ponderous. In other words, Vining's vile-tempered old mongrel English mastiff had caught scent of the approaching collie and had dashed forth to do battle with the stranger.

That was a cute trick of Vining's dog. He was a terror in the neighborhood; this huge mastiff with the quarter streak of Great Dane and the temper of a sick wildcat. And for years he had maintained his repute as local bully. Even now, when age and weight were beginning to slow him down, he still reveled in the prospect of springing out upon some unwary and less warlike dog as it passed the stable and doing his industrious best to kill it.

As it chanced, this was a street seldom used by Rorke, and Jeff and the mastiff had never before met. Jeff, mincing along on fastidious white toes through the slush, close behind his master, had no warning of the attack. The first hint of danger came when, out of the ever-watchful corner of his slanting dark eye, he chanced to see the whizzing brindled bulk bearing down upon him. There was no time to get out of the way even had Jeff been of the breed that gets out of the way when peril shows its face. To the average dog there would have been no chance to prepare for the impact. But the best type of collie is not an average dog. In his brain, though never in his heart, he harks back to his wolf ancestors.

It was this ancient wolf strain now that made the sedately pacing Jeff spin sidewise as though on a pivot; letting the mastiff fly past him, the flaring jaws missing his head by an inch.

The mastiff whirled almost in mid-air, and came back to the assault. But as he charged a second time Jeff was not there. The collie had not run; he had merely sidestepped. And in the same motion his white eyetooth scored a deep furrow in the side of the charging foe.

Dan Rorke had swung aloft his walking stick to stop the unequal fight and rescue his chum, for he had heard of the brindled monster's prowess. But at this move from Jeff he let his striking arm drop, idle, and he sputtered aloud in stark admiration: "Footwork, b'gee! And countering too! Lord, but Jim Corbett might 'a' been proud of that stunt!"

Again the mastiff was charging in, lurching craftily, to drive his nimbler foe into the angle of door and wall, and thus to corner him and render his footwork useless. Jeff saw through the ruse, but he saw too late to escape.

Now the collie was a scant eighteen months old. His chest and shoulders had not yet gained the proportions that would be theirs in another two years. Moreover, this was his first battle. Left to himself he would never have sought trouble, for he was a friendly and frolicsome youngster who had met with nothing but kindliness in all his brief life. But his every muscle and joint was as lithe as oiled whipcord. There was not a fleck of loose flesh on his wiry sixty-six-pound body. And behind his conscious brain burned not only the battle prowess but the uncanny shrewdness of his ancient vulpine forbears. Back in the wilderness days the wolf that could not hold his own in warfare and be ready for all surprises was the wolf that died exceeding young and left no progeny. The wolf that won the right to have descendants was the wolf brave enough and quick-witted enough to transmit his life-saving traits to those descendants. All this a thousand years ago; and Dan Rorke's pet collie was profiting by it.

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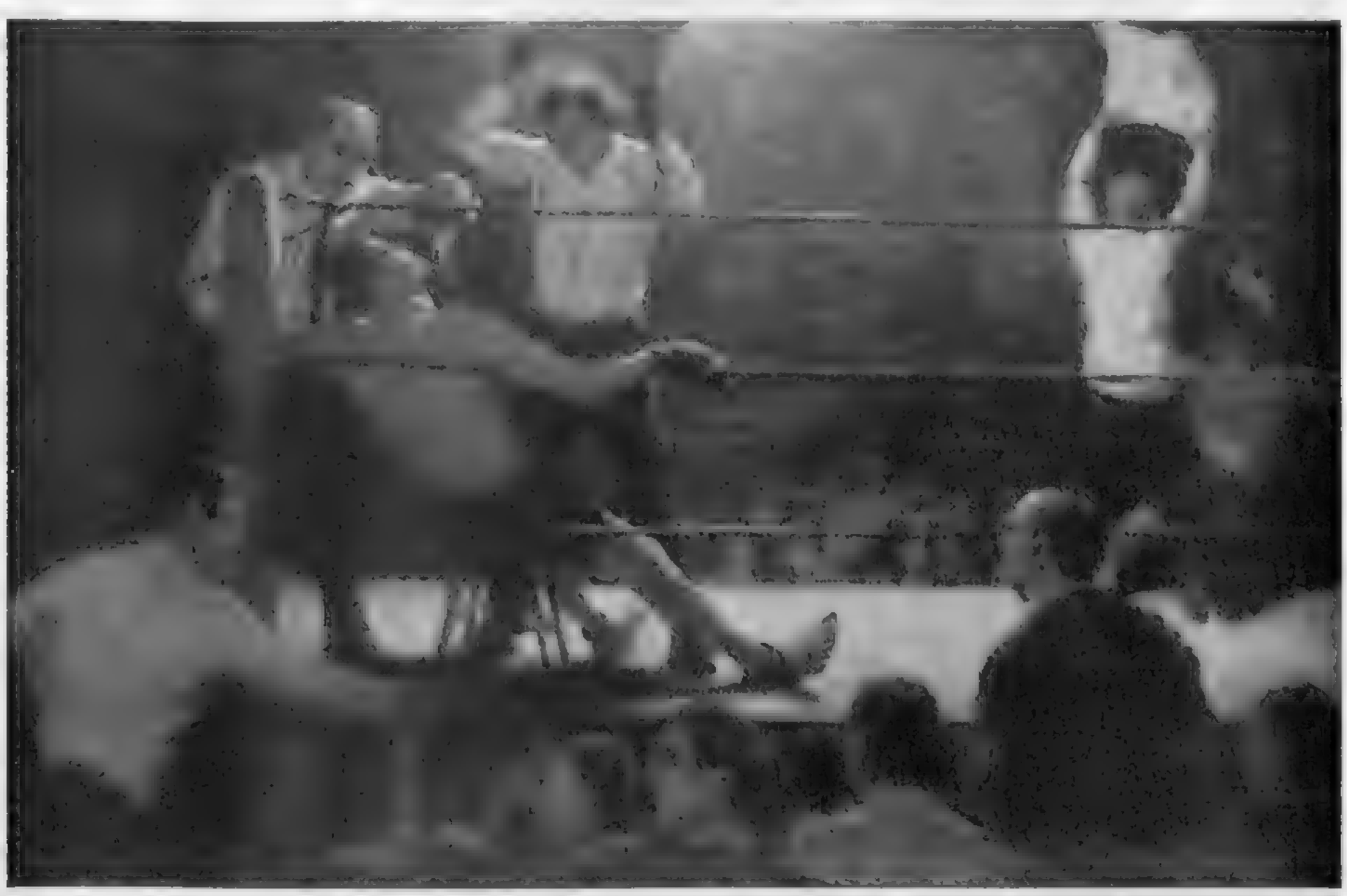

"Try Out the Good Old Stunts, Danny! 'Tain't Too Late, Even Yet. He's Groggy. Try 'Em"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

XXXV

IN A PRECEDING chapter I related my personal experiences on that fateful Thursday, July 30, 1914, when the question of peace or war was hanging in the balance, to be ultimately decided at midnight by the Emperor's reluctant consent to the general mobilization which meant war. In so doing I had no diary or notes of any kind to rely on and nothing to aid me except these two dates, which were indelibly engraved on my memory as the epitaph on the gravestone of my country—July 29 and July 30, 1914. For this reason my account of what I had learned on the evening of July twenty-ninth in regard to the decision of the mobilization question was not quite exact, inasmuch as I learned of the decision in favor of the partial mobilization only on the morning of the thirtieth, from the imperial ukase to that effect printed in the papers.

It so happens that at the moment of writing these lines I am enabled to refer for the elucidation of this circumstance to documentary evidence which accidentally came into my possession a few days ago. An elucidation of this circumstance is of some importance, as it will show how great were the vacillations that preceded the ultimate fatal decision and how great was the unfortunate Emperor's reluctance to give his consent to a measure the incalculable consequences of which, apprehended by some of his faithful subjects, may have been instinctively grasped by a Sovereign overwhelmed with the sense of his appalling responsibility before his country and his people. This documentary evidence, in the shape of a letter written by myself at two P. M. on July 30, 1914, and addressed to my wife in Paris, was received there on the nineteenth of August, as marked by the stamp of the Paris post office; was delivered to the caretaker of our apartment after the departure of my family for Russia, and reaches me now, together with some indifferent mail matter that had accumulated there in our absence. The following is a translation from the Russian original of this letter—one of a series of numbered daily short communications I was in the habit of addressing to my wife when separated from my family:

The Czar's Cossack Bodyguard and Their Colors

ST. PETERSBURG,
No. 163. Thursday, 17/30th of July, 1914.
TWO P. M.

Dearest: I received yesterday your letter of Sunday, and to-day that of Monday. I see that you are calm and not frightened, thank God. But affairs have taken a more than critical turn. Yesterday there were vacillations; a partial mobilization or a general one. I was the whole day in telephonic communication with X. [a member of the cabinet] and have been to see him three times at his summer residence. I returned from my last visit to him at midnight, having learned that the general mobilization had been decided upon.

This morning I see from the papers that only a partial mobilization has been ordered. This, of course, is a little better, but I am afraid that it will nevertheless be considered a direct challenge and that Germany will to-morrow order a general mobilization, an example that will immediately be followed by France. Whether hereafter negotiations will still be possible is very doubtful. But that is our only hope. I am working indefatigably here in that direction, and Y. at Peterhof. I have already had an interview to-day with X., and Y. has gone to Peterhof. What a calamity that we should have such ministers as Soukhomlinoff and Sazonoff! *Des gens au cœur léger!* It seems incredible that during all the crisis, which began with the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, our, albeit sorry and incapable, ambassador should have been absent from Berlin. He returned there but yesterday. At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs they apparently had no suspicion of the plans of Austria and had no information in regard to the intentions and the frame of mind of Berlin! All this is monstrous light-headedness and incompetence. Our poor, unfortunate country! At such a truly tragic historical moment, this is the kind of servants upon whom has to rely the best of Sovereigns, with all his soul devoted to his country and his people! I cannot help worrying about you. But your fortitude and brave spirit are a great consolation to me. God bless you. I cannot decide anything to-day. There is still a faint glimmer of hope that Russia and Europe may be spared this catastrophe.

Ever yours, R.

For obvious reasons I have indicated only by the letters X. and Y. the persons referred to in the body of the letter, but I would mention incidentally that one of them was a minister of state and the other a distinguished general, and that their names were purely Russian, as was the true Russian patriotism which animated them in their, alas, fruitless endeavors to avert from our unfortunate country the catastrophe they saw coming.

During August and September there was a constant stream of Russian travelers returning from Germany, where they had been surprised at the various resorts and watering places by the declaration of war. Most of them had to complain of all sorts of insults, maltreatment and manifestations of hatred heaped upon them by the populace—all of which went to show how well the government had succeeded in poisoning the popular mind with the idea that Russia was wantonly attacking Germany and, in conjunction with France, was bent on her destruction. The Emperor William himself, it was said, had not scrupled, in haranguing a crowd from the balcony of his palace, to accuse the Emperor Nicholas of treachery, waving in the face of the maddened multitude the scrap of paper representing the Treaty of Björkö, bearing the Emperor's signature and afterward denounced by him. The violence of the hatred against Russia seemed to have somewhat abated when after the British declaration of war hymns of hate and "Gott strafe England" became the order of the day. The ever-smoldering hatred against the hereditary enemy, France, needed, of course, no special effort to be made to burst into flame.

Thus it was that the strongest passions that can move the soul of a people—the passions of hatred and of fear—were brought into play and caused the youth of the country to rush into battle with frantic enthusiasm for what they believed to be the salvation of the Fatherland from threatened destruction. On the other hand, among the stay-at-home plain people, according to the accounts of many fugitive Russians who had fled from Germany after the outbreak of the war, a widespread panicky feeling seemed to prevail, manifesting itself in the most absurd spy mania and in such fantastic rumors as, for instance, the legend of the phantom automobile carrying twenty million francs in gold said to be on its way from Paris to St. Petersburg through the heart of Germany. Both these elements of hatred and of fear were absent in Russia. The regular army marched to the front, obeying the orders of the Czar, gayly and full of fighting spirit, as was natural and to be expected from a body of young men to whom war against any enemy whatever meant relief from the monotonous drudgery of barrack life and held out the promise of all the excitement and the hope of all the glory of a victorious campaign. But the inarticulate bulk of the nation, traditionally submissive to the will of the Czar, accepted the war as an infliction sent down by Providence, which had to be borne in patience and resignation. Those were necessarily few—but too few, alas—who were able to realize the supreme folly of risking in a general European war the country's prosperity, which after the Japanese War and in spite of the setback of the revolution of 1905–06 had been growing by leaps and bounds, with trade and industry flourishing, and who were able to understand what the ruinous consequences for Russia of even a victorious war were bound to be—a war for military supremacy in Europe in which she had no legitimate end to gain in case of victory and stood to lose everything in case of defeat.

The war was hailed with satisfaction only by part of the Intelligentzia—perhaps the largest part—and their leaders, the same Intelligentzia who had rightly been opposed to the war in the Far East and who now expected as a result of the war in Europe, whatever its ultimate issue, the end of autocracy and their own advent to power with the favor and support of Allied opinion and diplomacy. The Duma leaders and their following, including our official diplomacy, were being flattered by being admitted on toleration to the society of their betters and by being condescendingly treated as real statesmen.

The only ones who had a real reason to rejoice over the outbreak of the war were the revolutionaries of every brand, Social Revolutionaries, Social Democrats, Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, or whatever their nomenclature may be, for their long hoped for and worked for opportunity to wreck the empire had come. The way in which they availed themselves of this opportunity is a matter I shall have to treat in another chapter.

I was, of course, perfectly well aware of the obloquy to which those Russians exposed themselves who presumed to assign to the interests and welfare of their own country the first place in their political preoccupations. I was aware of it from personal experience when, as I have had occasion to relate in one of the preceding chapters, an abbreviated synopsis of my secret memorandum—which aimed at the prevention of Russia's participation in the impending general war in Europe, and therefore aimed at averting the likelihood of such a war being brought about—was published by an anonymous author in the French review, Le Correspondant, of September 10, 1913, and when it was delicately insinuated by him that my political views were worthy of the Wilhelmstrasse and could only have been inspired by some atavistic influences—a graceful allusion to the German origin of my name.

Brushing aside all unworthy apprehensions of obloquy and insinuation I still had to ask myself the question: Why

waste nerve force in vain efforts to avert an impending war or to bring about its termination prematurely that is to say, before it would have completed the ruin and destruction of the empire and the ruin of Europe as well—when all such quixotic efforts were obviously doomed to remain fruitless, not only on account of the insignificance and powerlessness of their originator but also because this war—as many thought then and continue to think to this hour—was a catastrophe destined to close an era in the world's history and to introduce a new one, and was therefore as unpreventable by human means as an earthquake?

Now, this latter view I am unable to share. It is unquestionably true, of course, that in the social world, as well as in the physical world, great changes come about by slow and imperceptible processes, with occasional catastrophic upheavals marking a new age. But such catastrophic upheavals cannot by any means be said to be an unavoidable accompaniment of even the very greatest changes in the social world, as witness, for example, the so-called restoration which took place in Japan in 1868, which was certainly, it seems to me, one of the greatest and most radical changes in a centuries-old social order that the world has ever seen and which, nevertheless, was effected without being accompanied by any catastrophic features.

Nor can I subscribe to the fatalistic point of view which amounts to a direct discouragement of any human effort to avert an impending calamity as an attempt foredoomed to failure. Thus in the present case, though it was obvious that political, economic and moral conditions in Europe, in conjunction with the existing system of alliances and the policies pursued in the dark by some of the leading statesmen in all the countries concerned, supported by a subservient and sensational press, were pointing unmistakably to the likelihood of an impending catastrophe, nevertheless the actual outbreak of war, just as later on its indefinite prolongation, was dependent on the direct action and on the will of a certain number—and that a very restricted one—of human beings. There existed no reason why any effort at influencing such will should be considered *a priori* as hopeless. The fact of some attempted efforts having proved fruitless could surely not be alleged as a reason why such efforts should not be renewed. Nor could a deterrent be seen in the circumstance that the will of these leaders themselves had become imprisoned in the meshes of the network of nationalist passions, which, originally a creation of their own, intended to be a useful servant, had become an exacting master whose behests they imagined they could not dare to defy.

Rather was it the duty of all those in both hostile camps who realized what the complete triumph of war psychosis would mean for the fate of Europe and of civilization to strain every nerve in trying to dispel the fatal illusion that seemed to be terrorizing mankind—to quote the words of G. Lowes Dickinson from a recent article of his in the Atlantic Monthly—"by the fear each individual has of what all other individuals taken together are supposed to be feeling and thinking, till it sometimes appears as if public opinion were the opinion which nobody holds but which everybody supposes other people to hold."

It seems but just, as well as charitable, to suppose that when the ultimate decision of the question of peace or war had passed into the hands of the irresponsible military element, from whom but one decision could be expected, the same statesmen on both sides who for years had been recklessly dallying with the problems presented by the feuds and rivalries dividing the nations of Europe had come to realize the appalling enormity of their responsibility and were themselves overawed by the formidable ghost they had evoked and felt unable to lay. How deeply this responsibility was felt, as well as the need of self-exoneration, is best exemplified by the extraordinary quantity of documentary evidence which all the governments concerned have seen fit to publish during the war and since the war came—formally, at least—to an end, the careful sifting and weighing of which will occupy historiographers for years to come.

As to our government—that is to say, our civil government—I was decidedly under the impression that from the very moment of the unexpected outbreak of the war, which they had shown themselves incompetent to prevent, they had begun to lose their bearings, and, between the ever-growing domineering arrogance and interference in state affairs of the military element and on the other hand the ever-threatening revolution, were incapable of dealing effectually with the increasingly chaotic state of affairs brought about by the war.

The kind of mentality prevailing in government circles at such a critical and truly tragic moment of the country's history is best illustrated by the decision come to in the second month of the war, if I am not mistaken, to change the name of the empire's capital from St. Petersburg—a name hallowed by the glorious memory of its founder, Peter the Great—to the more Serbian sounding Petrograd, an example which was not followed by the municipalities of other towns, which did not choose, though authorized thereto, to remove from them the blemish of German names given them by Russia's two greatest sovereigns, Peter and Catharine, of which apparently they were not sufficiently ashamed.

Alas, this change of name has brought no luck to the unfortunate city, now dying the cruel death of slow starvation under the degrading tyranny of the sanguinary bandits of Bolshevism.

The conduct of the foreign policy of the country was in the hands of a very honorable man, whose incredible self-sufficiency, however, joined to glaring incompetence, rendered his occupancy of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs a disastrous calamity for Russia and was one of the main contributory causes of her downfall and ruin. Nothing, for instance, but the incompetence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs could have explained the participation of Russia in this declaration signed on September 5, 1914, by Sir E. Grey and the Ambassadors of France and Russia, to wit:

"The undersigned, duly authorized thereto by their respective governments, hereby declare as follows:

"The British, French and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war.

"The three governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies."

Comments on the second article of this declaration I must reserve for a later chapter, when I shall have reached in my narrative the point where the question of the timeliness of entering upon the discussion of possible terms of a general peace should have been raised by Russia. For the present I must confine myself to the elucidation of the obligation undertaken by Russia, inasmuch as it is covered by the first article of the declaration. In this connection I have to point out that practically identical stipulations were contained in Article V of the secret convention concluded by the chiefs of the French and Russian general staffs in August, 1892, and subsequently indorsed by an exchange of ministerial notes between the two governments, which, as far as can be ascertained from the secret documents hitherto published, was considered as taking the place of a formal treaty of alliance; this article reading, "France and Russia will not conclude peace separately"; and in Article II of the Treaty of Björkö, concluded in 1895 between the Emperors William and Nicholas, subsequently denounced by the latter, by which the two sovereigns bound themselves "not to conclude a separate peace with any enemy whomsoever." In commenting on the latter transaction in Chapter XXVI of these reminiscences I used words which, as far as I can see, cover conclusively the question of principle involved in the Declaration of London, and which I therefore deem it appropriate to quote here *in extenso:*

"It must, I think, be conceded that no sovereign, or let us say simply no government, whether autocratic, constitutional or republican, has or can ever be held to have the moral right to pledge the lives and the honor of subjects or fellow citizens in a way so as to render their fate dependent on the decisions of another Power, however closely allied, because in any war at any time circumstances may arise—as we have seen in the cases of Russia and Austria-Hungary—which at a given moment may make to one of the allied Powers a further enforced continuation of the war equivalent to self-destruction and which therefore may place the government of that allied country in a position where it will have to choose between betrayal of its ally or betrayal of its own country and nation. It was evidently not only wise statesmanship but also instinctive repugnance to enter into any such binding engagement which prevented in 1917 the adherence to the London Declaration of the United States, reminiscent of the true meaning of the solemn warning against entangling alliances—priceless legacy left to the country whose father he has been called, by George Washington, perhaps the greatest and wisest statesman that ever lived."

Did it ever occur to our Minister of Foreign Affairs to ask himself what could have been the object of both France and Germany, two Powers irreconcilably hostile to one another, in seeking to bind Russia to a similar engagement? Did it never occur to him that each one of these Powers had obviously sought to make Russia subservient to its own policy and interest in the prospective war they were both looking forward to, in which the participation

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Russian Artillery, Black Sea Division, Going Into Action

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

"Thought I Knew All the Bar Cross Waddies. You Haven't Been Wearin' the Crop and Split Very Long, Have You?"
"They Just Heard of Me Lately," Explained Johnny

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

V

LYN DYER lived with Uncle Dan in a little crowded house. Across the way stood a big lonesome house; there Edith Harkey lived with Daddy Pete. Pete Harkey was a gentle, quiet and rather melancholy old man; Dan Fenderson was a fat, jolly and noisy youth of fifty. In relating other circumstances within the knowledge of the border it would have been in no degree improper to have put the emphasis on the names of those twd gentlemen. But this is another story; it is fitting that the youngsters take precedence: Lyn Dyer and Uncle Dan, Edith and her father.

Lyn Dyer—Carolyn, Lyn—had known no mother but Aunt Peg. The crowding of the little house was well performed by Lyn's three young cousins, Danjunior, Tomtom and Peggy. The big house had been lonesome for ten years now. Edith's sisters and her one brother were all her seniors, all married, and all living within eye flight; two at Hillsboro, a scant twenty-five miles beyond the river—but the big house was not less lonesome for that.

The little crowded house and the big lonesome house were halfway between Garfield post office and Derry. Both homes were in Sierra County, but they were barely across the boundary. This was no chance, but a choosing, and that a pointed one; having to do with that other story of those two old men.

In Dona Ana County taxes were high and life was cheap. Since the Civil War Dona Ana had been bedeviled by the rule of professional politicians. Sierra—aside from Lake Valley and Hillsboro—had very little ruling and needed less; commonly enough there was only one ticket for county officers, and that was picked by a volunteer committee from both parties. Sierra was an American county, and took pride that she had kept free from feuds and had no bandits within her borders. Not that Mexicans were such evildoers. But where there was an overwhelming Mexican vote there was a large purchasable vote; which meant that purchasers took office. Unjust administration followed—oppression, lawsuits and lawlessness, revenge, bloodshed, feuds, anarchy. Results: More expense, more taxes, more bribing, more bribers, more oppression to recoup the cost of officeholding. *Caveat pre-emptor*—let the homesteader beware!

That unhappy time is now past and done with.

"Lyn! Lyn! Edith! Do come here and see what Adam Forbes has brought in," grumbled Uncle Dan. "Another cowboy, and you just got rid of Tom Bourbonia. It does beat all!"

Mr. Fenderson, uttering the above complaint, stood on his porch in the light from his open door and struck hands with two men there; after which he slapped them violently on the back.

"Come in!" cried Lyn from the doorway. Her eyes were shining. She dropped a curtsy. "'Come in, come in—ye shall fare most kind!'"

"Don't you believe Uncle Dan," said Edith. "We tried every way to make Tommy stay over—didn't we, Lyn?"

The story is not able to give an exact record of the next minute. Of the five young people—for Mr. Hobby Lull was there, as prophesied of the five young people, five were talking at once; and Uncle Dan, above them all, boomed directions to Danjunior as to the horses of his visitors.

"Daniel! Stop that noise!" said Aunt Peg severely. "You boys come on in the house. Mr. Charlie, I'm glad to see you."

"Now, here!" protested Forbes. "Isn't anybody going to be glad to see me?"

"But, Adam, we can see you any time," explained Edith. "While Mr. See ——"

"Her eyes went twinkle, twinkle, but her nose went 'Sniff! Sniff!'" said Adam dolefully. "Excuse me if I seem to interrupt."

"But Mr. See ——"

"Charlie," said See.

"But Charlie makes himself a stranger. We haven't seen you for six months, Mr. See."

"Charlie," said Mr. See again. "Six months and eight days."

Mr. Hobby Lull sighed dreamily. "Dear me! It doesn't seem over two weeks!"

A mesquite fire crackled in the friendly room. The night air bore no chill; it was the meaning of that fire to be cheerful; the wide old fireplace was the heart of the house. Adam Forbes spread his fingers to the blaze and sighed luxuriously. "Charlie, when you build your house you want a fireplace like this in every room. Hob, who's going to sell Charlie a farm?"

"What's the matter with yours?"

Adam appeared a little disconcerted at this suggestion. "That idea hadn't struck me, exactly," he confessed. "But it may come to that yet. Lots of things may happen. I might find my placer gold, say. Didn't know I was fixing to find a gold mine, did you? Well, I am. I wanted Charlie to go snooks with me, but he hasn't got time. Me, I've been projectin' and pirootin' over the pinnacles after that gold for a year now, and I've just about got it tracked to its lair. To-morrow ——"

"Oh, gold!" said Lyn disdainfully.

"Ain't I told you a hundred times—
Baby!
Ain't I told you a hundred times
There ain't no money in the placer mines?
Baby!"

"Lyn! Wherever do you pick up such deplorable songs?" said Aunt Peg, highly scandalized. "But she's right, Adam. The best gold is like that in the old fable—buried under your apple trees. You dig there faithfully and you will need no placer mines."

White Edith turned to Charlie See.

"If you really intend to buy a farm here you ought to be getting about it. You might wait too long, Mr. See."

"Charlie. Exactly what do you mean by that remark, my fair-haired child?"

"Here! This has gone far enough!" declared Hob. "We men have got to stand together or if we don't we'll all have to pull stakes and go where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't you let her threats get you rattled, Charlie See. We'll protect you."

"Silly! I meant, of course, that the Mexicans are not selling their lands cheaply now, as they used to do."

"Not so you could notice it," said Uncle Dan. "Those that wanted to sell, they've sold and gone, just about all

of them. What few are left are the solid ones. Not half-bad neighbors either. Pretty good sort. They're apt to stick."

"Not long," said Hobby rather sadly. "They'll go, and we'll go too, most of us. The big dam will be built some time or other; we'll be offered some real money. We'll grab it and drift. Strangers will take comfort where we've grubbed stumps. We are the sceneshifters. The play will take place later. 'Sall right; I hope the actors get a hand. But I hate to think of strangers living—well, in this old house. Say, we've had some happy times here."

"Won't you please hush?" said Adam. "Why so doleful? There's more happy times in stock. This bunch don't have to move away. Why, when I get my gold mine in action we can all live happy ever after. To-morrow ——"

"Hobby is right," said Aunt Peg. "Pick your words as you please, bad luck or improvidence on the one side, thrift or greed on the other—yes, and as many more words of praise or blame as you care for; and the fact remains that the people who care for other things more than they do for money are slowly crowded out by the people who care more for money than for anything else."

"Uncle Dan, is that why you grasping Scotchmen have crowded out the Irish round these parts?" inquired Charlie. "McClintock, MacCleod, Simpson, Forbes, Campbell, Monroe, Fenderson, Stewart, Buchanan—why, say, there's a raft of you here; and across the river it is worse."

"You touch there on a very singular thing, Mr. Charlie. Not that we crowded out the Irish. There were only a few families, and most of them are here yet. They happened to come first, and named the settlements -that's all. But for the Scotch—you find more good Scots' names to the hundred, once you strike the hills, than you will find to the thousand on the plain country. Love of the hills is in the blood of them; they followed the Rocky Mountains down from Canada."

"But, Uncle Dan," said Hobby, "how did so many of them happen to be in Canada?"

"Scotland was a poor country and a cold country, England was rich and warm, Canada was cold and hard. The English had no call to Canada, the Hudson Bay Company captained their outflung posts with Scotchmen; the easier that the Hanoverian kings, as a matter of policy, harried the Jacobite clans by fair means and foul. You were speaking of across the river. That is another curious matter. The California Company, now—ruling a dozen dukedoms—California lends the name of it and supplied the money; but the heads that first dreamed it were four long Scottish heads. And their brand is the John Cross. Any stranger cowman would read that brand as J Half Circle Cross. But we call it John Cross. And why, sirs?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hobby. "It was always the John Cross and it never entered my head to ask why."

"Look you there, now!" Uncle Dan held out an open palm and traced on it with a stubby and triumphant finger.

"For their fathers had served John Company, the Hudson Bay Company! And there you are linked back with two hundred years! 'John Company has a long arm,' they said; 'John Company lost a good man there!' How the name began is beyond my sure knowing; but it is in my mind that it goes back farther still, to the East India Company, to Clive and to Madras. Lyn, you are the bookman, I'll get you to look it up some of these —— Lyn! Lyn! Charlie See! The young devils! Now wouldn't that jar you?"

"A fool and his honey are soon started," observed Adam.

"We're out here, Uncle Dan; all nice and comfy. There's a moon. And itty-bitsy stars," answered a soothing voice—Charlie See's—from the porch. "Oodles of stars. How I wonder what they are. G'wan, Uncle Dan—tell us about the East India Company now."

Hobby Lull rose tragically and bestowed a withering glance upon Uncle Dan. "You old fat fallacy with an undistributed middle—see what you've done now! You and your John Company! Go to bed! Forbes, you brought this man See. You go home!"

"Overlook it this one time," urged Forbes. "Don't send us away—the girls are going to sing. Forgive us all both, and I'll get rid of See to-morrow."

"Be sure you do, then. Lyn! Come here to me."

"Don't shoot, colonel, I'll come down," said Lyn.

Her small face was downcast and demure.

Charlie See came tiptoe after her and sidled furtively to the fire.

"Sing then," commanded Hobby. He brought the guitars and gave one to each girl.

The coals glowed on the hearth; side by side, the fair head and the brown bent at the task of tuning. That laughing circle was scattered long ago and it was written that never again should all those friendly faces gather by any hearth fire—never again. It has happened so many, many times; even to you and to me, so many, many times! But we learn nothing; we are still bitter, and hard, and unkind—with kindness so cheap and so priceless—as if there was no such thing as loss or change or death.

And because of some hours of your own it is hoped you will not smile at the songs of this lost happy hour. They were old-fashioned songs; indeed, it is feared they might almost be called Victorian. Their bourgeois simplicity carried no suggestive double meaning.

"When other lips and other hearts"—that was what they sang, brown Lyn and white Edith. Kirkconnel Lea they sang, and Jeanie Morrison, and Rosamond:

Rose o' the world, what man would wed
When he might dream of your face instead?

Folly? Perhaps. Perhaps, too, in a world where we can but love and where we must lose, it may be no unwisdom if only love and loss seem worth the singing.

The swift hour passed.

The last song, even as the first, was poignant with the happy sadness of youth:

When my heart is sad and troubled
Then my quivering lips shall say,
"Oh! by and by you will forget me,
By and by when far away!"

Good-bys were said at last; Forbes and See put foot to stirrup and rode jingling into the white moonlight; the others stood silent on the porch and watched them depart.

A hundred yards down the road Adam Forbes drew rein. A guitar throbbed low behind them.

"Hark," he said.

Edith Harkey stood in the shaft of golden light from the doorway; she bore herself like the Winged Victory; her voice thrilled across the quiet of the moonlit night:

"Never the nightingale,
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark
Thou wilt hear;
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever lose call and call
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear!"

The sad notes melted into the sweet pagan heartbreak of the enchanted night. They turned to go.

"A fine girl," said Adam Forbes. "The only girl! To-morrow ——"

He fell silent; again in his heart that parting cadence knelled with keen and intolerable sorrow. The roots of his hair prickled, ants crawled on his spine. So tingles the pulsing blood perhaps when a man is fey, when the kisses of his mouth are numbered.

Edith went home to the big lonely house, but Lyn Dyer and Hobby Lull lingered by the low fire. Mr. Lull assumed a dignified pose before the fireplace, feet well apart and his hands clasped behind his back. He regarded Miss Dyer with a twinkling eye.

"Have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced?" he inquired with lofty judicial calm.

Miss Dyer avoided his glance. She stood drooping before him; she looked to one side at the floor; she looked to the other side at the floor. The toe of her little shoe poked and twisted at a knot.

"Extenuating circumstances?" she suggested hopefully.

"Name them to the court."

"The—the moon, I guess." The inquisitive shoe traced crosses and circles upon the knot in the flooring. "And Charlie See," she added desperately.

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"We'll Split This Thirty-Thirty!" Caney Sprang to His Feet. "Jody, This Is Your Country—Can We Head Him Off?"

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

XIII

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT ASTONISHED the businesslike Miss Boggs to realize that Ben Merriweather, photographer, who wasn't at all businesslike, interested her a great deal. He was not only presentable but, without doubt, vividly effective. He possessed a certain freedom of thought, an original way of viewing things which was no less engaging because it was boyish.

Ben was not an educated young man, but he was far from illiterate. All his life he had been careless of certain things which people of more elevated social station regard as essential to good breeding, grammar being one of them. This wasn't because of ignorance of the prescribed forms of speech. He could talk with a fair degree of precision when he chose to take the trouble to do so.

Ben was amazingly good-looking, and the fact that he wore his clothes carelessly did not detract from his charm. His hair was usually badly mussed, but his linen was white and fresh. He was one of the few men of Angela's acquaintance who could wear soft collars becomingly. By some freak of taste Ben had picked out a style with a long, wide flare that slightly overlapped the V of his waistcoat. This heightened his boyishness and made him picturesque, where other men would have been untidy.

Ben talked well, too, as far as he went. That wasn't very far, to be sure. But within the limits of his opportunities he had observed accurately and had drawn conclusions that were his own. These conclusions did not by any means agree with those of persons qualified by culture and training to know vastly more than Ben, but he was willing to remain planted upon them until undoubted authority furnished him certified ground to which he could safely shift.

His innocence was interesting to Angela Boggs, because he was receptive. He knew enough to appreciate the room in his head where more knowledge could be stored. Just now everything that engaged his attention seemed worth appropriating. He had not learned to select, or to discard rubbish too worthless to merit space in even the roomiest mental tenement.

To Angela Boggs it now occurred that it would be good fun to function unofficially as Ben Merriweather's social mentor. Let no one accuse Angela of unsophistication.

No specific explanation is needed for Angela's failure up to the present time to conclude a matrimonial alliance. She wasn't susceptible; she was an heiress and she was cagy. These obstacles in the view of Cupid have often been overcome, for that marksman is famous for his ability to shoot round corners. One needs to know Angela pretty well to understand why she remained a spinster in spite of the fact that she was both beautiful and clever. It may be that Angela didn't know herself well enough to furnish the explanation.

Despite the hold that business had gained upon her life and habits, Angela Boggs did not overlook the things that make life in New York amusing. She had a highly selective method in the picking and cultivation of friends. She never chose one unless she had a reason, shying off when a new acquaintance did not shortly furnish a cogent reason for being permitted to become an old one. Her reasons were not always mercenary, but they were almost invariably based on self-interest.

Regardless of what Ben Merriweather thought, Angela had never made any social headway in New York. She was too close to the biscuit factories. If, as her father had predicted, she married and smothered the Boggs trademark in some less commercially obvious surname, the forecasted twins might some day land in the social register. There was a chance that some aristocratic but impecunious young man might look with favor upon so attractive a combination as Angela's looks and the Boggs bank roll, provided he could swallow Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuit along with his family pride.

Angela recognized her social handicap quite early in life. Her educational paths had led her close up to the gates which, swinging inward, might have admitted her to realms where the biscuit millions would enable her, once inside, to stick with an unshakable grip. But the gates somehow didn't swing.

"I'm Going to Do Just What You Said," Purred Angela—"Kidnap Me"

Angela shuddered at the comparison of herself with the child in rags who presses a cold nose against the window of a bakeshop. Nevertheless, she was on the outside looking in. To a simple soul like Ben Merriweather she exhibited the unquestionable evidence of social prestige. But she couldn't fool herself. Likewise, being of a similar sex and wise with the wisdom of babes mentally nourished on the crumbs which fall via the Sunday newspapers from the tables of New York's social Great Danes and St. Bernards, Marjie Paul wasn't deceived to any large degree. Marjie was, make no doubt, in full possession of Angela's Arabic symbol.

Though Miss Boggs may not have accepted the condition complacently, accept it she did. The field for the exercise of her undoubted executive talents, closed to her by biscuits on the one hand, was on the other made accessible by them. For if they kept her out of society they invited her into business. Angela told herself she liked business better anyhow. She possessed aptitude for it. She became a producer instead of a consumer, in the strict economic sense. Hobsonwise, she chose to serve rather than to ornament society. Instead of planning luncheons, dinners, teas, dances and what not, she planned advertisements. And she learned all about the baking industry. Not only could she talk intelligently concerning flours, formulas and furnaces, but she acquired from its rudiments the patter and practice of salesmanship. She became an adept in the gentle art of give and take—give as little as possible and take all you can get. Grizzled business veterans learned from experience that trying to put anything over on Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., was a foolish waste of time and effort when they had to deal with Angela. They admitted she was too good for them.

Business with Angela Boggs became something more than a substitute for the activities of a social career. Deep in her soul she harbored a firmly rooted resentment toward those who dallied on the other side of that gate which had refused to swing inward at her pressure. They had never taken the trouble to shoo her away—if we may return for the moment to the simile of the child outside the bakeshop window. Those fortunate insiders had gone on about their unnoticing business, calm in their ignorance of any such person as Angela Boggs.

Yet in an economic and literal sense Miss Boggs was on the inside of the bakery looking out. The Boggs products were far from superfluous in the households of the socially arrogant. Among these products were many items which recommended themselves by reason of daintiness of appearance and delicacy of taste. No rival baking company had come within forty rows of apple trees of duplicating the Boggs line of fine goods. Boggs' macaroons, kisses, lady fingers and a score of other products which might almost be classed as confections were practically indispensable. And since Angela's enlistment in the baking business the number of these necessary items had increased. Miss Boggs invented new recipes, and in some cases even designed the pans in which these delectables were shot into the great Boggs ovens.

The trade had always regarded old Hamilton D. Boggs as a pirate. The profit on the original Boggs' Beefsteak Biscuit was enormous. It was a monopoly. No one else could make anything that even looked like the original. Boggs exacted the monopolist's profit.

Along came Angela, and her influence was shortly felt throughout the trade in a general stiffening of prices on the entire Boggs line, especially the fine goods. Miss Boggs reasoned that society must have these specialties. Let them pay. She devised various styles of package and wrapper, sumptuous but not necessarily very expensive. For goods so packed the prices were all out of proportion to the extra cost of their decorative integuments. But the consumer paid, and Miss Boggs chuckled—I had almost said sardonically. She thought occasionally of the little girl with nose flattened against the glass. She was causing thousands of noses to be flattened.

The executive aptitudes that made her commercially successful were the same traits that would have revealed themselves in the activities of a social career. Only in the latter case she would have padded them a bit more. The difference between business and society is that the battles of business are fought with bare knuckles. But have you observed any noticeable diminution in the number of knock-outs since the fistic fraternity adopted gloves?

Though Angela's biscuits could and did go into many a home where Angela couldn't, it must not be supposed that Miss Boggs mixed only in a business way with her fellow creatures. She knew heaps of people—interesting ones. You can't be advertising manager of a great corporation without meeting artists and writers and others engaged in forms of fascinating creative work. Angela's acquaintance with these worth-while folk had led her into a world of many delights, the land of make-believe, which is peopled with those who possess imagination. Among them were many who enjoyed the entrée into so-called exclusive circles. Some had even stepped out of these circles into the greater freedom and fresher atmosphere of this make-believe land which has no geographical boundaries but is called by some Bohemia.

Angela Boggs was never a real Bohemian, though as she got more and more interested in the advertising work of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., she became acquainted with more and more people of imagination and breadth of thought. She immediately perceived their value and proceeded to cultivate them for what she could get out of them in the shape of ideas and in many cases the more tangible products of their creative talents. Her first concern was for

the biscuit business, and the pleasure she got out of her association with the acclimated denizens of Bohemia was quite secondary. She was a rover along its coasts, well disguised as an honest trading schooner, if you get what I mean.

True, the Bohemians were good company. They were entertaining, stimulating. From them Angela learned a good deal. For the most part, they were rather innocent, like those aboriginal owners who sold the dry land of Manhattan for twenty-four dollars or so. They were no match for Miss Boggs, who got a great deal more for her dry Manhattans. It was her habit to collect half a dozen interesting folk for luncheon or dinner for the satisfaction of hearing them talk. She herself was not extremely talkative, but she could be very gracious. If you were her guest you felt you were more than welcome, and found the menu chosen with nice discrimination. Only a few among Angela's many acquaintances were keen enough to perceive that the money she spent on such entertainments was invested in a way to bring her excellent returns.

Consequently people who dealt with Angela were likely to find out after they had made a drawing for her or written her a booklet or a series of advertisements that, somehow, she had managed to purchase their services ridiculously cheap, even if the expenses of her occasional entertainments were included.

XIV

MR. CHARLES O. BUDD, art director of the Bond & Bent advertising agency, told young Ted Paul to tell his sister Marjie to inform her employer, Mr. Ben Merriweather, that Mr. Budd would be pleased to have the photographer call and see him about the series of pictures for Uncle Rastus Self-Leavening Muffin Flour, and Ben called. It was Ben's first visit in a big agency. A boy took his name in to Mr. Budd and returned presently to lead him past long lines of desks, each occupied by a busy worker, to the remote corner where the art director had his office. Ben had never seen so many desks in one room before.

The noise impressed him too, for there were no less than a quarter-hundred typewriters clackety-clacking merrily, and at least three of the clerks were operating adding machines that delivered their grist of computations with businesslike clamor. He judged from the indications of hustle and bustle that Bond & Bent did a large business. Marjie had told him as much, but he had to see these tangible evidences to comprehend the fact. And this was only one of three floors occupied by the concern.

Mr. Budd, a cheerful young man, greeted him pleasantly. Mr. Budd's sanctum was a walled-off corner of the big room. It did not look artistic. Drawings and photographs were piled on desk and chairs and table—even on the floor—in quite unpicturesque confusion. That is, Ben gained an impression of confusion. Really there was none, for Budd was efficient, and the effect of disorder was produced by lack of needed space.

The art director sat at an old and battered desk, a desk stained hopelessly with a ten-year accumulation of many-colored ink and paint spots. This desk supported not only the ordinary equipment of a business man's desk but a stack of drawings, mentioned above, a large blotter, a whole flock of water-color tubes, brushes in many sizes, pencils, some unsharpened, some worn to a mere stub, a jar of murky-looking water, a metal compartmented tray intended to contain various handy items, such as thumb tacks, pen points, clips, rubber bands and other miscellany. It certainly contained all those named, as well as a fine collection of cigarette stubs, matches, burned and unburned, two pipes, a small tin of tobacco and a package of cough drops.

Budd was deep in discussion with a stout, middle-aged man whose manner betrayed just enough authority to mark him as a person of importance in the organization. He was criticizing a large drawing in color, representing the famous Uncle Rastus engaged in administering a plate of hot flapjacks to an urchin whose physical well-being was by inference entirely due to an exclusive diet of the said flapjacks. The art director looked up.

"With you in a minute," he said. "You're Mr. Merriweather?"

Ben nodded. Budd and the stout man continued their conference, and Ben listened with interest.

"The boy doesn't look hungry enough," said the critic. "He ought to be more eager. I guess you can have the artist change him easy enough."

"Oh, sure," assented Budd. "I was going to suggest we show a few crumbs and a little sirup on the empty plate to indicate this is his second helping and he still hollers for more."

"Good idea. What's your caption?"

"'He can't eat too many.'"

"Don't like it somehow. The picture's all right, though. Think up a new title and have the artist make the changes we've mentioned, then show it to me again."

The stout man turned to go and glanced at Ben.

"This is Mr. Merriweather, Mr. Bent," said Budd. "He's a photographer. Going to help us with some of the product pictures."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Merriweather. Ever done any work for us before?"

"My first job, Mr. Bent."

"New broom, eh? Hope you make a clean sweep. Glad you're going to try this stuff. Wish you'd get a little originality into what you do, Mr. Merriweather. I'm a trifle tired of the old ideas—they're sort of played out."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Bent."

Bent smiled pleasantly and went out.

"Great old scout," observed Budd. "He knows what's what. Let's see, you're the man young Paul's been begging me to try. Now, I'll tell you just what we're after. It really isn't anything hard, but we've had this account so long we seem to be getting a bit rusty on ideas. Paul says you're a wizard on backgrounds and soft-focus work. Frankly I want to tell you that the soft-focus pictures won't do. This is straight merchandise illustration and has to be sharp and clear, with good printing quality."

"Oh, sure," agreed Ben.

He wasn't sure at all, because it was evident that young Ted had sold him to Budd with more enthusiasm than judgment. To the tip of his tongue came a denial of deep experience in photography of this kind, but he had sense enough to hold his peace. No need of giving himself away at the very start.

"Bring any samples?" asked the art director.

"Did you want to see some samples? I was doing some errands uptown and didn't bring any with me. I can another time."

(Continued on Page 100)

"Unless I Can Have Your Agreement to Make Miss Angela Boggs Toe the Scratch I Shall Have to Think a Long Time Before I Give You Any Orders at All"

THE ROSE DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XXXVI

AT THE Peyton and Brainerd places things were rather prosperous on the whole. Neither was involved in the boom. The colonel did not understand such things, and was not interested. Brainerd's clever brain did understand them, and was amused. Partly because of such economies as Allie managed to bring about, but principally because it was one of the few producing concerns in a country stricken with economic idleness, Corona del Monte was a little better than holding its head above the burden of its debt. It could not be expected to do more on mere economies and favorable times, for the fault lay deeper in the fact that its system was of the past. The bungalow, on the other hand, was showing constantly increasing returns.

Kenneth Boyd, too, avoided being caught up by the boom. Besides the sardonic comment of Brainerd and the frank skepticism of the colonel, the whole influence of his father was against his becoming in any way involved. Patrick Boyd saw too clearly that this must be only a flash in the pan, and he wished to avoid imbuing Kenneth with wrong habits of thought. Truth to tell, little pressure was needed. Kenneth liked the life, with its open air, its open skies. He was intensely interested in what he was doing. He knew and was in sympathy with every living creature with which he worked. In other words, he fitted his environment.

The only troubling thought in his mind was the Corona del Monte. Of course he had no faintest notion that Colonel Peyton was in any financial difficulties. So far as he knew, the rancho was bringing in its accustomed princely living, only he saw so clearly that it might do better. The weekly reports suggested by his father as valuable exercises had long since ceased, but they had continued long enough for Patrick Boyd to learn what he wanted and for Kenneth Boyd to have formulated his ideas. He saw very clearly where to his view the management of the rancho could be bettered. He used to chafe openly at old extravagant methods that seemed to him silly, useless and so easily remedied. Daphne listened to him with both sympathy and amusement.

"I dare say you're right," was her comment, "but the old rancho has been going along for a good many years that way. It's the colonel's way."

"But I don't believe the colonel knows anything about some of these things," persisted Kenneth. "It isn't that such ways give him any particular pleasure or feeling of being used to them; only his attention just hasn't been called to them. If he noticed them he'd change them."

"Well, why don't you mention some of them to him and see what he says?" suggested Daphne.

"I don't quite feel like that. It looks rather cocky, a kid of my age giving him advice."

Daphne surveyed him amusedly.

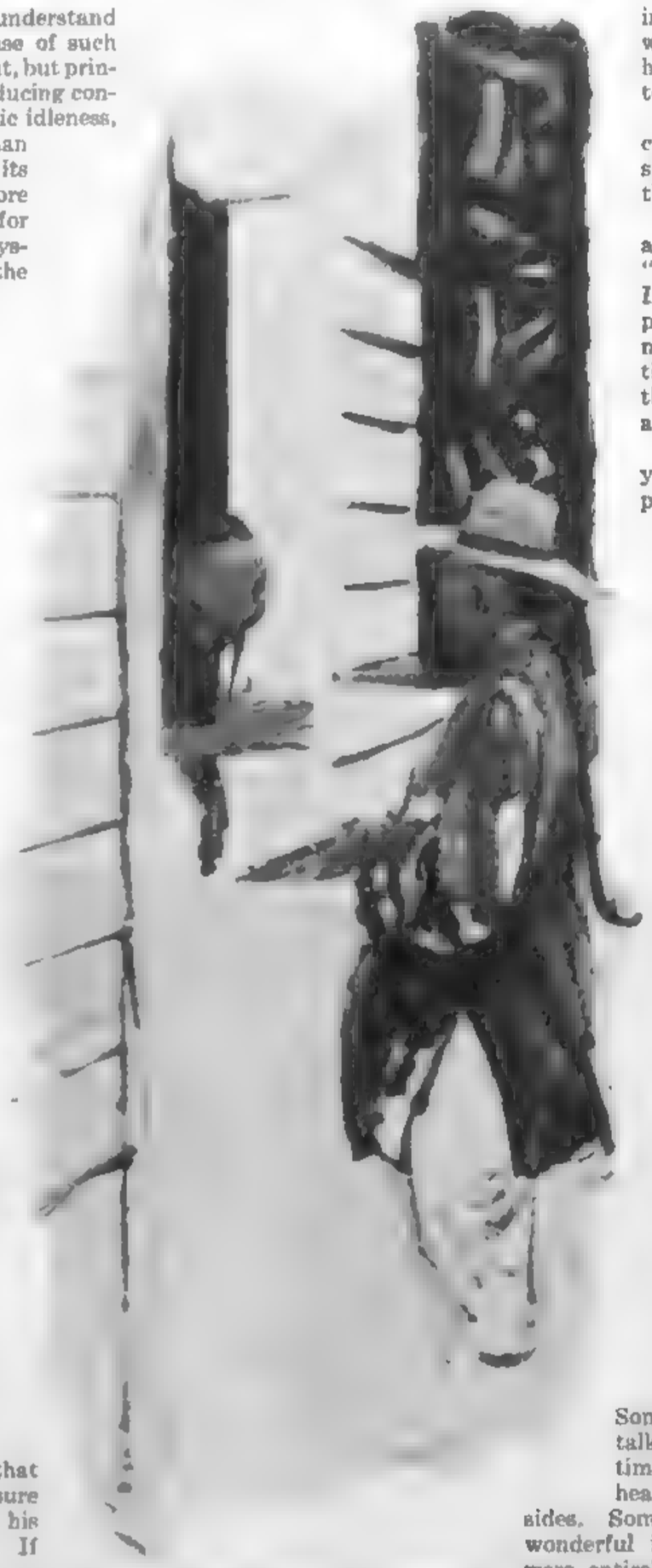
"Since when has the fount of all wisdom begun to go dry?" she inquired.

Kenneth flushed, but turned to her eagerly.

"Oh, say, honest Injin," he cried, "has it struck you that I've been too fresh about things? I suppose that I have shot off my face an awful lot. It isn't that I'm stuck on my ideas so much, really it isn't. I'm just interested and full of it. Do you think your father thinks I'm too fresh?"

In spite of his twenty-three years he looked very boyish, his sunburned forehead wrinkled in anxiety below his close-cropped curls, his clear eyes appealing for her opinion. A tide of maternal, tender amusement rose in Daphne's heart. She felt for a moment mature and wise and yearning beyond all expression.

"What nonsense!" she reassured him briskly. "That wasn't what I meant at all, and you know it. But I shouldn't hesitate for a moment to mention anything I saw to Colonel Peyton. He's the dearest, most human old soul in the universe, and would be glad to hear what you have to say."



The Rest of the Afternoon He Devoted to What Might Have Been a House-to-House Canvass of Chinatown

But Kenneth's clear brain had shown him something.

"It wouldn't do any good," he said. "It isn't patchwork I would do, I suppose. It just strikes me that if I owned the ranch I'd run the whole thing on a different scheme."

"Tell me how you'd do it. Let's pretend. Dolman is great on making believe." They were seated on the lower limb of Dolman's House, a frequent haunt of theirs. "Now if Corona del Monte were yours what would you do?"

Kenneth elaborated, his enthusiasm growing as he proceeded. His ideas, which might in ordinary circumstances have been haphazard and fragmentary, had been well ordered by his former reports to his father. Daphne took fire. Her quick, eager, suggestive comments were caught up by Kennethavidly. Sometimes they both talked at once. Sometimes they argued heatedly on opposite sides. Sometimes they had wonderful inspirations that were entirely new and that struck them momentarily dumb with admiration of their splendor. It was creation, as in childhood the building of cities. They finished rather breathlessly, staring at each other with brightened eyes. Then they both laughed.

"You see," Daphne pointed out, "it's a fine scheme, and I believe it would work out too. But it isn't the old Del Monte the least bit in the world. The colonel wouldn't change all his lifetime habits."

"I suppose that's true," conceded Kenneth reluctantly. He grinned. "I really believe he was secretly a little relieved when the well fizzled, though he pretended nobly."

Daphne chuckled.

"So you had that idea too!"

The attempt for artesian water had failed. All that remained as souvenir was the pipe hole and a little pile of borings on the side of the knoll.

"But," she went on, her imagination rekindling, "wouldn't you just love to have a big ranch like the Del Monte to do just as you pleased with?"

"I should like it better than anything else in the world," replied Kenneth, "and some day I'm going to have it."

He meant that he intended to have such a ranch, and thus Daphne now understood him. But a time was to come when his speech was to return to torment her.

XXXVII

THE next fifteen months passed. Arguello was jogging along again, but not quite as before. Its spirit was no more progressive than in the old days, but the force of circumstances had raised its normal. The railroad was in at last, subject still to delay of washout or avalanche where it crept under the cliffs or tunneled through the mountains, but, nevertheless, arriving every once in a while. The receding wash of the boom had left rich spoil in the shape of settlers. The little white stakes that bounded the old corner lots still marked the graves of departed hopes, but more and more of them were being plowed under each year. Men talked in terms not of profits but of production, and Patrick Boyd knew that at last the time had come for him to forward his old scheme of irrigated small farms.

The idea had expanded, and curiously enough the cause of expansion was the failure of the experimental artesian well at Corona del Monte. Boyd now visioned a big water project in the Sur. During the rains water in plenty flowed back in the fastnesses of the ranges. It was possible to impound it and lead it down into the valley. Furthermore, Boyd saw a possibility of hydroelectricity, then quite a new thought. By means of suitable conduits this water could be widely distributed—over the sagebrush foothills of Boyd's original purchase, for example. To be sure most of that land belonged now in small bits to hundreds of would-be millionaires, but it could be repurchased at a song through Spinner. That young man, by the way, owned some of it. He was one of the chastened ex-millionaires. There were also other properties that would come in under such a development. But it could not be denied that the broad acres of Corona del Monte were the foundation of the scheme. Their proximity to town, their topographical character and a dozen other considerations made them the keystone of the arch. With them the scheme was worth millions, both to its originator and to the community. Without them it was still worth going into, but could not promise such rich pickings.

Boyd had long since, little by little, gathered the details of his project and worked them out on paper. His consulting engineers had ridden with him over all the ground. His preliminary surveys even had been made fairly under the noses of the Arguellans. If any of them saw the surveyors it never occurred to them to be curious as to what it was all about. People were always running about with transits. His tables of costs were very complete, all things considered.

At the proper time a thin, gray-faced, tight-lipped, silent man came to visit at the Boyd household. Nobody knew who he was, or took more than a passing interest in him, for his personality was unobtrusive. He rarely opened his head, and he never stirred abroad except on horseback accompanied by his host. They knew him as Mr. Brown. Even Kenneth, retaining still his sleeping quarters in the house, knew—and cared—no more. But if the stranger's incognito had been guessed, what a furor there had been! For this was that mysterious, little known, powerful operator, William Bates, who had never had his picture in the papers, had rarely appeared in person, and yet whose manipulations practically governed the stock market; whose constructive operations extended over two continents; whose wealth was uncounted and whose power no man had ever been known fully to test—a lean, gray wolf—leader of the pack with which Boyd had formerly hunted.

A furor? If his presence had been guessed in Arguello the old dry bones of the defunct boom would have rattled and risen and clothed themselves with life. For William Bates did not cast for small fry. He used whales for bait. If he considered it worth the trouble personally to make a long journey for the purpose of looking at a proposition it would be because he considered the proposition had millions in it—part of which was true. Bates, as a matter of fact, had come only from Pasadena, but he would not even have gone downtown for a small deal.

"Your proposition is feasible," he told Boyd in the den one evening, breaking his silence with the first business comment he had permitted himself. "It needs financing, for it is a big thing if it is anything."

"That is why I asked you to look at it," Boyd pointed out.

"Of course. Tell you what I'll do."

He went on in his clipping style, mentioning names high in finance, outlining the company and defining the interests. Bates was too old a hand to try for an advantage over Boyd here, and the latter was too old a hand to suspect him of it. A usual business arrangement was outlined, to which Boyd gave his assent.

"But we can't go to these people until we have our proposition cinched," said Bates. "It's all right on paper,

but it's all on paper. We've got to get our water rights, our rights of way and our land under option. Then we can go to them and get what we need. I propose that we undertake that ourselves and reserve in compensation the promotion stock. All right?"

"Suits me," agreed Boyd.

"You should get it cheap."

"No trouble about the mountains and the rights of way. The only difficulty is in the chief tract for the farms."

"You mean that big ranch—what do you call it?"

"Corona del Monte. Yes; impossible to buy that."

"At any reasonable price, you mean."

"At all."

"Well, that of course would block the whole scheme if there were no way out. But I imagine you did not get me down here just to tell me that. What do you propose?"

"No, of course not. It's this way: This ranch, like all those old properties, is mortgaged to the eaves. All its paper is held by the First National Bank here, and as I am a director I know all about it. The owner, an extinct old fossil of the usual kind, just manages to scrabble along. He pays the interest, but it strains him to do it."

"Yet you say he won't sell any of it," struck in Bates keenly.

"No, not an acre. You've just got to believe I know what I'm talking about. He's that kind of an old fool."

"All right, go ahead."

"Now this paper has been renewed at the bank as often as it came due, and will continue to be renewed as long as the interest payments are kept up. You see the land is good security. But I have sufficient influence to induce them to sell those mortgages to us. Then we can do as we please when they come due."

"Then that means putting up the full amount of the loan instead of merely an option," interposed Bates swiftly. "That will take a lot more money."

"Well," said Boyd, leaning back, "what did you suppose I let you in on this at all for, Will? Didn't you suppose I could raise enough to cover preliminary work and options myself, if that was all there was to it?"

"I was wondering. How much?"

Boyd told him.

"And how do you propose dividing?"

"Same as before," said Boyd firmly.

"H'm! What's to prevent my taking this up by myself?"

"I am. You can't get on in this thing without me, Will, and you know it—not in this community."

Bates chewed his cigar for some time in silence.

"All right," he agreed at last, "I'll put it up. But I'd like to go see this old fellow first."

"It will do no good," said Boyd.

"It will do no harm," countered Bates.

At that moment Daphne and Kenneth were seated side by side on the great lower branch of Dolman's House. It was one of the tepid, caressing, almost tropical evenings that this season so often brings to Southern California, with a loud, glad chorus of crickets and tree toads, and a deep, brooding stillness back of them, and soft wandering breezes visiting flowers drowsily asleep. The house seemed small and stuffy and too much lighted. For some time they had been sitting in a happy sociable silence. Suddenly Daphne sat up with a sharp and frightened cry.

"What is it?" cried Kenneth, alarmed.

But for a few moments she was too much agitated to reply. She seized and held Kenneth's hand with both of hers. They were icy cold.

"Oh, I don't know what was the matter with me!" she cried at last. "It's too foolish! It's just one of those silly fits that once in a great while strike me all of a sudden before I know it. I'm all right now."

"What was it?" asked Kenneth.

"It sounds too fantastic and silly."

"Tell me," he urged.

"Well, you know Dolman—the tree spirit I told you I used to believe in when I was little?"

"Yes."

"All of a sudden he seemed to swoop down on me—terribly. Something was terribly wrong. I felt the shivers go up my back. He seemed so excited, and always Dolman had been so calm. And something was terribly wrong," she repeated. "Isn't it too absurd? B-r-r-r, I'm chilly. Let's go home."

XXXVIII

BATES preferred to make his call alone. He was directed by Sing Toy to the east paddock, where Colonel Peyton was looking at some colts. Thus when the two withdrew to the shade they found themselves under the wide-spreading branches of Dolman's House.

Daphne was perched aloft and invisible, and as she heard them below her she drew herself together in a panic lest she be seen before they had moved on. Daphne was now nineteen years old—not at all an age to be discovered roosting up a tree. She thought the two men had paused for a momentary chat. When it became evident that a longer conversation was forward her first feeling was merely of annoyance that she must remain in a cramped position for so long. But after a few sentences it came to her that she was eavesdropping on what might be extremely private business affairs, and that she should make herself known.

But now a strange thing happened to her. She could not move, her surroundings became hazy to her and withdrew a vast distance from the center of her consciousness. It seemed to her that she was physically inhibited from movement and from speech, as one is bound in a dream. The motor messages sent from her brain resulted in nothing. Only the hearing and recording faculties were clear.

(Continued on Page 67)

It Was One of the Tepid, Caressing, Almost Tropical Evenings That This Season So Often Brings to Southern California

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1920

Solving the Labor Problem

WE ARE in a great age for solutions, especially of the labor or industrial problem. Our old friend, the law of supply and demand, may have broken down in other respects, but it is working overtime in the factory where plans, schemes, mechanisms, devices and solutions of the labor problem are ground out. Only let the employer emit a loud enough cry for help and the medicine men come running quickly with bottles already labeled or perhaps with even smaller pink pill doses, sugar-coated and ready to take. Three times a day, not forgetting the doctor's fee—and presto! the patient is cured. Henceforth the workers will stream into the factory gates an hour ahead of regular time, work like mad to increase production, and spend all their spare time in thanking their kind employers. It is truly beautiful.

Far be it from us to poke fun at new attitudes, sincere experimentation or any grain of resulting progress. But is not the labor or industrial problem too intricate and complex for penny-in-the-slot solutions? It is the entire complex of modern industry and most of life; it involves human nature, with all its selfishness and ignorance. For several thousand years we have been trying to solve the social evil, the problem of poverty, of delinquency and the like.

Men spend lifetimes trying to improve municipal government or to bring about religious unity. No one expects an overnight disentanglement in these directions. Why, then, such haste to bring about a millennium of industrial relations?

Those who presume to direct or manage industry, whether from the side of employer or employee, must, of course, possess ideals and principles to be abreast of the times. Leaders who are deaf, dumb and blind to the surging currents of thought are at a discount. They must honestly hope for a steady betterment of the worker's lot and his increasing participation in affairs as fast as he is ready for it. But that is only a central attitude. It is no more a solution than the desire to be good is always followed by goodness itself.

Ideals and principles are only the vestibule to a vast field of scientific experimentation and industrial adventure. It is a slow, difficult and detailed job, this keeping the industrial machine in motion and at the same time trying to apply this or that ideal and principle of capital-and-labor relationship. Wholesale methods must give way to retail. Students of sociology and theology, reformers, professors, writers on economic subjects, poets, artists, theorists and visionaries—these all have their place, no doubt, in raising the ideals, but they are of precious little service after the industrial managers have once adopted those ideals.

Surely industrial conditions are far too complex and varied for a single solution. Indeed, it is the very difference of attempted solutions that will insure their permanence. And only flexible minds will be able to fit new mechanisms into the existing structure. Those who rigidly adhere to medicines warranted to cure all kinds of diseases will find themselves burdened with artificial and unnatural labor relations.

The ultimate goal of industry may be something far, far different from anything with which we are now familiar. There is a place for those who spend their days in studying and nights in dreaming about ultimate goals. But industry itself will reach its final and perfected status, if there be any such, by next steps and not by leaps and bounds.

True enough, there are those who regard present conditions as so bad that we might as well make a bonfire of civilization and start afresh. They believe in a rude awakening, in shock and carnage if necessary to arouse people to the desirability of starting anew. Curiously enough, the firmest believers in this method of making progress seem to come from Russia and other lands where oppression is the only memory, the sole tradition. It matters little to them if the overwhelming majority of Americans have already attained all that the majority of their countrymen can hope to secure in the way of comfort, freedom and opportunity in the next one hundred years.

Most Americans, we are convinced, believe that the industrial problem will be solved neither by the destruction of all that already has been achieved and accumulated, nor on the other hand by happy, suddenly discovered patent medicines guaranteed to hurt no one, except perhaps the most swollen profiteer, and sure to help everyone else. Industrial peace will not and cannot come overnight. But in the growing light of higher ideals and better understood principles we are working toward it.

Plenty for "I," But Who for "We"?

THE congressman's lot, at best not a happy one, promises to become more and more irksome and precarious with the tighter organization of those special groups that are not bounded by the lines of party cleavage but are formed by the union of those who have common prejudices, interests or hatreds. Saint Paul, who was all things to all men, had a far more dominant personality than the average congressman; but even this sturdy apostle might well have quailed before the handicap of a permanent public record of yea-and-nay votes on every great issue of his time.

Washington correspondents predict that group blacklists aimed at the defeat of every candidate for reëlection who has voted against the desires or private interests of a dozen organizations may sadly muddle and befog the outcome of the November elections. Practically every member of both House and Senate is on at least one blacklist, and some are on half a dozen.

Among the blacklisters are organizations that represent or pretend to represent the sentiments of wets and drys; suffragists and antisuffragists; various leather-lunged and pampered racial groups; labor, agriculture and former soldiers; big business and the Down-with-Wall-Street fraternity; white-winged socialists, red-winged socialists and out-and-out anarchists.

There is only one phalanx missing, only one group—the largest, the least noisy and the most respectable of all—that has not fallen into line and counted fours. The unmobilized company has for its only standard the Stars and Stripes; and its rank and file are the plain old-fashioned Americans who put country before personal interests and preferences, and desire above all things a sound and enlightened Government that will measure up to the many and stupendous responsibilities that devolve upon it.

This year above all other years Americans need the unselfish spirit of that fine old Doge who addressed his fellow citizens at one of the critical junctures in the affairs of the Venetian Republic.

Mounting the tribune and bearing in his hand the golden cornucopia which was his badge of office, he exhorted those below him.

"To-day," he cried—"to-day let us forget *I* and remember *We*, for in us lies the safety of the republic!"

In us lies the safety of a far nobler republic.

Rates and Service

TWO of the most striking phenomena in the economic world of the day are the deterioration and the high cost of transportation. In this country railway workers have recently been awarded increases in wages totaling some six hundred million dollars per annum. The railroads promptly apply for higher rates to cover the increased wages and other advancing costs of operation and to secure such income as will enable naturally solvent roads to show an earning instead of a deficit at the end of the year.

Conditions are still worse in Europe. In most European countries the railways are being operated at a loss, and in some countries the deficits are calamitous. The German Government has taken over the railways previously owned by the separate states of the old empire. The cost, which was added to the internal debt, was practically thirty-two billion marks. The German Minister of Finance has advised the Reichstag that the deficit for the current year is expected to reach sixteen billion marks. The deficit of the first year of operation amounts to half the cost of purchase!

The deficit is due to increase in wages varying from four to ten times the prewar figure, shortening of the hours of work, diminished output of work per hour, increase in the pay roll of every department, and high material costs for all commodities required in the service. The output of coal is low. The manufacturing capacity of Germany is not half employed. The volume of freight moved is small. The number of passenger trains is much below normal. There is increase in operating costs with decrease in passengers and freight transported.

The German railways showed high earnings before the war. In the early stages of the discussion of payment of indemnity the Allies wanted a lien placed against the German railways as representing one of the surest sources of revenue. The Germans resisted the demand. Now the revenue for the present year, over which Allies and enemy contended, is a deficit equal to nearly four billion dollars at par.

Advantages of Private Operation

EARLY in 1919 the German Government appointed a committee on socialization, with a special reference to railways and coal mines. Though Social Democrats controlled the committee, economists and coal operators were represented.

As a result of an exhaustive investigation the committee reported adversely to socialization of the mines at the present time, on the ground that maximum output of coal was the prime consideration for the country, and for this private operation gave the best guaranty. At the recent meeting of the German coal-miners' organization a resolution was adopted calling for resubmission of the project of socialization of the mines "along lines that would preserve the advantages of private operation" while eliminating the unsocial disadvantages that, according to socialistic tenets, are attached to capitalistic operation.

The miners of Germany are enjoying an eight-hour day, except for extra shifts, contrasted with ten hours before the war. In each working hour of the shorter day the miner produces less coal than he used to do with the longer work day.

After a year and a half of experimentation it is interesting to observe that the miners themselves have gone on record as acknowledging that there is something in private operation that makes for higher output than under national control.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By L. White Busbey

LET'S talk it over. Business men use the expression, so do churchmen, farmers, doctors and lawyers; but the biggest business concern in the world, which is supposed to look after the interests of American business men, doctors, lawyers and farmers, does not use it. The Government of the United States will spend more than four billion dollars of the people's money this year; it has a debt of twenty-four billion dollars, and foreign creditors who owe it ten billion dollars which will be paid no one can tell when, if ever; and the estimate of revenues for the year amounts to less than five billions to meet the expenditures and begin to pay off the enormous debt. There is plenty of matter to talk over between the Executive who makes the expenditures and the Congress that makes the appropriations to meet the expenditures, but there is an absence of such conference except by correspondence and formal long-distance exchange of views.

The Cabinet's Function

WHEN there was danger of a financial crisis in 1907 the bankers and manufacturers, business rivals and competitors, debtors and creditors, had a meeting at the home of J. P. Morgan to talk it over and try to evolve some way to avoid a panic. But the Federal Government has no machinery for frank and informal conferences of the responsible directors of government affairs when they face an embarrassing situation. The President may call Congress in extra session and lay before that body "the state of the Union," and make recommendations; and the House and Senate may discuss bills to which they agree or disagree, and on final agreement send the result to the President to approve or disapprove. If the President could and would consult some general manager of Congress or talk the matter over with a board of managers before he prepares his message, they might agree on some plan to meet the situation more quickly and moreeffectively; but the President and Congress rarely do this.

The President is the one executive of the Government. All others in the departments are subordinate and responsible to him alone, and there are half a million of them. The President has a cabinet of ten men who are appointed as heads of the great executive departments, but their responsibility is to the President, to take orders. They may advise, and he may accept or ignore their advice, as did Lincoln when at the close of a rather important cabinet meeting he whimsically announced, "Ayes seven, noes one; the noes have it." The President voted against the united advice of his cabinet, and that settled it.

It is Only a Short Walk From This Building

We had a more recent and more direct illustration of the irresponsibility of the cabinet when President Wilson dismissed his Secretary of State because Mr. Lansing had called the cabinet together to consider important questions of policy while the President was too ill to transact public business. The heads of the executive departments who direct the expenditure of four billion dollars a year cannot talk it over without the presence of the Chief Executive, regardless of the ability or inability of the President.

Checks and Balances

PRESIDENT WILSON vetoed the Budget Bill passed by the Sixty-sixth Congress because it created an office which should be under the joint control of the Executive and Congress, directed to report to Congress, and the incumbent removable only for cause. The President expressed the opinion that to require him to appoint an officer whom he could not remove at will was contrary to the Constitution. If the President is correct, only by a change of the Constitution can any other executive officer have any other responsibility than to him. Members of the cabinet may be impeached by Congress, but even then they can be only removed from office. Any prosecution for high crimes and misdemeanors in office can be instituted only by the Executive. This illustrates the radical division of powers under the Constitution, and the difficulties and embarrassments of the Executive and the Congress getting together in an official way without one or the other infringing on the duties and prerogatives of the other. Coöperation must be voluntary and with confidence in the wisdom, patriotism and common sense of the other. Public discussion, through messages, bills and debate, sometimes prevents coöperation by developing the sensitiveness of one side or the other. We have the machinery to talk over international affairs but not national affairs. The executive and legislative departments of the Government are designed to act as checks and balances on each other, not for talking it over. The President is required to "from time to

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To This One

OLD SPECIFICATION

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

By Robert R. Updegraff

He Tried to Get Interested in the Day's News, But His Thoughts Kept Darting Back. Why Did He Have to be Forty on This Particular Day?

IF YOU do not believe in the magic of Mr. Aladdin's famous lamp, the rubbing of which summoned a genie who executed its owner's every command, you have never heard the story of Parry Brandon. For Parry Brandon found the lamp in a temporary office building in Washington, D. C., on the afternoon of December 9, 1917, at four-twenty-five o'clock.

More surprising yet, he discovered that a certain young lady by the name of Burns—Ethel McNutly Burns—had been carrying the lamp round for a long time, and rubbing it to a slangy shine without getting any good out of it, because she lacked the imagination to tell the genie what to do. And you must admit that without imagination even Mr. Aladdin would have got little good from his famous lamp.

Naturally Parry Brandon did not realize at the time that he had found Mr. Aladdin's lamp, for he had not been looking for a magic lamp at all. He had been studying with knitted brow a sheaf of documents bearing on a certain problem facing the Ordnance Department of the United States Army.

In order, however, to get the proper focus on his discovery, we must go back to the beginning of the story, which really starts on Thirty-fourth Street, New York, just west of Sixth Avenue, on a cold January morning in 1913.

Parry Brandon stopped for a moment and peered through the frosty plate-glass window of one of those ever open and always tiled restaurants which attract patrons by means of pancake acrobats performing in their front windows. Then in spite of his strong dislike for open-face restaurants, particularly if they were tiled and had marble-topped tables, he pushed the door open and entered; entered reluctantly, albeit with a certain dignity of bearing which caused the cashier at her little marble desk at the left of the door to look up involuntarily from the sorting of the morning breakfast checks. It was that same dignity, that striking presence, which had once caused a small newsboy to step up to Parry Brandon as he walked down Broadway and remark, "Say, mister, you must be somebody in particular, ain't you?"

The day was Monday, and it was that hour in the morning when a customer is more or less of an intrusion in a tile-and-nickel restaurant, interfering with the day's scrubbing and polishing and gossiping. The hazy two-hour-old smell of wheat cakes was reminiscent of breakfast, while from over the marble partition at the rear floated a savory meat-and-onion aroma which definitely promised Irish stew for luncheon.

It was indeed that hour when by nice calculation one would figure on combining breakfast and luncheon into a single meal—which was precisely the reason Parry Brandon had selected that hour.

Not from choice had he planned this combination meal. He liked an eight-forty-five breakfast and a one-thirty luncheon. Nor had he from choice picked this restaurant. He preferred to breakfast and lunch at the Holland House on Fifth Avenue, where he was always to be found, morning and noon, when the gods were good to him.

A white-aproned waitress appeared at his elbow and handed him a menu.

"Bring me, please, a baked apple with cream, some bacon and eggs—the bacon nicely crisped—and coffee."

No, the gods had not been good to him of late. His money was practically gone, and he had no work on hand now, and none in definite prospect.

For several minutes he sat gazing unseeingly at the marble-topped table. His forehead was puckered into a deep frown. The hand that rested on the table clinched itself into a tight fist, relaxed, then tightened again.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you," he addressed himself suddenly, with brutal candor: "You're nothing but a hack writer. You try to fool yourself with a cutaway coat, a walking stick and a square-crowned derby that you are a business adviser and a commercial publicist.

"But no one ever comes to you for advice any more; and even as a writer your services aren't sought after very much nowadays. The advertising agencies which used to get you to write copy and special booklets for them have their own large staffs of capable writers now, and the trade papers which used to fall over themselves to get you to write business articles for them don't seem to remember your address—unless it's on the upper left-hand corner of a manuscript they want to return to you. You are forty years old this morning, Parry Brandon—forty years old, and—yes, admit it like a man—a rank failure."

There! He had faced the honest truth at last! After fighting for months to keep it back, he had uttered the verdict with his own lips.

The baked apple was placed in front of him. Almost mechanically he picked up a teaspoon.

"Just a hack writer, drifting along from day to day," he continued as he cut into the mushy apple with the brassy spoon. "And where are you drifting to?" he demanded. "You don't belong anywhere; you're not accomplishing anything; you have no purpose. You've been on the staff of every worth-while newspaper in New York in your day, but you've never stuck. They always said you had lots of ideas and imagination, but they never got you anywhere."

His introspection was interrupted. A bustling young fellow in a white duck suit, evidently the manager of the restaurant, was telephoning at the cashier's little marble desk.

"This is Thirty-fourth Street. Ready with the bakery order for to-morrow—thirty-six apples, twenty-four pumpkins, fifteen mochas, twenty-four ——"

Parry Brandon wished the fellow wouldn't talk so loud; he didn't want to hear about tons of pies and cakes. A nice V of apple or pumpkin pie, with a cube of cheese on the side, was delectable; but the contemplation of pies by the dozen, all piefully alike, was not appetizing. That was the worst of these places anyway. Now, at the Holland House one never saw or heard the kitchen wheels go round.

"Then why don't I go to the Holland House?" he demanded.

The answer was simple. He had just nine dollars and forty-two cents to his name, and no more in prospect. That was why.

He envied the white-suited young man his breezy, business-like manner. He would not be a failure at forty. He had a job; he belonged; his little world would miss him if he failed to show up in the morning.

Twenty minutes later, after leaving ten cents on the marble-topped table and fifty-five cents at the cashier's little marble desk, Parry Brandon left the restaurant and walked over to Fifth Avenue. Somehow, without his usual morning drink he did not seem to walk with quite his customary dignity of bearing. But a drink cost fifteen cents, and he must needs husband his remaining eight dollars and seventy-seven cents.

Reaching Fifth Avenue he turned south. He might not be able to breakfast at the Holland House, but at least he could go and sit in the lobby for a while. Perhaps his presence would be a work-producing reminder to some of the advertising-agency men who frequented the place at lunch time. It was a plan he had worked before when in need of an assignment.

Certainly he needed work now if ever. He was nearer the edge financially at this very minute than ever he had been in his life. Not but that he had sometimes had less in his pocket, but always before there had been money due him. This morning there was none.

He bought a copy of the morning Herald at the news stall and sat down in the lobby. For five minutes he sat with his chin resting on his chest, studying the figure of Atlas engraved on the gold charm suspended from his heavy, eighteen-carat, square-linked Dickens chain. How tired Atlas must get holding up that big world!

He turned to the paper and tried to get interested in the day's news, but his thoughts kept darting back. Why did he have to be forty on this particular day?

His newspaper slipped to his knees, and he sat gazing abstractedly at the floor, elbow resting on the chair arm, chin resting in the palm of his hand.

"Well, well, Parry! Studying up on tiles?" greeted a cheery voice.

Brandon looked up.

"Why, hello, David Matthews! No, not exactly." He smiled a tragic sort of smile. "I was just thinking."

David Matthews knew Parry Brandon—knew him well, and had often given him special writing to do for his advertising agency. He also knew men, and something in the latter's smile this morning caught him instantly. He dropped into the vacant chair beside his friend.

"Thinking about what, Parry?" he asked with intentional abruptness.

There was a kindly, uncurious quality in the question that caused Parry Brandon to raise his melancholy brown eyes to his friend's. For three full seconds he looked steadfastly, almost hungrily, into the older man's face.

"Thinking about forty—and eight-seventy-four," he replied quite simply.

"The forty?"

"I'm forty years old to-day."

"The eight-seventy-four?"

"Eight dollars and seventy-four cents—all the money I have in the world."

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Everybody knows Campbell's. Why?

Because for more than half a century Campbell's have made food products and made them good. So good that they have become famous from one end of the country to the other. Remember this when you buy beans. You will like Campbell's for the same reason that millions of others like and buy them—their delicious quality.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

He said this with the naïve directness of a small boy, and vaguely marveled at himself for having confessed it.

"Oh!" —with the gruff gentleness of a father.

"I've been telling myself the truth this morning, David," he blurted. "I'm forty and I'm a rank failure."

"With your personality and your imagination—a failure? No, Parry." And he shook his head emphatically.

"Yes," insisted Parry Brandon, "a failure. My imagination never got me anywhere, and if I have any personality it has stood me in poor stead."

David Matthews was thinking. Brandon needed work, to keep his mind busy and to bring him in some money. As soon as he returned to the office he would look up some special job of writing that he could turn over to him.

"No, David," continued Parry Brandon, "I can't fool myself any longer. I've just lived round the edge of life. I'm not kicking anyone but myself, but at forty it does make a man feel kind of queer to sit in a hotel lobby, that being his only home and hearth, and look at himself and the world and say, 'Parry Brandon, you're a failure; you've never fitted in; you don't belong.'"

For as much as three minutes David Matthews sat without speaking. That word "belong" changed everything. It carried him back to the time, twenty-six years before, when he had been floundering round trying to fit himself into a world that for a long time didn't seem to have any niche for him. Evidently Parry Brandon's was a serious case. He had thought the thing through and found himself in a blind alley at forty.

"Let's eat," said David Matthews suddenly, grasping his friend by the arm as he rose.

Brandon started to remonstrate. He had just dined.

"Come on. Eat a piece of pie with me anyway. I want to talk with you. You've given me an idea. In fact I believe you've solved a problem that's been bothering me for two months."

He led Brandon to the dining room, picking out a table by the window where the sun shone in on the white table linen and made the world seem a cheerful place after all.

The suggestion of a droop seemed to disappear from Parry Brandon's shoulders as he settled into one of the familiar cherry-wood chairs. He sat up straight and smoothed back the forelock of gray hair that had straggled down over his forehead.

David Matthews knew his man; knew that what he was going to propose would have to be handled very skillfully, for Parry Brandon's pride must not be smudged by a clumsy touch.

Leaning across the table as he spread his napkin, he asked, "You've heard about Briggs?"

"Briggs? You mean R. J.? No; what about him?"

"Left us last week!"

"No!"

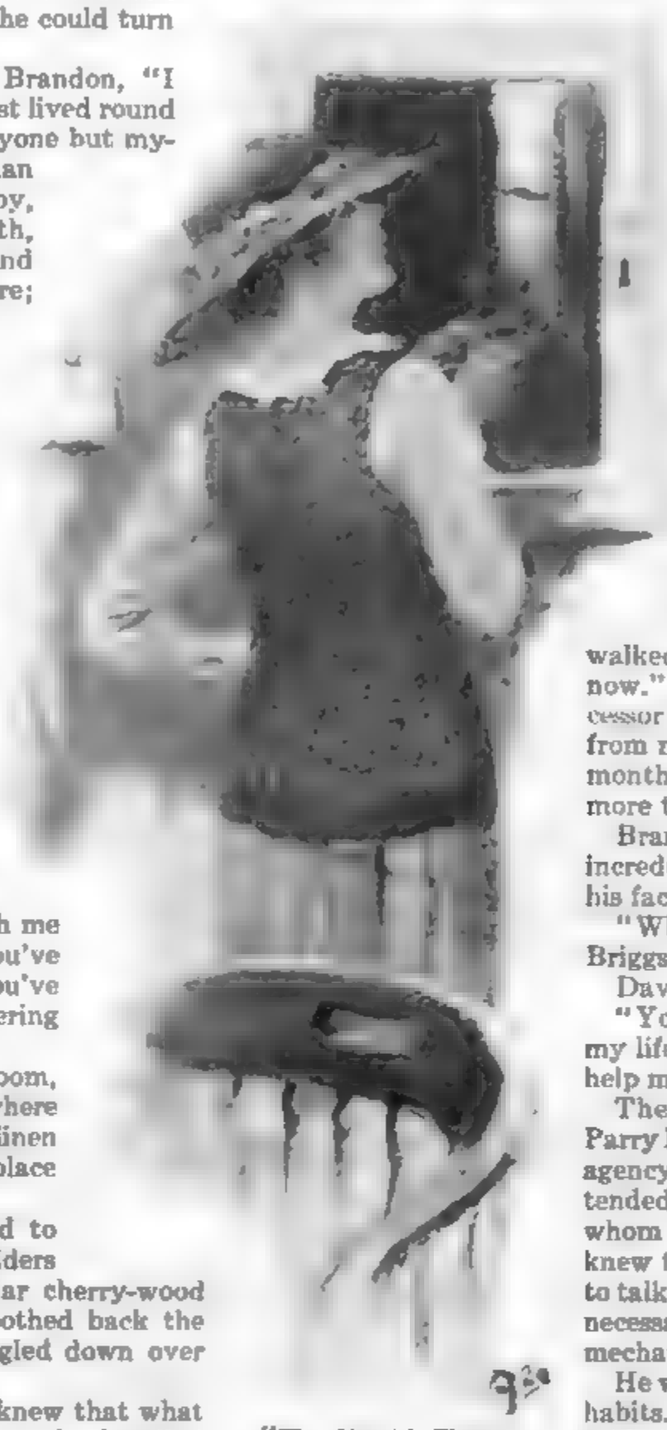
"Yes; went down to Florida to run that grapefruit grove he and his brother have been nursing along for four or five years. As a consequence we are up against it. I've known for three months that he was going, but I couldn't seem to realize it until he had left, and I wasn't prepared."

Parry Brandon was all concern. He knew Briggs well. He had always thought of him as a fixture with the David Matthews Advertising Agency. He was the account executive who acted as contact man between the agency and three of its clients—three of the oldest of them.

"Why, I supposed Briggs would be with you always! He seemed as permanent as that Persian rug in your front office, David."

"I know it! Part of the furniture. But the furniture has up and left. And now I'm up against it to know what to do for a man to handle Briggs' accounts. You know he has worked on the Weston-Billings Company advertising ever since old Weston gambled on a six-inch ad in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST back in 1899. This year Weston is spending three-quarters of a million. And as for Farley & Wright, and the C. K. Wingate Company—why, he taught those two firms how to advertise, even if they don't remember it now!

"As I say, I'm all at sea. All of our account executives are up to their ears in work—you know we've taken on five new accounts in six months. Anyway, nearly all of the boys are too young to stack up against Briggs' clients. They are older men, and they would resent having young fellows come down and tell them what they ought to do."



"We Should Worry About How Anything Is to be Done in This Department! The Colonel Says Our Job Is Just to See That It Is Done"

Parry Brandon nodded. He could understand that, for he knew old Weston—temperamental old codger—and also Farley, of Farley & Wright; and Nat Besler, C. K. Wingate's partner, who looked after that firm's advertising. In fact he had in years past done special assignment work on all of these accounts. That was in the days before agency copy and art departments were considered so necessary. Then the David Matthews Agency, like many others, was largely a space brokerage business, and much of the copy and art work was bought on the outside as needed.

"The fact is," Matthews continued, "we haven't a man in the shop to look after these accounts in the way they should be, and I can't devote all my time to them. I can and do keep a close eye on them, of course, but I can't sit in on the everlasting conferences and powwows over copy and plans and art work. Why, it seems as though I haven't had a minute for anything but conferences since Briggs left!"

Parry Brandon could understand that too.

"Well, you certainly are up against it, aren't you?" he said, characteristically forgetting his own troubles in his concern over his friend's problem.

"Now you're coming to it, Parry. I was when I walked into this hotel. But I'm not now." He smiled. "Mr. Briggs' successor is sitting right across the table from me. Why I have wasted three months worrying over the matter is more than I can understand."

Brandon looked puzzled. Then an incredulous half smile flashed over his face.

"Who—I?" he exclaimed. "I, Briggs' successor?"

David Matthews nodded.

"You," he said. "You've saved my life, for I know you are going to help me out of this predicament."

There was remonstrance from Parry Brandon. He knew little about agency work. David Matthews contended that he knew the men with whom he would have to deal; he knew the public; and he knew how to talk to the public, which was more necessary than knowing the mere mechanics of an advertising agency.

He was too old to grow time-clock habits. To which Mr. Matthews said, "Never mind the clock; you just look after the clients and keep them happy."

He was forty and a failure. At which David Matthews laughed—merely laughed, but in a way that was more convincing to Parry Brandon than an hour's arguing.

That night at home David Matthews chuckled as he told his wife all about it.

"I've been practicing some of those New Thought ideas you're always talking about, mother. You know Parry Brandon? Well, I found him on the floor of the Holland House at noon to-day—oh, no, I don't mean drunk or dead. Just his spirit lying out on the tile floor, with him sitting there looking at it gloomily and poking round in it as a man might poke among the ruins after a fire had burned his home to see if there was anything left that would make it worth while to sift the ashes.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'I'll just turn his thoughts round for him and get them started in the other direction.'" And he went on and told the story in detail.

"So," he concluded, "my little adventure in mercy and help ended in my finding the very man I need to take Briggs' place. As for Parry, I just wish you could have seen the wonderful sparkle in those brown eyes of his when he slipped into the swivel chair behind Briggs' big mahogany desk when we reached the office. I tipped off the office manager, and by four o'clock we had his name lettered in gold on his door. Happy? Why, that man is starting life all over again. At last he belongs!"

II

IF DAVID MATTHEWS expected Parry Brandon to prove the perfect account executive he was doomed to a certain measure of disappointment. He did get along well with the three clients whose interests it was his job to look after; they liked him, and his presence and dignity went far toward filling the gap left by Briggs. Then, too, Brandon had a good mind and a remarkable imagination. He got such odd, unexpected angles on everything that he was refreshing to his clients.

But somehow he seemed to lack a certain indefinable something. He had ideas, but they did not seem to get across properly. He would talk in a wonderfully fascinating way about some new plan of campaign, but he could never seem to get it expressed in pictures and type on paper.

As Matthews finally admitted to his wife, "He's an almost wonder, but he can't seem to get himself clear through to the printing press. He peters out some place on the way."

As a result, though the Weston-Billings Company held its own in an advertising way, and neither Farley & Wright nor the C. K. Wingate Company fell back any advertisingly, and though they all seemed fairly well satisfied with the service the agency was giving them, they were not showing that steady growth and advertising expansion that they had each year under the hands of the capable Briggs. And this worried David Matthews, whose hobby was Growth —with a capital G.

Things went along this way for two years. Meanwhile the mutterings of war were floating across from Europe.

Finally the Lusitania, a year of watchful writing, and we were in the war! Everywhere men and women were talking about doing one's bit.

Parry Brandon's heart was the heart of a staunch patriot. If there was a war he wanted to help fight it. He had no family to support; he was free to offer himself to his country. For weeks he thought the matter over. Why shouldn't he get into the thing? If they wouldn't let him fight, there were many desk jobs where an older man might do his bit and release a younger man for the Front.

In spite of the convincing arguments of several of his associates, the morning of September 21, 1917, found Parry Brandon, wearing the uniform of a first lieutenant, sitting behind a flat-top desk in a noisy, overdesked office in a commandeered apartment house in I Street, Washington, D. C.

His job was of a more or less routine nature. Certain specifications having to do with small arms and small-arms ammunition passed through his hands before going to the Purchase Section or arsenal for procurement. From them he made numerous records, as well as a tickler file for use in following up the work.

At first these specifications were all Greek to Parry Brandon, but gradually he became familiar with small-arms terminology, and his work grew more interesting. There was plenty of it to do, and having no family, nor anything in the way of outside interests, he worked early and late, and Sundays as well, as did so many other officers in Washington during those feverish days.

It was on a rainy Sunday afternoon in December that Parry Brandon stumbled on Mr. Aladdin's lamp. It was one of those dark, drizzly, heavy-hanging Sundays when the world seems to be absolutely standing still and God seems to be taking a day off.

Gloom hung over the overdesked office—gloom, and that strange Sunday quiet. There were only three people in the room: Parry Brandon and a stenographer who had volunteered to come in and work with him, and a second lieutenant over in the corner who was wading through long sheets of tabulations under a green-shaded droplight.

Parry Brandon was sitting tilted back with his long legs folded grasshopper fashion, so that his feet rested on the base of the swivel chair under him and his knees stuck up in front of him. It was nearly half past four in the afternoon, and he had told Miss Burns that she might chase on home. That young lady was adjusting her hat over by the water cooler. Brandon looked up from the sheaf of specification sheets in his hand.

"By the handle of Ursa Major," he exclaimed, addressing the stenographer in that spirit of democratic chattiness that springs from spending a lonely Sunday together in a lonely office, "they'll never be able to fill this specification. Just listen to this!"

And he read a section of a specification calling for a waterproofing for small-arms ammunition to overcome the difficulty they were experiencing in wet trenches.

"They know what they want over there in France all right, but they don't tell us how to make such a waterproofing, and if I know anything about chemistry—which was my best study in college—it just naturally can't be done."

"Oh, we should worry about how!" replied Miss Ethel McNutly Burns, giving her hat a little jerk down over her left ear and at the same time administering a deft pat to the gob of hair which hung down over her right ear. "We should worry about how anything is to be done in this department! The colonel says our job is just to see that it is done."

"But how—how, I ask—are they ever going to fill such a specification as this?" And Brandon read another paragraph. (Continued on Page 35)

FISK Cords for small cars are establishing records of extra mileage everywhere. You hear it again and again, "Get a FISK CORD for your small car if you want to know what real tire service is." And that real tire service means the greatest mileage possible with the least need of attention.

Every FISK TIRE is backed by the Fisk ideal, "To be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

FISK

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Why Certain-teed Makes Just 27 Colors of House Paint

A very large majority of the house paint business is done on less than 30 colors. Only a very small percentage of the business is scattered over two or three dozen odd, seldom used colors.

By limiting its line to the 27 colors most people buy, the cost of making Certain-teed Paint is lowered. By pricing each color on the cost of making it instead of charging the same for most colors, the price of Certain-teed is further lowered.

By confining his stock to the few fast selling colors, the dealer limits his investment and turns over his money rapidly. He gets new stock frequently from a nearby Certain-teed warehouse or distributing center. This reduces the dealer's cost for doing business and enables him to sell you the highest quality paint at a very reasonable price.

Insist on Certain-teed and you get the benefit of these cost reductions on the highest quality paint.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

General Offices, St. Louis

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed

CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

(Continued from Page 32)

"I don't know how," Miss Burns repeated, with the accent on the I, talking with a hatpin gripped transiently between her teeth as she poked an obstinate lock of fiery-red hair up under her hat. "But I'll say they will! As long as somebody tells 'em what's needed in this man's war, somebody somewhere seems to dope out how to get it." Following which declaration she gathered up her gloves and nearly unpatented patent-leather pocketbook from the nearest desk and breezed out with a cheery "Good night."

Parry Brandon sat thinking. He always had to stop and think it over when a new idea struck him. And this was a novel idea to Parry Brandon: "As long as somebody tells 'em what's wanted in this man's war, somebody somewhere seems to dope out how to get it," he repeated slowly to himself, smiling at the language. "We should worry about how! The colonel says our job is just to see that it is done."

"By George, she's right!" he exclaimed aloud, oblivious of the presence of the man in the corner under the green-shaded droplight. "It never hit me like that before!"

Instinctively he reached for a blue pencil and wrote his new idea on a small sheet of yellow paper. Then with sudden resolve to lay off work for the day he tossed the waterproofing specification sheets into a desk drawer, hastily straightened up the top of his desk, rose and strode over to where his overcoat hung.

"Good night, lieutenant," he called to the man under the green droplight, omitting his name for the very excellent reason that he didn't know it.

Half an hour later the second lieutenant snapped off his light and made his way toward the door. As he passed Parry Brandon's vacant desk he stooped to pick up a small sheet of yellow paper that had fluttered to the floor. As he laid it on Brandon's desk and put a paper weight on it he unconsciously read the blue-penciled scrawl—"I should worry about how ——"

In the months that followed Parry Brandon often thought back to that gloomy Sunday afternoon. Specification after specification—sometimes with the "how" incorporated and other times without it—passed over his desk. Some of the specifications were foolish, even ridiculous, for there are engineering dreamers as well as poetic dreamers. But Parry Brandon discovered that practically without exception every specification that was really sensible and necessary seemed somehow to get filled eventually.

"Yes," he said to himself on frequent occasions, "as long as somebody tells 'em what's needed in this man's war, somebody somewhere seems to dope out how to get it."

III

WHEN Parry Brandon returned to New York three months after the signing of the armistice and stepped out of the elevator into the mahogany-furnished reception room of the David Matthews Advertising Agency he sensed trouble.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Brandon!" greeted Ethel Inchley, the efficient little brunette who for seven hours every day stood between the inside office of conferences, schedules, copy, pictures and proofs, and the outside world of artists, magazine and newspaper representatives, and salesmen for printing, engraving and lithographing houses. "Something's up, I think," she explained in an undertone so those sitting round the big reception room could not hear. "Old Mr. Weston, of the Weston-Billings Company, has just called to see Mr. Matthews, and he looks as cross as an old bear—and you know how affable he usually is."

Ethel Inchley's five years in the reception room had made her a shrewd judge of human nature, and had given her an instinctive sense of men's moods. She knew when to say "Just take a seat, Mr. Blank, and I'll see if Mr. Matthews is in"; and when to greet a caller with "Good morning, Mr. Blank, just walk right into Mr. Matthews' office. I know he will want to see you right away."

This morning, with unerring judgment, she had greeted Mr. Weston with the latter formula. And he had stalked down the long hall toward the big front office with merely a gruff grunt at the pretty little brunette.

Parry Brandon straightened up to his full six-feet-one, shifted his square-crowned derby to his left hand, instinctively adjusted his heavy Dickens chain with its charm engraved with the figure of Atlas upholding the world, and involuntarily stroked back the forelock of gray hair.

"Well," he whispered, "as he's one of my clients I think I'll burst right into the battle." And he strode off down the hall, boldly opened the mahogany door at the end labeled "Mr. Matthews—Private," and entered.

Six men sat in a haze of cigar smoke: At the left, David Matthews at his big flat-top mahogany desk; over by the front windows, Joe Dreyer, the production manager, and young McGrath, who had been working on Parry Brandon's accounts under Mr. Matthews' personal direction; at the right, the copy chief and the art editor. In the center of the room, leaning forward aggressively in his chair, sat old man Weston.

"You've had two chances now," the old gentleman was saying, puffing testily between every other word on one of his famous long, thin cigars, "and you haven't made good. I have been greatly disappointed—greatly. It seems to me that if after handling my advertising all these years your agency cannot do any better than you have on such a simple problem it is time I found someone else to do my advertising for me. Why, gentlemen, I am astounded at your incapacity.

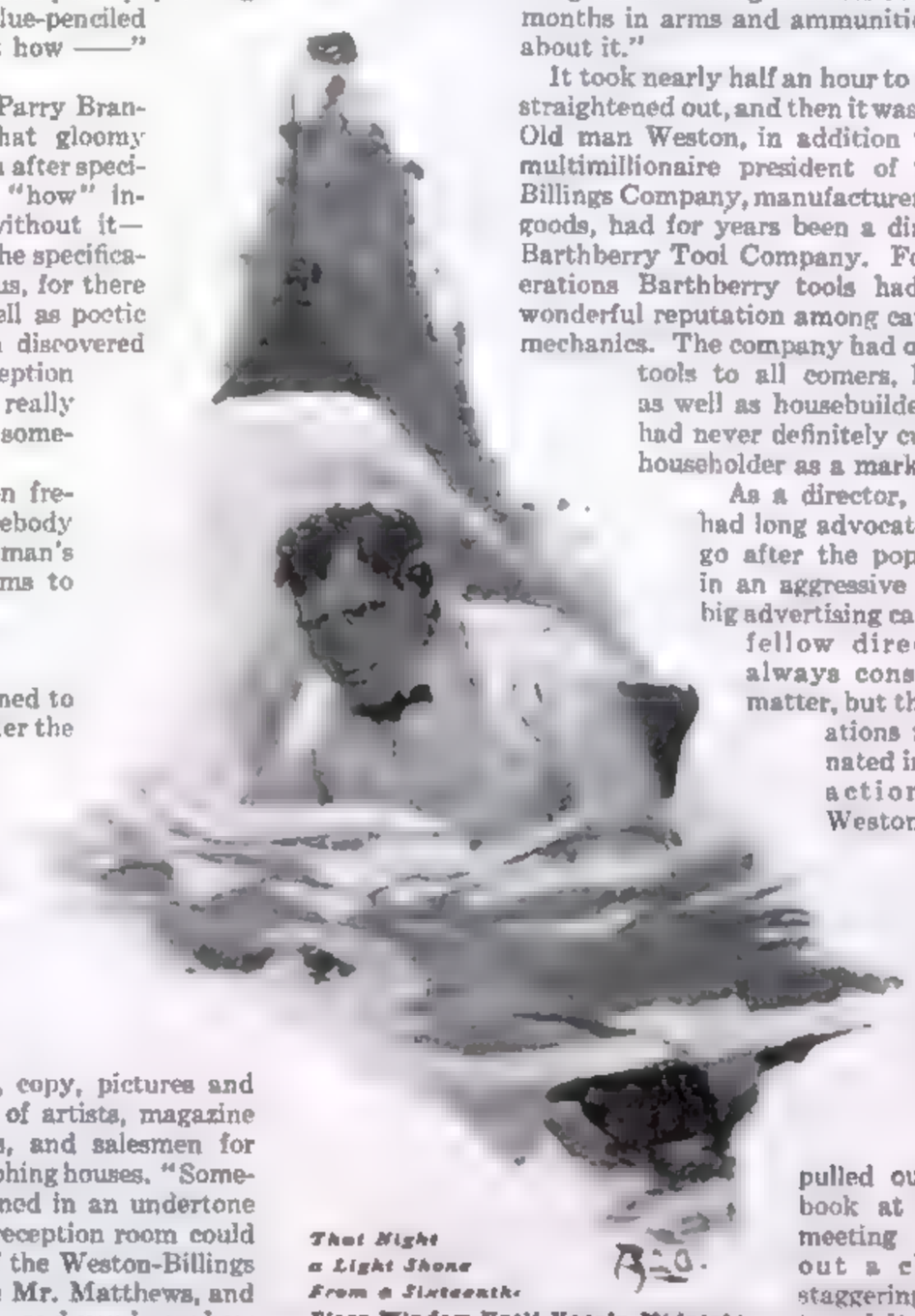
"At a conference yesterday afternoon my associates urged that we quit you at once," he continued, biting at the end of his cigar, "but I argued that you ought to be given a third chance. But I must warn you now that a third failure will prove to me that your organization isn't up to its old standard and can no longer serve me."

So tense had been the situation that Parry Brandon had entered and stood unnoticed during this vitriolic speech. Now all six men turned to him. He stood calm and smiling.

"So," he said, with perhaps just the slightest trace of embarrassment but with all his old graciousness and dignity, "all the country's troubles haven't been centered in Washington, as I thought! It's a great relief to find that business still has its battles. I was afraid I was going to find advertising an unexciting business after my many months in arms and ammunition! Tell me about it."

It took nearly half an hour to get the story straightened out, and then it was very simple: Old man Weston, in addition to being the multimillionaire president of the Weston-Billings Company, manufacturers of sporting goods, had for years been a director in the Barthberry Tool Company. For three generations Barthberry tools had enjoyed a wonderful reputation among carpenters and mechanics. The company had of course sold tools to all comers, householders as well as housebuilders, but they had never definitely cultivated the householder as a market.

As a director, Mr. Weston had long advocated that they go after the popular market in an aggressive way, with a big advertising campaign. His fellow directors were always considering the matter, but their considerations never culminated in action, and action was old Weston's one and only gospel. Finally, with the ending of the war, old Weston had become impatient, and in a fit of temperament had pulled out his check book at a directors' meeting and written out a check for a staggering sum and tossed it to the president with the challenge: "Sell me the business for that figure and I'll show you how to put it on the map!"



That Night a Light Shone From a Sixteenth-Floor Window Until Nearly Midnight

The directors had gasped. When the president read off the amount of the check they had gasped again.

"Oh, I know it isn't worth that much now!" old Weston had declared. "But I'll make it worth that much, and a lot more, in less than two years by advertising. As for the check—no, I haven't that much money in the bank, but just say the word and I'll have it there inside of thirty-six hours, and send you the check duly certified."

Then he had risen.

"Gentlemen, I shall leave you now to discuss this matter. Give me your answer by three o'clock."

On the morning of the eighth day following he had become owner of the Barthberry Tool Company. His first act had been to call up David Matthews.

"I have a new business for you to make famous. I wish you'd bring some of your folks down here this afternoon to discuss plans, and then to-morrow we'll go up to Connecticut to the plant, if that's agreeable to you."

And so it had transpired that the David Matthews Agency had worked up an advertising campaign for the Barthberry Tool Company—a remarkable institutional campaign, with wonderful copy that told of the reputation of Barthberry tools, and impressive art work that fairly dripped prestige!

In Mr. Matthews' absence McGrath had taken the portfolio of magazine and newspaper ads down to Mr. Weston's office for his approval, and beautiful ads they were indeed. The old gentleman had greeted McGrath cordially, watched him interestedly as he untied the brown tape with which Matthews' Agency packages were always tied. Eagerly he had opened the big leather-bound portfolio which McGrath handed him. He liked advertising—was in fact a natural-born advertiser.

As he had glanced at the first advertisement the eager smile on his face had faded a bit. As he had turned to the second page it had disappeared entirely. At the third page he had begun to scowl. Then quickly he had thumbed through the rest of the pages on which the beautiful ad proofs were pasted, and abruptly handed the portfolio back to McGrath.

"That campaign won't begin to sell tools for a year," he had announced. "I want to sell tools right away—r-i-g-h-t a-w-a-y. Give me something specific—specific, you understand, young man." And he had turned to his desk with an irritated little cough that McGrath instinctively understood as a danger signal.

The next day David Matthews had taken lunch with Mr. Weston, but with no better results. The old man knew what he didn't want, even though he could not tell exactly what he did want any more definitely than that it must be something specific.

"Eighteen hundred items in their catalogue, and he asks us to be specific in the advertising!" groaned the agency's production manager when he and McGrath had listened to their chief's report of the luncheon conversation.

Three days later McGrath had arrived at the office with an idea—a specific idea. Why not build a whole campaign round a certain sure-to-sell combination tool on page forty-eight of the catalogue—give it a good name—feature it big—get across the rest of the Barthberry line with the slogan "One of the eighteen hundred honest Barthberry tools used by three generations of skilled workmen." To be followed, of course, by the usual "Catalogue on request; or, better still, ask to see Barthberry tools at your local hardware store."

And so another campaign had been built—another wonderful campaign featuring Old Trusty—the Tool of a Thousand Uses.

Mr. Matthews had intended to take the portfolio of this campaign down himself to submit to Mr. Weston, but on the appointed day he had been called unexpectedly for jury duty, and once more McGrath had had to do the honors.

Also, once again old Weston had greeted him cordially, watched him hopefully as he undid the brown tape round the package, and reached out eagerly for the portfolio. And again the hopeful smile on his face had faded a bit as he looked at the first ad; had disappeared entirely at the second page, and had turned into a scowl as he thumbed quickly through to the last page.

"You can't keep a big factory working eight hours a day on one measly tool, young man," he had remarked sharply. "And besides," he had added, "didn't it occur to you that when you sell this combination tool it takes the place of half a dozen other tools in a home? That's why the company has never pushed it. It was put in the line three years ago merely to meet competition."

The old gentleman had been terribly irritated. Three months, and he was no nearer putting Barthberry tools on the map than on the day he had bought the business. He had to begin to sell tools. In six months more some rather heavy notes would be coming due at his banks.

The next morning he had gone direct from home to deliver an ultimatum to David Matthews. He could have until the first of the month—just three weeks and three days—to prepare a third and last campaign.

That was the story that Parry Brandon pieced together from the disjointed explanation that followed his timely entrance.

It must be admitted right here that at the time Parry Brandon had left to go to Washington, David Matthews had really felt relieved to have the war take him away from the agency; and indeed, much as he liked him, had secretly hoped that he might turn to some other work when the war was over. He had been disappointed in him. But months before he had changed his mind. For even though Brandon wasn't so successful as Briggs had been, he had done better than anyone else had been able to do with those three accounts. Mr. Matthews had in fact written to Parry Brandon urging him to come back as soon as peace should be declared and he could honorably shed his war job.

(Continued on Page 174)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS RYAN

A Business Reborn

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE president of a big corporation of international reputation reached two conclusions at about the same time. First, that he had grown old in the harness and could no longer put the same hours and effort into his work that he had once given; second, that the decreasing earnings and darker outlook for his company were largely due to his inability to discard a managerial viewpoint that had worked splendidly in the building up of the business in the years prior to the war.

Once in a long while some old war horse of a business man, notwithstanding his natural pride in years of successful accomplishment, is willing to concede that he has got out of step with the times, and must either readjust his ideas and practices or give way to a younger and more modern executive. Such a character was the president here referred to, and not being able to adapt himself to the changed era he picked out the livest and most promising young manager available, and two years ago practically gave him carte blanche in the conduct of his affairs.

As a result of the change, the corporation has shaken itself free from the shackles of obsolete practices and has started the third year of its new lease of life with every prospect for the biggest and most profitable business so far done. As the story runs, the happy outcome is due solely to wise and progressive management, which on investigation yielded some interesting points that may be of use to others in remedying similar cases of business paralysis.

A bonus system was established that took into account certain factors not generally recognized in such plans. A definite percentage of the net earnings of the company over and above the modest dividend requirements is set aside as a profit-sharing fund. One-half of this fund is shared among the employees in proportion to the salaries they receive; the remainder of the money is divided among the workers in proportion to their years of service with the concern. The money is paid to the employees during the second week of each month, instead of having the workers wait six months or a year for their bonus. The plan has been extremely successful in increasing the spirit of good will throughout the company's plants. The idea was kept in mind that the value of any bonus scheme is greatly lessened by establishing a plan that causes the men to feel that the bonus is a benevolence instead of a definite reward for loyalty and efficient service.

When the new management took hold there was a serious shortage of skilled labor. This difficulty was overcome by a vigorous advertising campaign that truthfully set forth the more important advantages and opportunities of the work. Motion pictures were made and used wherever possible, showing the human-interest side of the business. Every effort was made to procure workers who lived in the immediate vicinity of the plants, so that daily fares for transportation would be eliminated as far as possible.

Selling methods were used, and these included showing the prospective employee through the plant, where the advantages of the work were pointed out. None of the advertising referred to age limits, the belief being that many men having self-respect and good character rather resent the implication that is implied in an ad which says "State age." Likewise, no employee was asked to state whether or not he was out of a job, the idea being that the fault of unemployment does not always rest with the man. Now that the campaign has been successful and a waiting list established, the company maintains a system of friendly follow-up letters keeping the prospect's interest alive to the opportunity that the company may present him at an early moment.

Each new employee is asked to devote from thirty minutes to an hour each day, on company time, to the completion of a course of instruction designed to make the employee an efficient worker. Word was passed down from the new manager stating that in all cases employees must be considered before profits. A house organ keeps all workers closely informed concerning the progress of the company and the general status of both business and earnings.

For one hour each day the general manager's door is open to all employees who may wish to present constructive ideas or talk of their grievances. In the prevention of fatigue, rest periods have been introduced in those departments where the work is heavy and demands constant and close attention. In departments where the employees have sufficient respite rest periods are considered unnecessary.

One new plan just being started is a school for non-employees who are desirous of getting into this particular line of work. This school is to cater to the youths rather than to grown-ups, and is designed to build a force that may be drawn from when occasion rises. The plan is to start an employee at a wage below his ultimate possibility, so that he may grow and be encouraged by his advancement.

Much success has also attended an effort to induce employees to become stockholders in the business. The chief aim of this plan is to increase the workman's interest in his job and reduce labor turnover.

An interesting experiment has been conducted to determine the cause of errors in the work of employees. All error slips are sent to a special investigator, who makes it his business to have a personal talk with the worker who is making frequent mistakes. The investigations so far made appear to indicate that certain forms of illness are the most common causes of such errors. Where it seems advisable, the company's physician is given the record and becomes a factor in the case. He is expected to handle mental worries as well as physical ills, and all his recommendations are carefully considered and, if possible, favorably acted upon by the company.

The concern has adopted group insurance and has made a special effort to have it understood that the insurance is compensation for service, and not merely a scheme to hold the employee. The company's health service has more than paid for its upkeep by giving careful attention to the corporation's older employees. Each worker who reaches the age of fifty is now called to the physician's office and given first an examination and later health advice. The examination is never permitted to become the basis of discharge, but it does result in giving easier jobs to many who are serving in positions that entail too great labor. At the end of the first year of this service twenty-five per cent of the old men examined showed an improvement in their general physical condition.

The closest kind of attention is given to the selection of foremen for all departments, since the foreman is the chief person among the company's executives that the worker comes in contact with. No matter how great an injustice is being done, workers are generally afraid to appeal to the man higher up, because of the retaliatory measures that the foreman may take.

It is the bullying foreman that has often caused workers to favor collective dealing in American plants. It is recognized, however, that in many plants the average workmen, especially those on a piecework basis, receive higher pay than the foremen who act as their bosses. It is not possible in such a case to develop enthusiasm or efficiency in the foremen employed. In overcoming this situation the company has taken pains to see that all foremen are given a rate of pay that is higher than that paid the men who work under them.

A plan is being worked out in one plant whereby the foreman receives a bonus for accident reduction. In this scheme the accident rate is based on a careful study of past experience in the same plant. When the foreman equals this basic accident rate he receives a certain sum for each man under his supervision, and this bonus is increased in proportion to the results obtained in accident prevention. Not only does the plan cause the foreman to see that each worker is suited to his particular job, but it also encourages him to follow up the cases of the injured men in friendly fashion and see that they return to work as promptly as is possible. This plan has already shown a material decrease in minor accidents.

Having in mind the idea that workers of all classes serve with greater efficiency when they have no financial worries, the company takes advantage of the opportunity afforded by the weekly pay envelope to insert printed slips, personally addressed, giving advice and suggestions with respect to saving and investing money. The thrift and investment slips are prepared by the industrial relations department of the company, which same department acts in an advisory capacity to all employees who desire its aid in selecting, buying and selling securities and in purchasing life insurance.

The pay envelopes also contain suggestion blanks, on which any employee may write down an idea intended to shorten a method or improve a practice in some special operation. A special committee handles all these ideas, and those that are approved are turned over to the proper department for development. This same committee determines the kind and size of reward that is to be given to the worker for his suggestion. More than six hundred suggestions were received from employees last year, and nearly three hundred of the ideas submitted were adopted.

Every effort is made in all departments of the company to see that no employee wastes his or her time doing work that can be done by some other person receiving less pay. One suggestion that was printed and passed down from the manager to all department heads read as follows:

"Many people are in the habit of saying that they can do certain things more quickly than they can tell someone else how to do it, and therefore many minor tasks are performed each day by various employees who could better devote their time to more important matters. Each worker should not forget that though he may be able to do a certain job once in less time than it would take for a first explanation, it is nevertheless true that after a subordinate is taught the high-priced time of the more important executive is saved over and over again."

Not only is it the policy and practice of the company to save on time, but an equal effort is made to save on materials. For instance, in the stenographic department all typed pages, including both carbons and originals, that are spoiled by the typists are retained for inspection by the department head. Office boys do all the arranging of stationery, delivery of letters, and in certain extremely busy typing departments they even place the carbons between the original sheets, and later separate them, in order to save the more valuable time of the stenographers.

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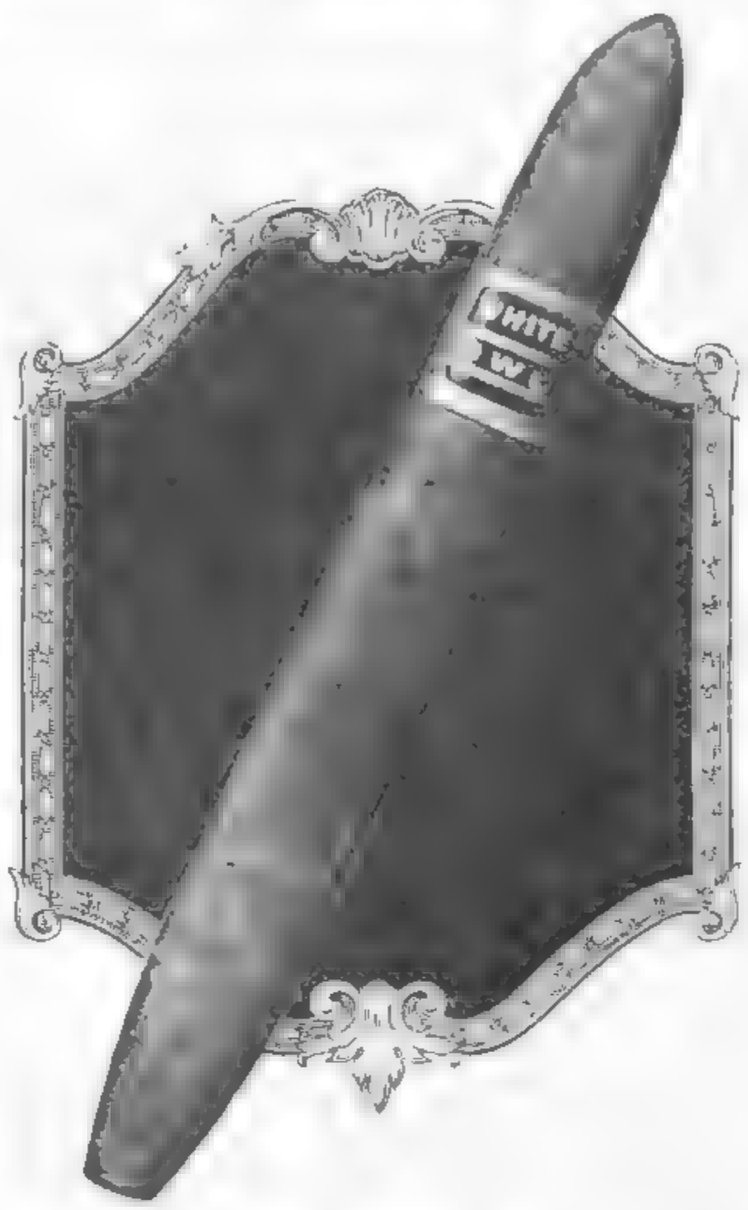

The largest-selling 10c Cigar —and why

THREE and one-half years ago the first few hundred White Owl Cigars left for New Jersey. Three months later White Owl was on display in Chicago. Three months after that, White Owl was being sold in all parts of the country. Today White Owl outsells any other 10c cigar—and to the best of our knowledge it even outsells *any cigar at any price.*

Such success is never accident.

Few smokers realize—until they smoke White Owl—the immense forward strides made recently in tobacco culture. The long clean filler of White Owl is blended of domestic tobaccos of quality which did not exist a few years back. The wrapper is of imported Sumatra. The handsome Invincible shape insures cool, even smoking.

So great are White Owl sales that the General Cigar Co., Inc., now constantly maintains for this cigar alone a leaf reserve valued at between four and five million dollars. The slow aging and thorough mellowing of White Owl is the result. White Owl deserves your patronage.

General Cigar Co., Inc.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

WHITE OWL

10¢ STRAIGHT

Box of 50—$4.75

(Continued from Page 36)

The carbon sheets are so placed between the white sheets that a half inch or more of the carbon paper extends from the bottom. This enables the boys to separate the carbons from the white sheets by giving one pull at the top while holding the one or more carbons at the bottom.

All the work of new or unskilled operatives is inspected after each operation. This tends to prevent large losses by pressing home to the unskilled worker that what he is doing is important enough to be given attention by those higher up. The same investigator always inspects the work of the same man, determines the causes of wastage and works out a proper remedy. Each workman is taught that his value to the plant increases according to the reduction in the amount of spoiled material that results from his efforts. Over the inspectors is an executive who devotes all his time to solving the problem of wastage in both offices and plants.

One of the first things the new management did was to issue a letter pointing out definitely and with force that no worker need fear that wages or prices would be cut through any increase in the company's output. The employees were told that underproduction was the only thing that would reduce prices in the company's plans, and that all workers who were deliberately keeping down their output through fear of a cut were following a plan that would be reflected unfavorably in their own pay envelopes. In an effort to foster self-respect and increase individuality, not only heads of departments and foremen but even the rank and file of workers are given great freedom in their work. The thing that counts is results, and these are carefully recorded for each and every employee.

Of all the company's departments, none was subjected to a more thorough house cleaning than the sales department. The new manager made it plain that it is impossible for the salesman to do efficient work while the thought of profit is uppermost in his mind. The salesmen were instructed to take the customer's needs and not their firm's goods. The first move must be to discover and rouse the customer's self-interest and later show how the company's product can serve that self-interest.

Each salesman was instructed to establish a card index of all his prospects, filling in each card with information gathered in the different calls covering the personality, peculiarities, fads, and so on, of the possible customer. The idea back of this plan is the possibility of a new salesman having to take over a certain territory, and without this kind of personal information he would be obliged to spend months in making a study of the prospects on whom he calls.

In addition to this thought it is the belief of the management that a card-index system assists the salesman's memory, furnishes him with conversation starters and good-will creators, at the same time reducing the likelihood of his making mistakes. A well-filled card states the name of the man's school or college, his native town, fraternal organizations, recreations, political beliefs, and so on.

All the company's salesmen are requested to spend a large part of their time in cultivating new acquaintances and making friends among possible prospects. The thought is that acquaintance with the trade is just as profitable to the company as a salesman's knowledge of his line. The really efficient salesman devotes considerable effort to trying to determine just when each dealer upon whom he calls has the most time and is likely to be in the best humor. In addition to six conferences each year of all the corporation's selling force, the concern has established and maintains a company school, where all new men employed for the sales staff are required to attend and familiarize themselves with the corporation's policies, principles and practices.

One rule of the company is never to permit any abuse of the cash-discount plan used by the concern. The management had undoubtedly learned from experience that laxity in managing a corporation's cash-discount practice is certain eventually to defeat the very purpose for which the cash discount is offered. Never does the company allow a cash discount contrary to terms, and this being thoroughly understood by all customers, no enmities are caused by the strict enforcement of the scheme.

The greatest of care is taken in the preparation of collection letters. The first letter is sent out at the end of forty days, and other letters follow at ten-day intervals. No letter is ever mailed by the collection department that does not radiate friendliness. The letters are made personal and are not allowed to read like a routine dun. One of the highest paid and cleverest men in the company serves as the chief of the collection department.

The live-wire manager of this renovated company says the test of personal efficiency is not just in knowing the best ways to do things, but lies rather in the worker's ability actually to put into practice the knowledge he possesses. There is no dearth of worth-while ideas, but a real scarcity of people who have the energy and perseverance to do the things they know are right and best.

Superstition

A CAREFUL study of the superstitions of peoples from the commencement of history to the present day causes one to wonder if most of the superstitious beliefs of to-day are not the same old credulities, only dressed in a more civilized garb. That there is less superstition at the present time than there was in the past goes without argument. On the other hand, an investigation of the matter brings forth an astonishing array of foolish ideas to which we cling in spite of our boasted higher civilization. The interesting question in the matter is concerned not only with the origins of common superstitions but with the degree of truth that underlies them.

Superstition is a race inheritance. Chance sayings heard in the impressionable years of childhood are sure to persist through life. Other factors in the perpetuation of common superstitions are the power of suggestion, through hearing others repeat certain ideas, and the instinctive desire of the human mind to come to quick conclusions—that is, to accept lazily broad general solutions of problems, rather than go to the mental labor of working out more logical answers.

Without doubt the origin of superstition is found in early man's effort to explain Nature and his own existence; in the desire to propitiate fate and invite fortune; in the wish to avoid evils which he could not understand; and in the attempt to see the future and mold it according to his desire. Man's curiosity has always been greater than his capacity to interpret Nature and life.

Many centuries before the commencement of the Christian Era the Oriental tried to divine the future by geometrical figures; the lady of ancient Rome used a system of interpretations based on the shapes formed by melted wax when dropped into water; and even to-day many more business men than we would imagine consult clairvoyants in the hope of procuring additional light on future happenings with respect to an important deal.

Many of the superstitions which persist show important psychological habits. Just as astronomy rose out of astrology, and chemistry out of alchemy, so from the occult world we may some day attain developments in mental science which will be useful in the service of the race. Disinterested investigators of the occultism of the East tell us of powers to which there is nothing to correspond in the West. In the early days there was but little scientific knowledge available for use in explaining certain peculiar powers and strange happenings. At the present time we have a better understanding of most things and therefore do not need to have recourse to superstition in explaining matters that might be termed phenomena.

It is difficult to discover a definite scientific explanation for even those superstitions that have persisted through the ages. The nervous reaction resulting from fear has brought about results that have made ridiculous superstitions appear real. In order to prevent thievery the chiefs of various savage tribes spread the belief that anyone who touched something belonging to a chief would suffer death at the hands of their deity. Authoritative cases are recorded showing that death actually resulted in certain instances from sheer fright when ignorant natives had learned that they had accidentally touched some of the sacred belongings of their ruler.

One instance is that of a Maori woman, who, having eaten a peach from a basket, was told that it had come from a tabooed place. She dropped the basket, shrieking that the godhead of the chief whose divinity she had thus profaned would kill her—and within twenty-four hours she was dead.

Though such a case would naturally strengthen the belief of the Maoris in the truth of their superstition, we realize to-day that the whole thing was due to the intense action of fear on the human nerves.

During the recent epidemics of influenza one of the great worries of our celebrated doctors was concerned with the likelihood that fear of the disease on the part of many people would cause a lowering of the body resistance of those who were frightened and tend to increase the spread of the sickness and the number of fatalities.

Of all superstitions, it is probable that those pertaining to the interpretation of dreams have been most common and most persistent. It is a two-to-one bet that when a scholar of the present day takes the time laboriously to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions on a tablet which has lain for five thousand years or more in some Babylonian mound, his discovery will turn out to be an astrological treatise or dream book.

It was the belief of the ancients that dreams afforded clews for forecasting events, and before we laugh at their silliness let us bear in mind that several million modern people throughout the world still hold the belief, to a greater or less extent, that dreams bear a definite relation not only to events of the past but to future happenings. There is a large sale of dream books among present-day folks, and the up-to-date psychoanalyst will very likely use his patient's description of dreams as an important part of the data employed in curing certain physical and mental ills.

To-day we have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it does an effective work, partly through education and more largely because its rules are supported by the force of the law. There was no society of this kind having equal powers centuries ago, and yet there were kindly folks who desired to protect their faithful dumb friends from the cruelties of thoughtless children and the barbarities of hard-hearted adults.

Since it was impossible to do effective preventive work through recourse to the law, the ancient priests and others found it necessary to enlist the aid of superstition in the protection of harmless and helpless birds and beasts. The result was that certain types of birds and animals were set up as symbols for sacred meanings, and as a consequence we still hear the saying: "If you kill a cat you'll have seven years' bad luck." Many common superstitions with respect to animals originated in this way, and there is no doubt that they performed a service that was as effective in those early days as are the laws of many civilized nations of the present time.

In the same way that superstitions were originated to protect animals, so were some started to conserve certain staple foods. As an example of this, let me cite the old saying, "To waste salt is unlucky," which is really nothing more than a little lesson in the gospel of thrift. Many superstitious beliefs of this kind have thus been kept alive because they served as props for useful mental habits. Of course it would not be so easy to-day to fool the public, even if the intention was based on an equally worthy motive.

There is a similar grain of truth behind dozens of other superstitions that have clung to some of the races down through the ages. Few people to-day will deny that there is some real virtue in the art of mental healing. Though the ancients couldn't explain this practice so well as we can now, it formed the basis of many faith cures that were used by succeeding generations. Illustrative of this thought are the following beliefs:

If you rub a wart with a stolen dishrag and then bury it the wart will disappear when the rag decays.

A potato carried in the pocket will cure rheumatism.

You can cure an aching tooth by touching it with the tooth of a dead person and afterward greasing it with marrow.

Few people would be silly enough to believe in the efficacy of any such remedies at the present time, but we do know that there are reputable physicians to-day who do succeed in helping a certain type of patient by prescribing a harmless medicine that has no curative value but to which the doctor attributes great healing virtues and thereby builds faith and destroys fear in the mind of the patient.

Though a potato kept in a person's pocket certainly could not cure rheumatism, who of us is bold enough to say that a suffering human would not be benefited by the establishment of a sincere belief in his mind that this simple procedure would make him well?

A great many instances could be cited where various superstitions were believed in and observed with considerable benefit by ancient peoples, though they did not know that the idea followed was scientifically correct. Even to-day, in a small country of Europe, an old treatment for smallpox is still continued. The patient is placed in a room where the windows are covered with paper of a certain color, which plan is supposed to propitiate the disease demon. It is my understanding that the practice removes certain light rays that are injurious to the skin of a patient suffering from this malady. The only explanation is that someone active in finding a remedy for the disease tried this scheme and found it helpful without knowing the reason of its efficacy. Among uneducated people, irrespective of race, the common tendency is always to attribute the extraordinary happenings which they don't understand to supernatural causes.

Of all earthly materials, none have been the subject of a greater number of superstitions than precious stones. Autosuggestion has played the most important part in the mysterious powers attributed to jewels.

The ancients were sincere in their belief that when gems were applied to any part of the human body they exerted a definite action upon the part touched. Early physicians were firm in the idea that hematite, carnelian and jasper all had the power to check a hemorrhage when applied to the affected part.

It is difficult to find any true basis of fact for this conception, but it is not hard to understand that certain jewels might have possessed slightly beneficent powers due to the emission of violet rays.

We are now acquainted with the therapeutic value of the ultra-violet rays, which science generates for many curative uses. However, the intensity of the artificially created violet rays of to-day and the very faint emanations of a similar nature coming from a jewel rouse the thought that the health-giving properties of gems in ancient times could not have amounted to much.

People of all ages and races have been more or less prone to believe in the protective virtues of talismans, and let no one hold the idea that this practice is confined only to the ignorant. An example of this is the case of a young mining engineer, who, though not superstitious in any

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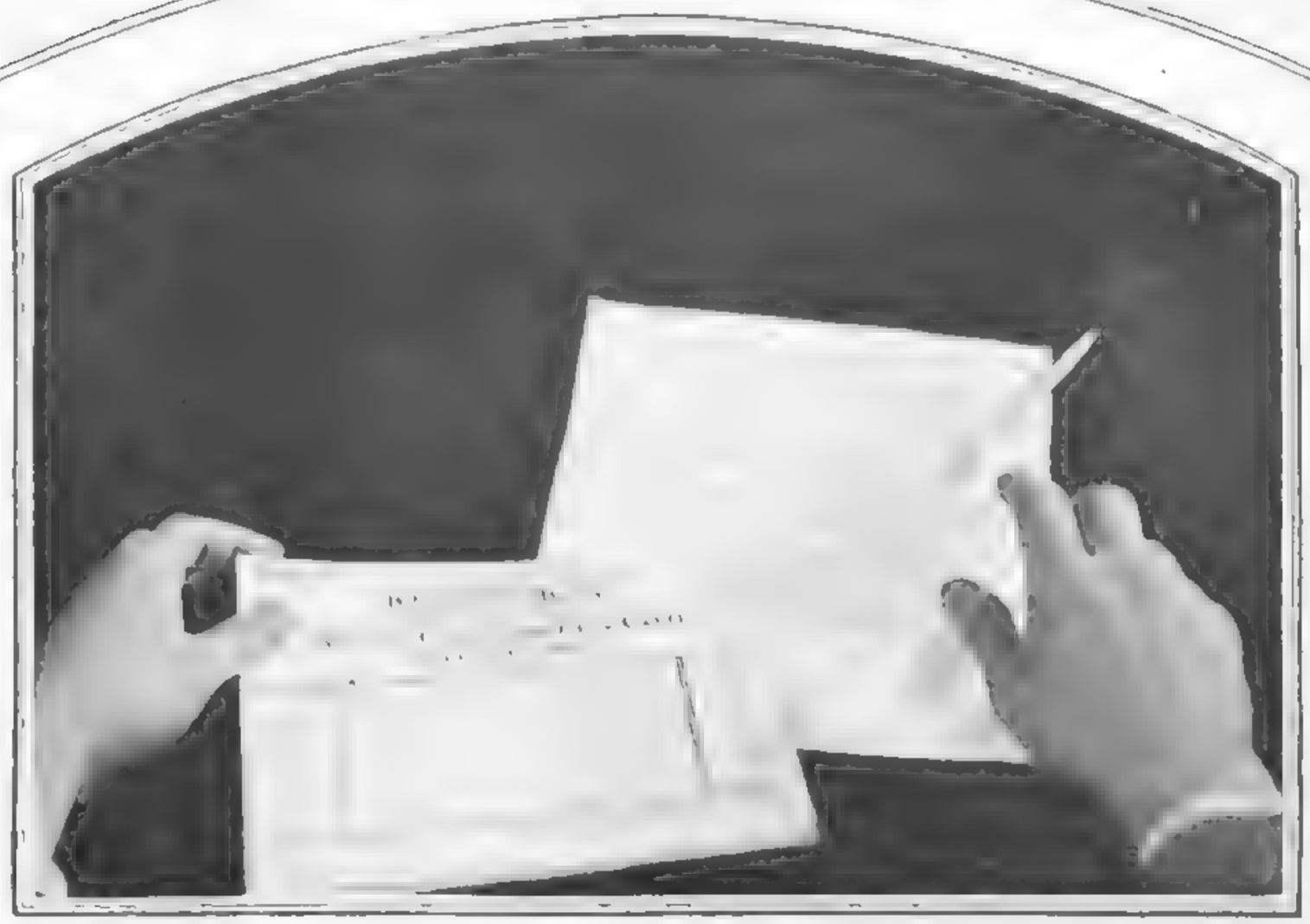

Sold—*almost*

AFTER the facts have been considered, with perhaps a slight margin of figures in your favor, then impressions get in their final word.

Few purchasing agents would admit that mere stationery ever *sold* them. Possibly it never did, alone. But just as seemingly trivial things often prevent a sale, so a smile, handshake or impressive letterhead *can* make one.

The inviting texture of Systems Bond gives your letters a tone of assurance. It is a real pleasure to snap one open—and look it over. Its crisp strength suggests things you would talk about if you could step in just at the *deciding* moment.

Systems is a quality bond. The rag-content and loft-drying of every piece account for its unusual excellence. It is a business man's paper, reasonably priced.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic water marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Where H. C. L. Treads Softly

WHEN one travels about he learns a number of very interesting things. He learns, first of all, that folks are folks. From Maine to Texas and from Florida to Washington, in big towns and small, folks are actuated by the same hopes and ambitions and faiths and fears. They are striving to get money, to earn fame, to win sweethearts and to make homes.

Their standards vary but little, and the quality men call culture, which is but acquaintance with books and good manners, is no less universal than the use of talcum powder.

The city man, who has learned to dodge surface cars and taxicabs, feels that he is wiser than his country brother. The countryman, who has learned to dodge the business end of a mule, feels that he is less wicked than the city man.

The provincialism that is common to both city and country keeps each of them in ignorance of the other's virtues, and out of this ignorance grows the assumption of superiority and the myth that city dwellers and country dwellers are distinct breeds.

The city man and the countryman are, in fact, brothers trained in different schools. The difference between them is superficial; their common parentage is in their bone and blood.

The ignorance of the one concerning many things is balanced by the ignorance of the other concerning as many more. One gets from life many things the other misses, but misses other things of equal worth. If one appears to have a higher seat, rest assured he pays a price for it.

The city man is prey to the atmosphere in which he lives. It is an atmosphere of haste. Because others hurry, he hurries. He canters rather than walks. He speaks rapidly and sharply. He is a machine, geared to match the speed of other machines about him.

The atmosphere that persuades him to travel in high has a similar effect upon his spending. He spends in high. Being a city man, he must live up to the city. He dresses well because his associates dress well. He lives up to a standard, not down to his purse. And because he dresses well and lives well and spends freely to hold up his end, the high cost of living has him by the scruff of the neck and is making his life a burden.

The countryman —

But let us begin at the beginning. One cannot wholly understand a piece of oak flooring until he has seen an oak tree.

Our town is, in many particulars, as like other American small towns as one pea is like another. We have water and sewer systems and electric lights, but our streets are unpaved and our sidewalks are but dirt—shaded dirt walks pressed hard by generations. None of our buildings are more than two stories high. When we wish to brag about our town we tell how much the new schoolhouse cost. The school and the churches are the main centers of our community life.

We have four mail trains each day. When the mail bags are brought over from the station we gather in the lobby of the post office and talk until the general-delivery window is opened. The postmaster distributes the daily papers first, in order that those of us who have lock boxes may get in touch with the outside world without delay. If there is a screaming headline proclaiming news of unusual import someone in the lobby will begin to read aloud and the others will listen. Then we discuss the news while waiting for our letters. The letters are distributed after the newspapers, and the circulars last. When one is in a hurry to get back to his shop or office, and suspects that the postmaster has begun to distribute circulars, he calls back through the partition to ask whether the letters are up, and, being assured that they are, closes his lock box and goes about his business, followed by those who have no interest in mail matter bearing one-cent stamps.

On Sundays the first train comes before we are out of bed and the second while we are at church; but the afternoon trains find us idle and we walk down to the station to watch them come in.

Of course the trains are frequently late, and while waiting for them we talk. We are all dressed up for Sunday, and it is a sort of social function. There are never any ladies present, except those who expect guests or those who are going away, and these sit modestly inside the station.

Also on Sunday afternoons—if the weather is neither too cold nor too hot—young couples walk about town and families walk to the cemetery or visit a neighbor. Many of us have cars, but there is little pleasure in Sunday driving, for the people in our nearest city like to get out into the country on Sundays and their hurrying cars keep a dust cloud along the highway until late in the evening.

None of our homes are expensive, and few of us have more than one spare bedroom. The spare bedroom contains our most expensive furniture, and its pillows and towels are hand embroidered. Nearly all of us own our homes and spend our summers coaxing a lawn. In the back yards we have real gardens, both winter and summer, and the gardens cut our grocery bills in half. We fence the gardens and let our chickens run where they will. During the winter it is necessary to buy some feed for the chickens, but in summer they live well on table scraps and bugs and grass. When our wives can't think of anything new to fix for dinner they kill a frying chicken; and for breakfast we have the eggs gathered the evening before.

We have no servants in our homes. A few families have fat old negro mammies who come in the morning to do the cooking and go back to their cabins after finishing the supper dishes, but most of the women are more particular about their kitchens than about their living rooms and will not tolerate an alien hand among their spotless utensils. Our wives are good cooks, justly proud of their skill, and our daughters learn the art before they are through high school. The Domestic Science Club, which meets on Thursdays, does not discuss calories and carbohydrates and things like that. It discusses regular eats and methods of preparing them.

Doubtless we eat too much, but when there is fried chicken with gravy and rice and creamed potatoes, hot biscuit, pickled beets, fruit salad and a great chocolate cake, what can one do?

A few years ago one could have in a colored woman to scrub and polish the floors and dust the furniture at a cost of twenty-five cents the room; but now these women ask a dollar, and our thrifty wives will not pay it. They do their own scrubbing and develop dimples in their elbows.

The family washing is done by colored women. They call for it early on Monday mornings—"soon in the mawnin'," is their way of saying it—and carry it home on their heads. The family furnishes the soap, and the colored women do the washing, starching and ironing for one dollar and a half.

Our womenfolks keep up with the styles, but they make their own dresses. They have one or two nice dresses to wear to church and to parties—the same frock serving equally well for either occasion—but at home they wear gingham. They do not always look well in their more expensive dresses, but it is impossible to be other than charming in a crisp gingham fresh from the laundry.

When the women go shopping they wear their gingham dresses and go bareheaded. We are all home folks and it isn't necessary to put on airs before home folks. They wear cotton stockings, except on state occasions. When they wear their silk ones they take them off when they get home and wash them out in cold water. It is surprising how long one pair of good silk stockings will last if properly cared for.

The men are not so particular. The young fellows who haven't yet begun to earn their own way wear silk socks and silk shirts, but the older men wear socks that cost thirty-five cents a pair, and keep on wearing them until the darned spots have become too numerous for comfort. Many of them buy the goods and have their wives make their shirts.

Most of us buy one good suit of clothes each year. There are no dress suits in town, but we have black suits that we save year after year for funerals and weddings and church wear. About the only thing that can put a good black suit in the discard is an expanding waistline. In summer we leave our coats at home. A few of the old chaps who still cling to the ancient idea that pants can't be trusted without suspenders wear black alpaca coats, but the younger men go about their business in their shirt sleeves.

We attend the movies in our shirt sleeves. The movie show is our chief relaxation. On nights when the movie house is dark we stroll down to one of the drug stores and have an ice cream. Then we go home and read the magazines until bedtime.

Bedtime is ten o'clock. Very few residence lights are burning after that hour. A light burning at midnight means a party or sickness.

You know us now. We are just plain small-town folks, deeply interested in state, national and even international affairs, because we have no thrilling interests at home—hard-working people, earning our bread and saving a little of what we earn—reading much, because we have few lighter pleasures—a little intolerant in some matters, but very matter-of-fact in our views of government and good citizenship.

And the point of our plan and the point of this article is that the high cost of living doesn't distress us. It doesn't distress us because we don't live high. Our tastes are simple; we do not think it necessary to show off before our neighbors; we wait on ourselves and dress in a manner suited to our earnings; and we make ends meet with surprisingly small incomes.

None of the store clerks earn more than seventy-five dollars a month; yet they pay rent, clothe and feed their families, give something to the church, and save a little. There are dozens of other men in various occupations whose earnings do not exceed one hundred dollars a month. It may be that they do not live up to the American standard of living so frequently referred to by economists with axes to grind, but they do live up to the American standard of happiness and good citizenship.

Very likely there is not one among us who would refuse a gift of a million dollars. Very likely all of us feel a little envious of the wealthy in cities who live in great houses, surrounded by servants, and possess luxuries we cannot afford. We are not philosophers. Poverty prescribes our mode of living, and necessity teaches us thrift.

Yet we are happy. The wealthiest cannot buy better books than we can afford, nor can they win more lovable friends. We have our work to give us contentment and self-respect, our school and town affairs to train us in teamwork, our churches and small charities to teach us the art of unselfishness.

Once in a while business or pleasure takes us away from home for a few days. Some of us go to the great cities to buy goods. And when we come back again and the smiles of old friends greet us we would not trade the decent poverty of home, with its simplicity and genuineness and hearty companionship, for all the wealth and glitter of a metropolis. Our poverty is measured only in dollars. We do not want, and we have found no increase in the price of happiness.

The Great Little Things

ONE who had labored long to win fame achieved his purpose and stood on a platform to receive the cheers of the multitude. Yet he got no pleasure from the experience because of a tack in his shoe.

The great matters that trouble the minds of men seldom make or mar the happiness of the individual, and are therefore of less importance than they seem. The rise and fall of the price of bread are matters of greater import than the rise and fall of states. If the king is a tyrant one may yet find contentment if his employer is kind. If his employer is a tyrant what matters the form of government? The selection of a President is a great matter, and yet one's happiness is more affected by the selection of a servant. If an earthquake destroys half the world this morning the catastrophe will seem a trivial incident when one's child has croup to-night. Great plans and ambitions are forgotten when one's body is racked with pain.

There are men endowed with the qualities of greatness and drawn to some great task. The lives of these are affected by great matters, for great matters form the monotone of their existence.

But lesser mortals, engaged at humbler tasks, view great affairs as one views a cyclone that passes overhead. It is a phenomenon worthy of attention, but it does not affect the price of shoes.

Failure to understand the other man's point of view is but ignorance of the trivialities that make up his existence. If you would learn why he is an enemy of the state look for the tack in his shoe. He may be willing to strike because the worker at the next bench is a Greek and a Greek once charged him too much for an apple. He may oppose capital punishment because he once saw a butcher slaughter a calf. He may ridicule education because he knows a college man who raised a check. Of such light fabric are grave opinions woven.

When a dog bays at the moon he does not desire the moon. He bays because fleas disturbed his sleep and drove him from his kennel. The peasant is not unhappy because he envies the king but because he envies the peasant who is his neighbor. The king is not unhappy because the chancellor reports a deficit but because a careless tailor left a pucker in his waistcoat. One abroad at night may marvel at the beauty of the stars, and yet find a pocket lamp more serviceable to light his pathway.

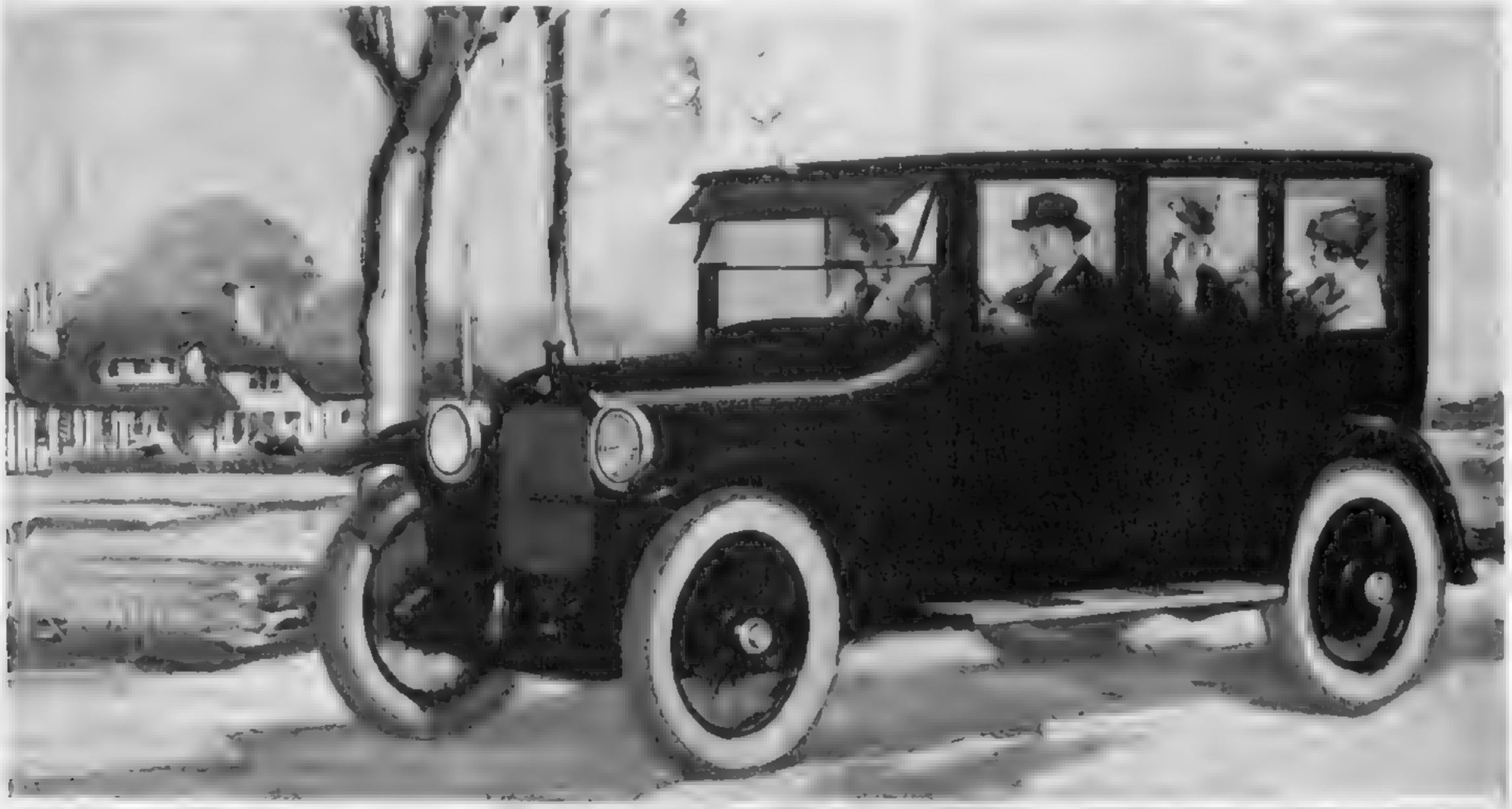
If one would find ducks he will go where ducks are plentiful; or fish where fish abound. If he would find happiness let him employ a like wisdom. Happiness is concealed among the little matters that make up the humdrum record of a day.

If one may shape trivial matters to his liking the fall of a dynasty need not disturb his equanimity.

A really notable car, this beautiful new sedan—big, roomy, luxurious. Of all the fine things that can be said of it, the finest, of course, is that it is a Hupmobile.

Hupmobile

Four-Door Sedan, and Coupé



Hupmobile

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

In Two Months He Wrote Eight Stories and Sold Nine

F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE history of my life is the history of the struggle between an overwhelming urge to write and a combination of circumstances bent on keeping me from it.

When I lived in St. Paul and was about twelve I wrote all through every class in school in the back of my geography book and first year Latin and on the margins of themes and declensions and mathematic problems. Two years later a family congress decided that the only way to force me to study was to send me to boarding school. This was a mistake. It took my mind off my writing. I decided to play football, to smoke, to go to college, to do all sorts of irrelevant things that had nothing to do with the real business of life, which, of course, was the proper mixture of description and dialogue in the short story.

But in school I went off on a new tack. I saw a musical comedy called The Quaker Girl, and from that day forth my desk bulged with Gilbert & Sullivan libretti and dozens of notebooks containing the germs of dozens of musical comedies.

Near the end of my last year at school I came across a new musical-comedy score lying on top of the piano. It was a show called His Honor the Sultan, and the title furnished the information that it had been presented by the Triangle Club of Princeton University.

That was enough for me. From then on the university question was settled. I was bound for Princeton.

(Concluded on Page 61)

Ruth Miller

AT THE resourceful age of twelve, having been brought up for the most part under the stern supervision of a sweet old-fashioned grandmother who had very firm ideas about a woman's proper place, I gave every promise of becoming that charming type of womanly woman so prevalent and popular in the soporific primer fiction. Which means that I could do all manner of sleight-of-hand tricks with biscuit dough, had only to speak firmly to a piece of steak to have it quiver into tender, luscious epicurean submission and I knew just enough about music for that evanescent art to constitute in my life a miscalled accomplishment. But isn't it queer how so many brilliant promises sputter round a while and then fizzle out? It's downright tragic! There is no use in dwelling upon the harrowing details of my particular blighted life, but suffice it to say that nowadays I go about anxiously, eagerly and basely eavesdropping in the hope that I may hear someone call me feminine but, though they call me many things, they never call me that.

Some time ago I got to thinking it over and decided that perhaps it wasn't too late to mend my ways, that with diligent application I still might be able to make the class of the delightful feminine who can do all the domestic things with both hands tied, swim, skate, play a superb game of tennis and golf, and all the rest of it. But it proved to be a bit of fatuous, futile dreaming. When I tried to learn to swim I injured my ears temporarily so that I was deaf for two months. When I took to skating—well, if I ever want a nice lively way of committing suicide I'll know what to do. So it went, through the whole list of accomplishments. The only thing I can do with any degree of skill is to walk, and I flatter myself that in pedestrianism I can give a brilliant performance. But I suppose some day I'll stub my toe, fall down and break my neck and put an end to even that harmless amusement.

Miss Miller Can Do Many Things, But She Can't Skate or Sing

The greater part of the time that I have not spent in brooding over my failure to qualify as a heroine of a best seller has been devoted to the musical profession. At one time or another I have dipped into music in all its phases. I have played—specifically, the violin; and I have taught—an eleven-hour teaching day doing much to complete the wreck of what might have been, if it hadn't been

(Concluded on Page 61)

Mrs. Shore and Her Two Proudest Achievements

Viola Brothers Shore

THE job at which I make my salary—make, not earn, friend husband, please note—is interviewing. Now every interviewer has at some time been a prey to two emotions: The desire to change places with the interviewed and give out, just for once, a really corking interview; and the desire to write up an interview once without having to be tactful. The request for a merciless exposé of my life to accompany this naïve photograph of myself flaunting my two proudest achievements—the CS I won at camp for swimming glued to my middy and the little pocket edition glued to my hand—seemed indeed the opportunity for killing two birds with one typewriter. I have the pleasure of being interviewed by a really intelligent interviewer. I also have the extreme pleasure of writing a strictly as-is interview. I hereby interview myself.

I was sent by THE POST to interview a budding author, name of Mrs. Shore—or Viola Brothers Shore, as she is unknown to fame. I had to track this B. A. to a place called Flatbush. To find it you take the Subway as far as it will go, and then a car as far as it will go, and then use your legs as far as they will go, and then you're getting warm.

The door was opened by what I Sherlocked to be the B. A. in person, because under her arm she carried the white man's burden—and I will say it was the saddest-looking brief case I ever saw, even on a B. A.—with bone-rimmed glasses sticking out. For the rest she resembled a human being—the kind you see millions of every day on Fifth Avenue—accordion-plaited skirt, French shoes, permanent wave—you get me? Very everyday.

With one of those lavish smiles practiced by a woman when somebody has once told her she has good teeth and she's never forgotten it, she led me into the living room. I could see she expected me to rave about that living room. I never interviewed a professional woman yet who didn't think the world had lost a great interior decorator when she went in for writing or singing! This one affects the don't-take-myself-seriously pose, but you can see that underneath she thinks she's some punkins and she wants you to think it too.

(Continued on Page 61)

A few
OF THE NEW
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
ALPHABETICALLY LISTED

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Round Up"
A George H. Melford Production

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

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A Cosmopolitan Production
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Dorothy Dalton in
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"Something to Think About"

Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"The Right To Love"

Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"

William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

*Douglas McLean in
"The Jailbird"

Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"

George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"

An All Star Production
"Held By the Enemy"

*Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"

*Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"

Wallace Reid in
"Toujours de l'Audace"
("Always Audacious")

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

*A Thos. H. Ince Production

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice-Pres. CECIL B. DEMILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

of Russia on either side was essential to that side's success, whilst Russia's sole and paramount interest demanded to avoid being drawn into the armed contest which sooner or later was bound to be the outcome of the perennial feud between them? Did it never occur to him that by entering into the agreement covered by the Declaration of London, with two Powers at once mightier and standing on a much higher plane of culture and civilization, Russia was placing herself in a position of inferiority in regard to them similar to that of Austria-Hungary and even Turkey in regard to the German Empire? Or was he sharing the naïve illusion of that distinguished member of the Duma who expressed to me his great admiration of Mr. Sazonoff's skillful statesmanship in having created a conjuncture which brought the two foremost civilized Powers of Europe to the side of Russia in the great war? And was he quite unconscious of the part Russia was really being made to play in that conjuncture?

However that may have been, the inexorable logic of events must have dispelled any illusions he may have entertained in this regard, which were, indeed, not of course justified, but to some extent explicable, on the ground of the readiness of his partners in the game of high politics to give their assent to the preposterous claim he appears to have put forward in March, 1915, on behalf of Russia to the future acquisition of Constantinople with part of Thrace and both shores of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, with a couple of islands thrown in—a part of those recently disclosed secret agreements.

In the meantime had been fought the Battle of the Marne, a victory for the Allies which decided irrevocably the final issue of the war by demonstrating the impossibility of France's being overpowered by a sudden onslaught, on the success of which the whole plan of campaign had been calculated by the German general staff. Henceforth the war was bound to become a long, protracted sanguinary struggle, which could end only in the material and moral collapse of the Central Powers as the obviously weaker side; not, however, without having profoundly affected for generations the peace and the prosperity of all Europe.

The time seemed to have come for an attempt to bring about the pacification of the world. It was plain that neutral countries were bound to reap certain material advantages from the possibility of exploiting the boundless needs of both belligerent sides, but it was no less self-evident that, though certain groups of men in these countries—manufacturers of war material of every conceivable kind, financial magnates, negotiators of loans, purveyors of foodstuffs, and so on—were going to be enriched beyond the dreams of avarice and no less than war profiteers in belligerent countries, nevertheless the masses of the people, even in neutral countries, were bound to become sufferers—and the greater sufferers the longer the war would last—from the fundamental disorganization of the economic life of the whole world and its attending evils, inseparable from a war on such a gigantic scale.

It seemed therefore that self-interest alone would have inspired the neutral Powers with the desire to bring about a termination of the war, whose indefinite prolongation with its fatal consequences to all Europe their statesmen could not have failed to foresee. The simplest way to reach such a result obviously would have been for all the neutral Powers to form a coalition, with the United States at their head, and to join in arms our side as the stronger one, so as to render it so overpoweringly strong as to enable it to enforce a peace upon such conditions as not hatred and vengeance but reason and statesmanship would dictate.

Such a coalition and such an armed intervention were, however, not to be thought of, if for no other reason than simply because it would have been impossible—or, perhaps it would be better to say, hardly possible—to establish between all of them a full agreement as to which of the two sides they would decide to join. For it must not be forgotten that in neutral countries not only unreasoning sympathies or hatreds but also reasoned opinions were at first very much divided.

In this regard it would not be inappropriate to observe that the importance attached by propaganda to this question of guilt and condign punishment for such guilt, together with the demand of a repentant spirit on the part of the defeated nations, constitutes a rather novel development in the history of warfare since the time when the defeated Roman legions at the Caudine Forks were made to crawl under the yoke erected by their Samnite victors.

There was, however, another way open to the neutral Powers in which they could, if so minded, have rescued the world from the calamity that has since overtaken it and whose full and sinister extent does not seem to be generally realized even yet. If they had united in a league, with the United States at its head, a real league to enforce peace, such a league might have offered its mediation to the belligerents, an offer which, under The Hague Convention, it would have been its unquestionable right, if not indeed its duty, to put forward, and which, as expressly stipulated in that convention, could not have been considered by either belligerent side as an unfriendly act—it would have been unthinkable that such an offer, backed by the colossal potential power and the commanding moral authority of the United States, paramount in its lofty disinterestedness, could have been declined by either the one or the other of the belligerent sides.

It stands to reason that the resultant peace conference would have led to the conclusion of a peace by negotiation, that particular bugbear of propaganda, but the only peace that could have become a lasting one and could have rendered possible the birth of a new international psychology, which President Wilson held to be the paramount need of our time—if, I would add, our race and civilization are to escape the fate of so many races and civilizations which have preceded ours, whose passing the history of mankind has registered. A vague, instinctive perception of the pressing, one might say tragically pressing, character of such a need seems, indeed, to prevail everywhere, and it explains the fervor with which the idea of the League of Nations was greeted at first and even now is still clung to by most lovers of peace, presumably in the belief that it will be instrumental in creating the much needed new international psychology, though its covenant is intertwined with the stipulations of a treaty based on conceptions which evidently render illusory any hope placed on a possible improvement in the psychology of mankind, at least in an appreciably near future.

But the most favorable moment for the intervention of a league of neutrals was allowed to pass by. Not one of the neutral Powers had realized the opportunity or had the foresight and enterprise to take the initiative in organizing such a league. Or was it the inscrutable design of fate that the leading nations of the white race should in this internecine, suicidal war blindly rush to their own undoing and ruin?

In the spring of 1915 the fortune of war, which in the beginning had favored our arms, at least in Galicia, had decidedly turned its back on us and, what I had always apprehended, the collapse of the bureaucratic apparatus under the strain of the war had begun. The first to break down, as was to have been expected, was the railroad administration. At the time of the mobilization it had functioned surprisingly well and had completed this huge operation with exemplary speed and efficiency. But when the disastrous retreat of our armies from Poland and Galicia had begun, complicated by the forced flight of millions of the unfortunate inhabitants of the devastated regions abandoned to the invading enemy, and when it became necessary to provide transportation for these millions to be distributed all over Russia and for the evacuation of the war industries from the threatened districts in the west, the railroad administration was no longer capable of coping with the immense task thrust upon it. The result was chaos and untold suffering for the millions of refugees, tens of thousands of whom were left dying by the roadside for want of transportation facilities and of care and assistance of any kind. The saddest part of this awful tragedy was that the devastation of vast territories and the forced flight of their inhabitants were organized by our own military authorities in conformity with the teachings, it seems, of the science of warfare, which demand that evacuated regions must be abandoned to an invading enemy in a condition approaching as near as possible that of a desert.

Next to break down was the system of providing for the armies the needed ammunition

(Continued on Page 46)

A Russian Council of War

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(Continued from Page 44

and war material of every kind. The fatal shortage of ammunition had made itself sorely felt during the retreat of our armies and was, indeed, said to have been the main cause of their defeat. Public indignation on this account was directed principally against the Minister of War, General Soukhomlinoff, and in the sequel, under the provisional government, caused his trial on charges, the most serious of which were not satisfactorily proved, only the minor ones—negligence and corruption in the administration of the Ministry of War—being substantiated. He was nevertheless sentenced to hard labor for life. But, characteristically enough, his real and most serious guilt, that of having advised the general mobilization when he must have known that it meant war and that Russia was little prepared for such an adventure, was but lightly touched upon during the trial. It should, however, be observed that the colossal expenditure of ammunition in this war surpassed the expectations of the war departments of all the belligerent Powers, not excluding that of Germany, which was undoubtedly the best prepared of all.

The disorganization of the economic life of the country and the advent of reckless finance had, of course, to be foreseen and could, indeed, not have been avoided under the circumstances. Not one of the belligerent countries escaped these baneful consequences of a war on such an unheard-of scale. The difference was only one of degree. Russia, being the weakest economically and financially of the Allied Powers, necessarily suffered the most in this respect. During the first part of the war, owing mainly to the prohibition of the sale of liquor and to the increased demand for agricultural produce for the army, the peasantry had been accumulating large sums of money and the deposits in the government savings banks had shown a very marked increase. But this prosperity was more apparent than real, nor was it lasting. Some seventeen million men had been mobilized for the war, of whom about eighty per cent were drawn from the peasantry. The withdrawal of such vast numbers of men in the prime of life from labor on the land, together with the requisition for the army of enormous numbers of horses and cattle, could not but have the most injurious effect on agricultural conditions all over the country—that is to say, on the main source of the country's prosperity.

But the most alarming feature of the situation was the composition of the personnel of the government and the conditions in which the ministers had to attend to the business of governing an immense empire. This is how it impressed a very able and observant foreigner:

"From the outbreak of the war," writes Mr. E. H. Wilcox in his interesting book Russia's Ruin, "down to that of the revolution it was always difficult to say who actually ruled Russia and what were his motives for ruling it in that particular way. There was never either homogeneity in the cabinet or consistency in its policy. It was never composed of men whose political convictions and administrative aims were all even approximately identical. Its deliberations never issued in a logical sequence of actions. . . . The members of these ill-assorted cabinets hated, despised and distrusted one another. Cordial cooperation between them was out of the question, and when, as not infrequently happened, the departments of two or more of them were called upon to work together at some common task on which the fate of armies depended, they wasted their time and energies and imperiled the national safety by childish disputes as to jurisdiction or by spiteful mutual obstruction. The nation and its representative institutions were first flattered and cajoled, then insulted and humiliated, then again flattered and cajoled. The Duma was convoked and assured that its cooperation was indispensable; but hardly had it got to work before it was prorogued, and the government bills were hurriedly adopted under Clause 87 of the Fundamental Laws, which allowed the cabinet in exceptional circumstances to pass legislation provisionally without parliamentary sanction. From a government which acted in this way, the kind of policy necessary to win the war was not to be expected."

It cannot be said that the picture thus presented was overdrawn. It is only to some extent marred by an incidentally introduced remark of the author to the effect that "at times, it seemed that the government earnestly desired to win the war; at other times, that it as earnestly desired to lose it." The proposition that any government under the sun engaged in a war, whether of its own seeking or not, could, under any conceivable circumstances, desire to lose it is, of course, preposterous.

There may have been among the members of the cabinet one or two men of superior insight who realized that Russia, as far as participation in this war was concerned, was already defeated, and that henceforth it could be only a question of saving what still could be saved from the wreck of her former greatness and prosperity. Russia was defeated, or rather was certain to be defeated, even before the war began, because the overwhelming majority of the people, unlike the educated classes, never felt, nor could possibly have felt, this war to be their war—a war for political objects they could neither understand nor have any sympathy with.

Two conditions were essential to have rendered it possible for Russia to participate with any hope of success in such a war as this war was bound to prove: Organization; and will to fight of the people. Both these conditions were absent. Nor would organization alone, however perfect, have availed to secure victory or even to avert defeat, if the spirit was not there in the masses of the people behind the army. Nothing could prove the soundness of this proposition more conclusively than the total collapse that overtook Germany, once the spirit of her people had failed. Also Russia was not defeated in the sense of her armies' having been beaten in decisive battles, nor because they had been compelled to abandon to the enemy vast regions in disastrous retreats—during the Napoleonic Wars our army, in those days a professional army of a few hundred thousand men, retreated beyond Moscow, and might have retreated to the very Ural Mountains without that having implied Russia's ultimate defeat; but she was defeated because the people, who had furnished the seventeen or more million soldiers—in other words, the nation in arms—were sick of the war and decidedly would have no more of it. That was the people's unmistakable will, as also it was their right—a right that could not be questioned, least of all, one should think, by the democracies of free nations.

It was also the truth, which no amount of propaganda could conceal and which only voluntary blindness could fail to see or moral cowardice could shrink from looking in the face. To bow to it would not only not have been a disgrace but was the bounden duty of the Sovereign and his government, a sacred duty they owed to the country and to the nation, for that was their only salvation. For having failed to see his true duty and to act upon it, the unfortunate Sovereign has paid with his life and the lives of those dearest to him, and Russia with her ruin and eclipse as a once great and powerful empire. Nor could there have been any betrayal of her Allies implied if Russia had told them the truth and signified to them her demand to begin in common negotiations aiming at the conclusion of a great general peace. To raise this question at the moment her vital interest demanded it was a right Russia had not and could not have renounced by putting her signature to the Declaration of London; for if she had, those who acted on her behalf would have been guilty of treason to their country and their people.

The real betrayal, however, of our Allies was the concealment from them of the truth. It was also a betrayal of the nation, because in order to conceal it efforts had to be made to force upon an unwilling people a continuation of the war until at last they revolted against it, which was the real underlying meaning of the revolution.

But there was, alas, no one in the cabinet possessed of sufficient insight and authority to insist upon the only policy being adopted which would have been compatible with Russia's honor and vital interest, and which if followed would have saved not only Russia but Europe from the catastrophal chaos they are weltering in at present.

I would observe at this point that the question of a separate peace had never been raised at any time or by anyone. Nor had any secret negotiations with the Central Powers been carried on by anyone behind the back of Russia's Allies. In this connection I may quote the opinion of a most

(Continued on Page 49)

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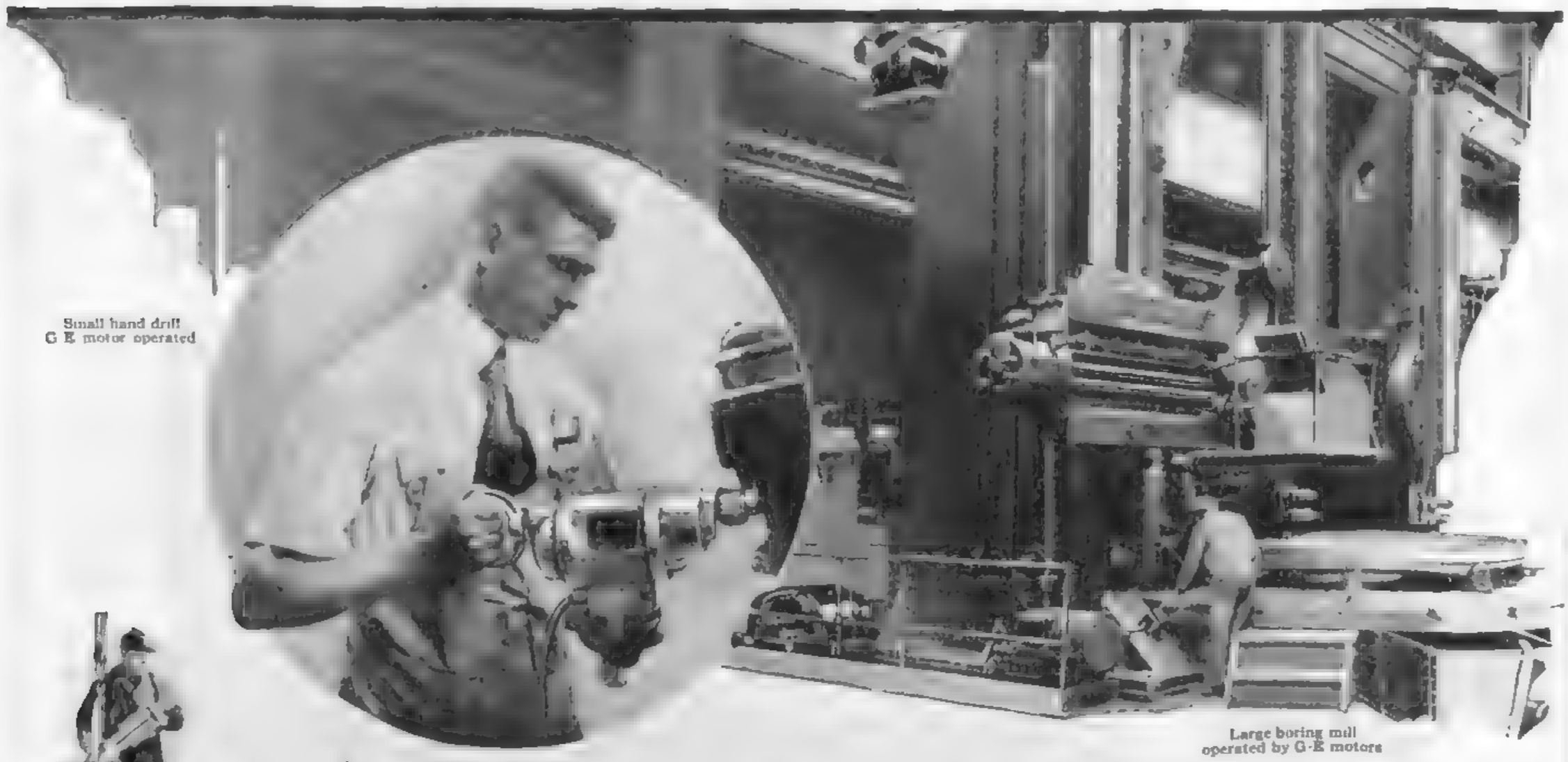

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equipped with
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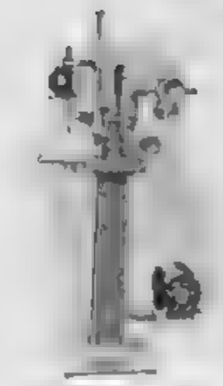

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Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

55B 37

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 46)

distinguished English publicist and unquestionably the greatest foreign authority on things Russian, Dr. E. J. Dillon, who, in his Eclipse of Russia, Page 381, writes:

"'The most painful impression of all,' Entente publicists tell us, 'was made by the perfidious conduct of Nicholas II in arranging for a separate peace in the year 1916–17 when his devoted Allies were shedding their blood and giving their substance ungrudgingly in his cause.' I cannot agree with them. I have made inquiries into this allegation and, although it is uncommonly difficult to prove a negative assertion, the upshot of my investigation comes as near to it as one can reasonably demand. So far as I have been able to ascertain there is not a tittle of evidence to show that Nicholas II had the intention to make a separate peace. That conditions being what they were his armies could not, with the best will in the world, have continued to fight much longer on the same scale as theretofore may be taken for granted. But it nowise follows that he would have concluded a separate peace. And from what I know of his mentality, of the motives to which he was most impressible and of the available evidence, I look upon that assumption as most improbable. Certain ignoble charges launched against the Tsaritsa, whose meddling in politics was disastrous to the Tsardom, are equally groundless and even more characteristic of those who first launched them."

These groundless accusations brought against Russia's Sovereigns—as Doctor Dillon, who certainly cannot be suspected of any bias in favor of them, or of Czardom, says—by Entente publicists, or let us say simply by war propaganda, were destined to play a most fatal part in subsequent events, as will be shown later. Doctor Dillon's opinion as to the groundlessness of these accusations is corroborated by documentary evidence recently come to light.

After the massacre by the Bolsheviks of the imperial couple and their unfortunate children, a quantity of papers, letters, diaries, and so on, was found among their effects in the house in which they had been confined at Ekaterinburg. Among them was a series of letters addressed by the Empress to the Emperor during the years 1915 and 1916. The representative at Moscow of a New York newspaper was permitted by the Bolshevist authorities to take copies of these letters, and they have recently been published in that paper. Their absolute authenticity is vouched for by the internal evidence of their contents, whose intimate character quite excludes the possibility of these letters having been the work of an imaginative forger. They show conclusively that the Emperor was very much under the domination of his wife, that she was a self-willed, ambitious, extremely religious, superstitious and hysterical woman, adoring her husband, worshiping her son, and heart and soul devoted to the country of her adoption, and that she was in her turn dominated by Rasputin, a common, totally uncultured peasant, gifted with a strange hypnotic fascination, whom she believed to be a man of God and to have some esoteric influence over her poor son's health. They also show that her influence was exercised exclusively in matters of domestic policy, and in a most unfortunate ultra-reactionary direction, and that Rasputin's influence over the Empress was used mainly to secure appointments to various, sometimes the highest, offices in the state for personages base enough to seek his favor and protection. But in the whole series of letters there is not one word showing that either the Empress or Rasputin ever had anything to say in regard to a separate or any other peace.

I find in a recent issue of an English newspaper a very exhaustive review of this correspondence, in which the writer summarizes its meaning as follows:

"The letters throw too valuable a light on the central figures of the Russian drama to be laid aside even by those who consider the main events of that drama to be the results of economic rather than human forces, and see in Nicholas II and his wife, Rasputin and Vyrubova no more than marionettes illustrating in little the decay of a system for the end of which they were not particularly responsible. If we take this view their littleness merely adds to the grandeur of the drama in which the Greek Fates are replaced by no less irresistible, no less impersonal forces, and, as in a tragedy of antiquity, the persons of the play seem to go through their parts, carefully, with precision, on a raft which a vast torrent, apparently unnoticed by them, is sweeping at terrific speed toward the final cataract. It is that drama on the doomed raft that these letters illumine."

Nothing could be more apt than this simile if applied not solely to the narrow circle the author of the article had in view, but to all Russia herself. Russia was indeed a huge raft swept on by an irresistible current, with no helmsman capable of directing its course, and with a crew of officials and party leaders equally purblind and incapable and at loggerheads among themselves; a raft doomed to perdition unless it could be guided into safety in the nick of time, before reaching the brink of the precipice and being shattered in the abyss of revolution and chaos yawning beyond.

The disquieting effect produced by the disastrous retreat of our armies from Poland and Galicia caused the government to take some steps which seemed to indicate a disposition to meet the wishes of the Intelligentzia. General Soukhomlinoff and some other ministers were replaced by less unpopular ones; members of the Duma and of the upper house were admitted to participation in the labors of government commissions dealing with questions connected with the war, the unions of zemstvos and municipalities were given more liberty of action in their work of army supply.

On the other hand the removal from the supreme command of the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch and his appointment to the vice-royalty of the Caucasus, brought about by the influence of the Empress under the suspected guidance of Rasputin, and for motives of her jealousy of the grand duke's popularity, was received by the public with mixed feelings, not so much on account of this removal in itself as because it led to the Emperor's taking supreme command himself.

Not that in a military sense it could have made much difference. As figurehead—and no man in his position could have been anything more—the grand duke had been very useful. War propaganda proclaimed him to be one of the greatest military leaders, and he was unquestionably very popular with the people at large, perhaps even more so than with the army. His was a picturesque personality. Very tall of stature, of distinguished and imposing mien, he produced the impression of a masterful man, the type of man in whom the people love to recognize a ruler. But the Empress' womanly jealousy, the typical jealousy an adoring wife is apt to feel in regard to her husband's supposed rival, was certainly most unreasonable and unjustified. The grand duke was the soul of honor and chivalrous loyalty, and the Emperor could not have had a subject more passionately, more heart and soul devoted to his Sovereign and to his country.

But the wisdom of the Emperor's decision to take supreme command of the armies himself appeared to be subject to the gravest doubts, not so much, of course, from a military point of view—the presence of the Sovereign among his troops was bound to have some favorable effect on their morale—but because his prolonged absence from the center of government would leave the field entirely free for all the sinister influences that were surrounding the Empress. On the other hand—in the words of the above-mentioned author of the review of her letters—"it is clear that the Tsaritsa lost a great deal of her influence on the Tsar as soon as he was out of her presence and far enough away to be relieved of that dread of hysteria in a companion which may make even a strong personality (which he was not) subservient to a weak. Hysteria in letters is less terrifying than hysteria in the next room."

The alarming condition of public affairs led in the course of the year to the formation in the Duma of a coalition among the Center, Octobrist, Progressive and Cadet parties with part of the Nationalists, which became known as the Progressive Bloc, leaving outside of it the Extreme Right, the remainder of the Nationalists and the Socialists. The program of the bloc, the result of patriotic compromise between the divergent views of the parties composing it, was a liberal, moderate and entirely reasonable one, which any government possessed of a modicum of constitutional experience and political understanding would have accepted unhesitatingly. The demand of the bloc "for the creation of a homogeneous government, composed of men enjoying

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the confidence of the country and willing to carry out, in harmony with the Legislative Chambers, as soon as possible a definite program aiming at the maintenance of domestic peace and the removal of differences between nationalities and classes"—Russia's Ruin, by E. H. Wilcox, Page 24—was no less reasonable and should have been granted immediately. For, once the ruling powers were determined—as they undoubtedly were—to continue to carry on the war, in disregard of the manifest unwillingness of the bulk of the people and of the crying need of the country, it was the height of folly not to conciliate at least the political parties who had been supporting and were anxious to continue to support the government's war policy. The government's insane domestic policy, which in the end could only—as actually happened—drive these parties into the arms of the revolution, was the more reckless as the fact of the close connection of some of the leaders in the Duma with certain important elements in the high army command could not possibly have been unknown to the ruling powers.

Though not affiliated with any of these parties and utterly opposed to their views in matters of foreign policy, and moreover fully aware of the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of a mere free-lance member of the legislature to save the government from its own folly, I nevertheless determined to sound a last note of warning, and with this object in view delivered in the Council of the Empire on August 22—September 4—1915, a speech, a translation of part of which is given herewith:

"When, in April, 1913, I warned you of the inevitability of a sanguinary dénouement of the European drama, evolved from the régime of alliances under which Europe has been living for the last twenty years; when I, on January 29, 1914, warned you of the imminence of this dénouement and besought you to give the most serious attention to the urgent necessity of a decided change of the course of our domestic policy—my words were received by a few with sympathy, by the majority with perplexity, and by those to whom they were more directly addressed with the sneering disdain of self-sufficient arrogance.

"We see now to what that course has led us. The catastrophe of the general European war has found us unprepared in a military sense, as well as in regard to our domestic affairs. It is our immediate duty to repair the neglect. Let us, before all, have the civic courage to look the reality in the face, such as it has developed from the events of the year. To everyone desirous and capable of viewing things with sober judgment—not only in our camp but in that of our adversaries as well—it cannot but be evident that, in this world contest between whole nations, neither side will be able to destroy the other, as in the beginning was believed by both sides to be possible, and is perhaps still believed to be possible under the influence of that sanguinary psychosis sent down to the peoples of Europe by an inscrutable design of Providence.

"The war has been going on now for more than a year, enormous flourishing regions have been ruined and devastated, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of young lives of the flower of manhood of great nations have been sacrificed, oceans of blood and tears have been shed, and no decisive result has been achieved. Still, a time must come when this suicidal, internecine war of the leading peoples of the white race will be terminated. But, given the approximate equality of the forces of the contending sides, and irrespective of the always possible variations of the fortunes of war, it is clear that the final issue will be determined by imponderable elements, which—let us hope so, and contribute to it with all means in our power—will be found to be in our favor and that of our Allies. I must try to explain my meaning:

"Putting aside all political, economic and psychological motives, the deep significance of the conflict before us and of the unshakable resolution of the Allies to fight to a finish against Germany's desire to dominate by brutal force the whole world, is the conviction rooted in the public mind that the German doctrine of 'Might is right' constitutes the gravest danger to the human race, and cannot be tolerated.

"In such a just cause the whole civilized world should have been on the side of the Allies, to say nothing of countries geographically so situated that they are in danger of having to share the fate of brave and hapless Belgium. Why is it then that in reality their attitude is somewhat different? It is undoubtedly in our power to remove one of the causes which make the public opinion in neutral countries hesitate about taking up an attitude favorable to us.

"In this struggle against German imperialism and absolutism for right and justice, for the freedom and independence of smaller nations, we fight hand in hand with the most advanced peoples in Europe, and we cannot win the sympathy of the civilized world unless we bring our internal front, so to speak, on a level with the political ideas of our valiant Allies and apply them in the administration of our border provinces and in the government of the nationalities forming part of the population of Russia.

"There are two diametrically opposed methods of government. One is the method adopted by our Allies. Its results were seen in the enthusiastic outbursts of patriotism throughout the self-governing British Colonies, and even among the non-English elements. They all rushed to the defense of the British Empire. Thanks to this method of government it was possible for England to intrust the chief command of the troops in South Africa to that very general who, sixteen years ago, led the Boers against the English, and who is now Prime Minister of the British South African Colony.

"The other method is that of the Germans. They have applied it to the population of Posen, Schleswig, Alsace and Lorraine, with the result that even the purely German portion of the population of Alsace retained its passionate attachment for France, who never treated them as second-rate citizens or as possible traitors to their country.

"In our policy toward our border provinces and toward the so-called non-Russian nationalities we have, to the greatest detriment of the real interests of Russia, followed closely the German system of government. We have even improved upon it by an addition of medieval religious intolerance. People may say that war is decided by military power and not by the degree of sympathy which neutral countries may show for the home policy of this or that state.

"The German Government obviously regards the question in a different light, or else it would not be spending millions on propaganda in all the countries, even the remotest in the world. Not only do we not counteract this propaganda but by our domestic policy we supply our enemies with weapons with which to set against us the public opinion of such countries as the United States of America—the only great neutral Power—and our neighbor, Sweden. It is inconceivable that those who guide our home policy should not be able to realize that by our medieval treatment of the Jewish population of Russia, and by our systematic outrages upon the constitutional habit of mind of the Finnish people, we are helping enormously the pro-German propaganda in neutral countries which our enemies carry on with lavish means, to the detriment of the cause of the Allies. The question is: Why has not our government settled these questions once and for all, as it did—alas, so late—the question of Polish autonomy? The only answer is that our government did not wish to renounce a traditional policy so dear to the hearts of our militant Nationalists.

"It is therefore incumbent upon the legislative chambers to assist the government in this matter and to introduce bills abolishing all the restrictive laws against the Jews, and canceling the law of June seventeenth concerning Finland.

"Such measures would undoubtedly facilitate the task of the government in international matters, and would meet with the lively appreciation of all of our valiant Allies.

"We must bear in mind that this great European war is not only a conflict of interests but also of ideas and principles. In fighting against German militarism Russia is taking her stand on the side of those who fight for the triumph of the idea of right and freedom, and it is necessary that no more shall there be people in Russia oppressed or deprived of their rights."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty fourth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue

from GUESSWORK to a SCIENCE

How the Chart established America's Supremacy in Scientific Automobile Lubrication

"EVERY great scientific truth," said Agassiz, "goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it."

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In its early history the Vacuum Oil Company Chart of Automobile Recommendations did not escape belittlement. But by the sheer soundness of the scientific principles advanced, and by the sheer quality of the grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils provided, the outcome was never uncertain.

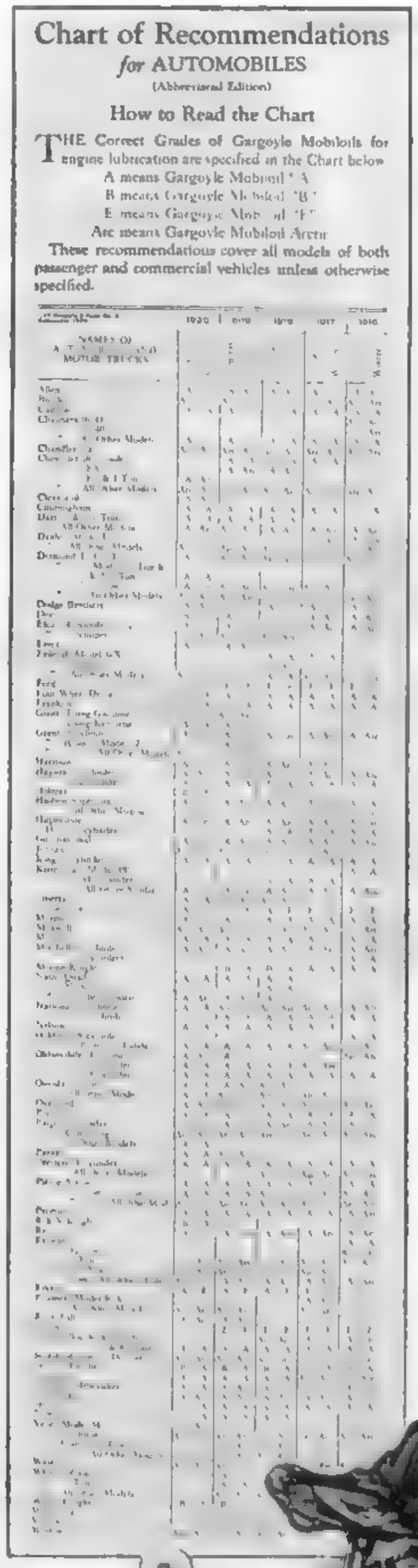
Chart of Recommendations
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How to Read the Chart

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A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
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These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

The Chart first appeared when touring cars were advertised as "double phaetons"—when the fashionable automobile was characterized by red paint and a great deal of exterior brasswork.

Today no one longer questions the soundness of the advice given through the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Recommendations. This Chart points the way to scientific automobile lubrication the world over. Over a million copies have been distributed in the United States during 1920. Hundreds of thousands of copies are in active use in all parts of the globe.

The Chart, and the several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils have thus established America's supremacy in the field of scientific automobile lubrication.

To follow the Chart is to admit that science and experience count in automobile lubrication as well as in other fields of endeavor.

If the partial Chart shown here does not list your car, send for a copy of our book "Correct Automobile Lubrication," which contains the complete Chart. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

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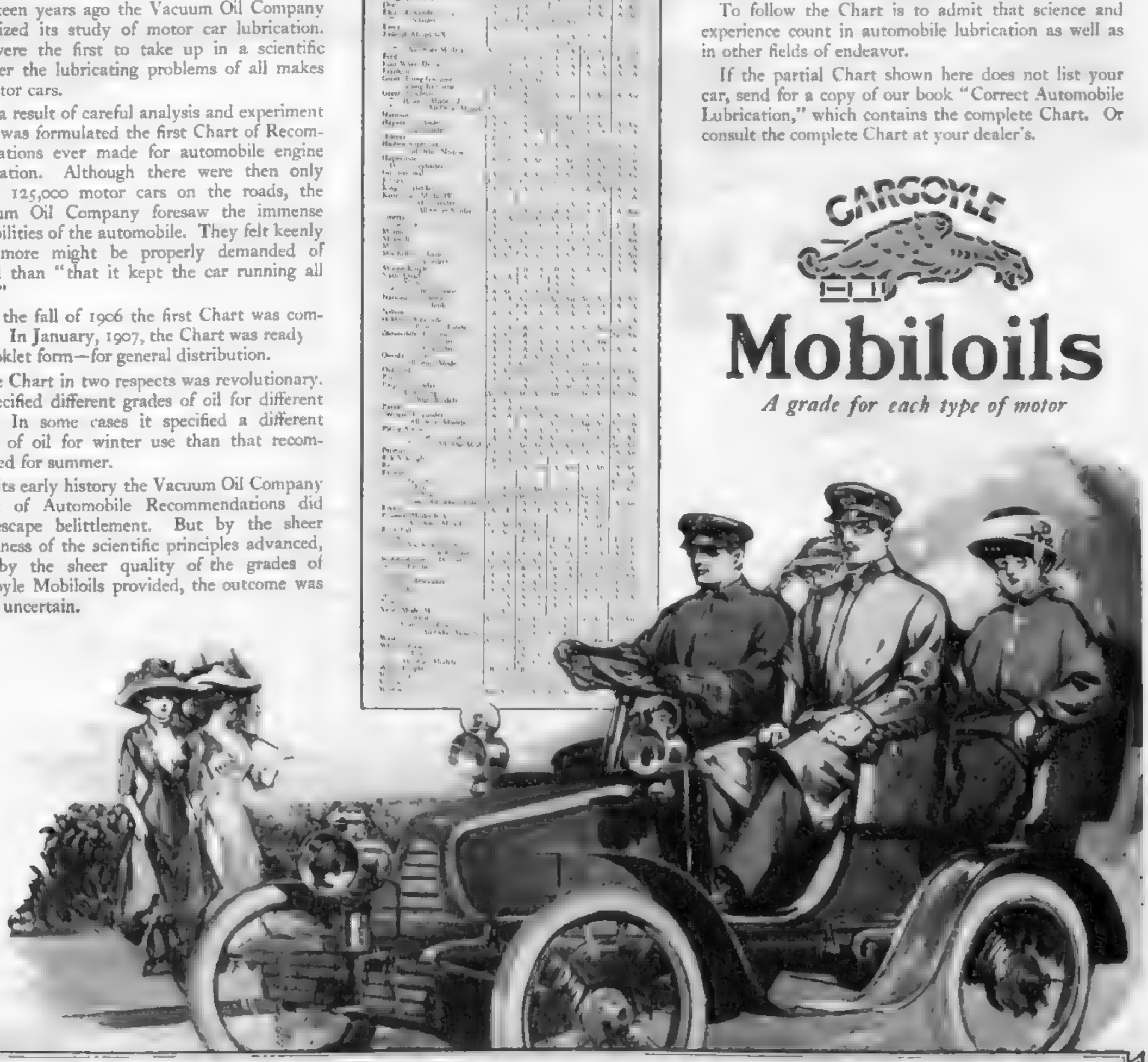

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from Page 29)

time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses or either of them"; and the Congress must submit all bills to the President for his approval or veto; but these Constitutional requirements rather help to keep apart the executive and the legislative departments than to bring them together to talk it over.

It has been suggested that the Vice President might be the medium through which the President and Congress could get together and talk it over, but the Vice President is not a part of either machine. He presides over the Senate but has no vote and is not a member of any committee to have information as to the preparatory work of legislation; nor is he in any way identified with the executive department to have any knowledge or information touching its policies and plans. His peculiar position is a natural encourager of hesitancy about butting in on either side, through the fear of a reminder to attend to his own official business, if he has any.

To talk it over, there must be the initiative from the Executive or the legislature outside Constitutional obligations and Constitutional methods; and the dignities, prerogatives and restraints that hedge about both are calculated to hinder instead of promote either in taking the initiative. Tradition does not represent George Washington as talking it over with Congress except in formal addresses. Jefferson was more given to talking things over with senators and representatives before and after he was President than while in office; so it was with Jackson and Van Buren. Lincoln did not have great success in trying to talk over matters with the lawmakers even in war, while Johnson held so aloof from the legislators and got into so many disputes with them that he invited impeachment. Grant and Hayes, Cleveland and Harrison had hostile Congresses through parts of their administrations, and little experience or adaptability for talking it over with congressmen.

Roosevelt's Plan

McKinley and Roosevelt were the two Presidents who were more successful in this kind of coöperation, and they had different methods. McKinley's long service in Congress had given him the experience with legislative methods and the personal acquaintance with legislators to enable him to talk things over with them and learn the sentiment in Congress before he sent his formal recommendations. He talked freely with all senators and representatives about legislation as well as about patronage when they called at the White House, and sometimes was accused of trading; but he was better informed and had more influence in legislation than most of his predecessors. He had one embarrassment, however. He and Speaker Reed had long been associated in the House, but they had been rivals for the Presidential nomination, and never talked things over after that. They occupied the two most responsible positions in the Government, but their relations were strictly official. They never discussed questions at close range while one was President and the other Speaker of the House, because each felt the reserve that hedged him within his own duties and prerogatives. McKinley's relations were closer with the Senate than with the House because he could talk with chairmen of Senate committees without being suspected of ignoring any general manager of that body, inasmuch as the Vice President has no part in legislation.

President Roosevelt adopted a plan of talking it over that was more successful than those of his predecessors. He considered the Speaker as the general manager of the House, where all legislation for revenues and appropriations must originate, and he talked it over with the Speaker as he would with the head of a big corporation. President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon had not been personally intimate before they found themselves in positions which suggested conference over party and government policies. They were not alike in many things; had different tastes, different experiences, different views and different methods of accomplishing things. Roosevelt was always progressive and sometimes radical; Cannon was conservative and accused of reactionary tendencies. They had differed over questions of legislation when Roosevelt occupied the positions of Civil Service Commissioner and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Cannon held the position of chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House.

There were many opportunities for friction, and many people predicted clashes between the President and the Speaker, but they were disappointed for a long time—seven years. They began teamwork from the time Mr. Cannon was agreed upon as the Republican candidate for Speaker, nearly a year before he was elected to the office, but President Roosevelt knew that Cannon would be the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress, and freely talked things over with him during the last session of the Fifty-seventh Congress while Cannon was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. They continued to talk things over for seven years and they accomplished more in the way of popular legislation than had been accomplished in any other seven years. They talked over the problems of the Administration in a free and easy way with the pros and cons, just as two responsible men talk over their problems before they give the plan to the public.

Origin of the Speaker's Dinner

An incident that promoted this teamwork between the President and the Speaker was more social than political. The President invited the Speaker to the first official dinner of the season. The Speaker should have accepted that invitation as an official duty as well as a personal pleasure; but before he received the President's invitation he had sent out invitations for a dinner to members of the House, and many of the invitations had been accepted. He should have recalled the invitations and canceled his dinner; but he concluded to explain the situation to the President and talk it over. President Roosevelt laughed over the matter, but insisted that the Speaker should give his dinner, and suggested that the two official dinners on the same date would start the official season with a rush; and he could have the Speaker at his next official dinner.

But the next dinner at the White House was to the diplomatic corps, with the place of honor to the dean of the corps, and the place on the President's left to the Secretary of State as assistant host.

"Where am I to place the Speaker?" inquired the President, and Assistant Secretary Adee, then authority on official etiquette, replied that there could be no place for the Speaker at a diplomatic dinner. President Roosevelt sent for the Speaker and explained his predicament.

"Adee says that I can't invite you because you are Speaker of the House and can't sit anywhere but next to the host. I'll have to invite you to the next dinner, when the Ambassadors and the Secretary of State will not be present."

Mr. Cannon replied that individually he would prefer to sit near the foot of the table with the young people, but he supposed the President was right, for if he occupied such a place at the President's table some members of the House might inquire if the President had put a slight on the legislative department; and the invitation was again postponed.

The next dinner was to the judiciary, with the Chief Justice as the guest of honor, and the Attorney General as assistant host.

The President again called the Speaker and explained: "I can't invite you to this dinner because you are Speaker and you can't sit anywhere except next to the President. I'll settle it by giving a dinner to the Speaker of the House, where I can give proper recognition to Congress."

That was the origin of the Speaker's dinner, which has become one of the official functions at the White House.

Later the Speaker gave a dinner to the Gridiron Club, and invited the Vice President, the cabinet, the judiciary, diplomats, the Army and Navy, and many men prominent in business and in literature. When he called on the President to talk things over, Roosevelt with apparent seriousness exclaimed: "Ah, Mister Speaker, the expected clash has come, and by your initiative. You are giving a dinner to the Gridiron

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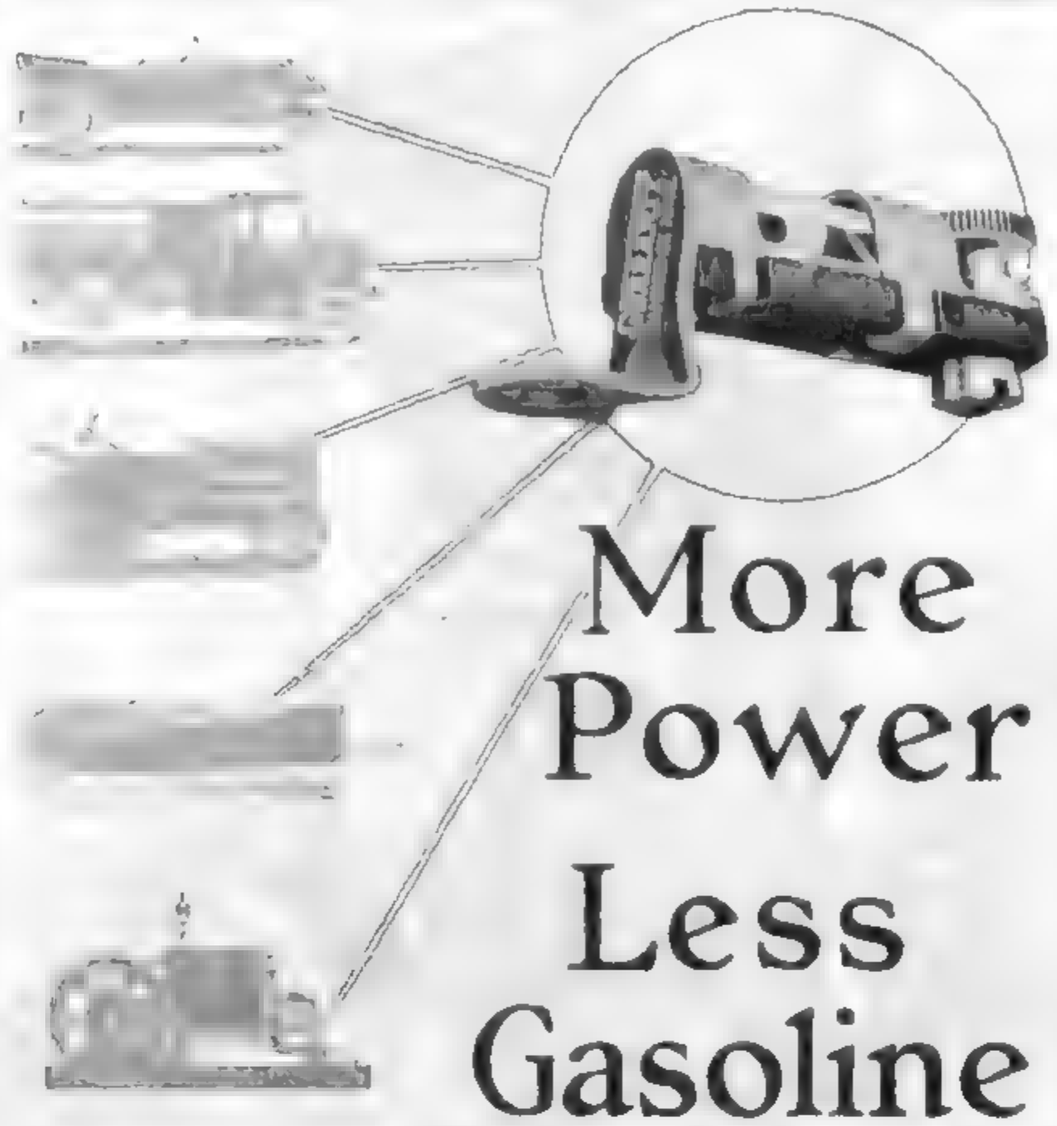

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Any Guaranty Spark Intensifire that fails to do what we claim may be returned within ten days and the full purchase price will be promptly refunded without argument.

$1.00 each—one needed for each plug. In Canada $1.50

Enclosed in tempered glass. No possibility of danger.

Order From Your Dealer—Or Mail Coupon

Why go on wasting gasoline? Order a set of Guaranty Intensifires NOW. *Your Dealer* probably has them in stock, but if not use the Money-Back Coupon. Test it out *now*—before you forget.

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In "*Guaranty*," you have a Spark Intensifire that you can actually GUARANTEE.

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The "*Guaranty*" is a thoroughly competent invention which stands up ruggedly to its claims. It is creating a sensation among motorists wherever tested out. Dealers everywhere report it the fastest selling accessory ever handled. Your customers have been reading about it in The Saturday Evening Post and other National publications for several months, and you will serve them and yourselves by placing a small order at once.

We recommend our Introductory Offer consisting of 39 Intensifires billed at only 3 dozen and at the gross rate. Unique counter display stand, attractive window signs and a full supply of circulars included with every order.

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find $____ for ____ Guaranty Spark Intensifires. If they do not do what you claim for them the undersigned will return them within 10 days and you will refund the money.

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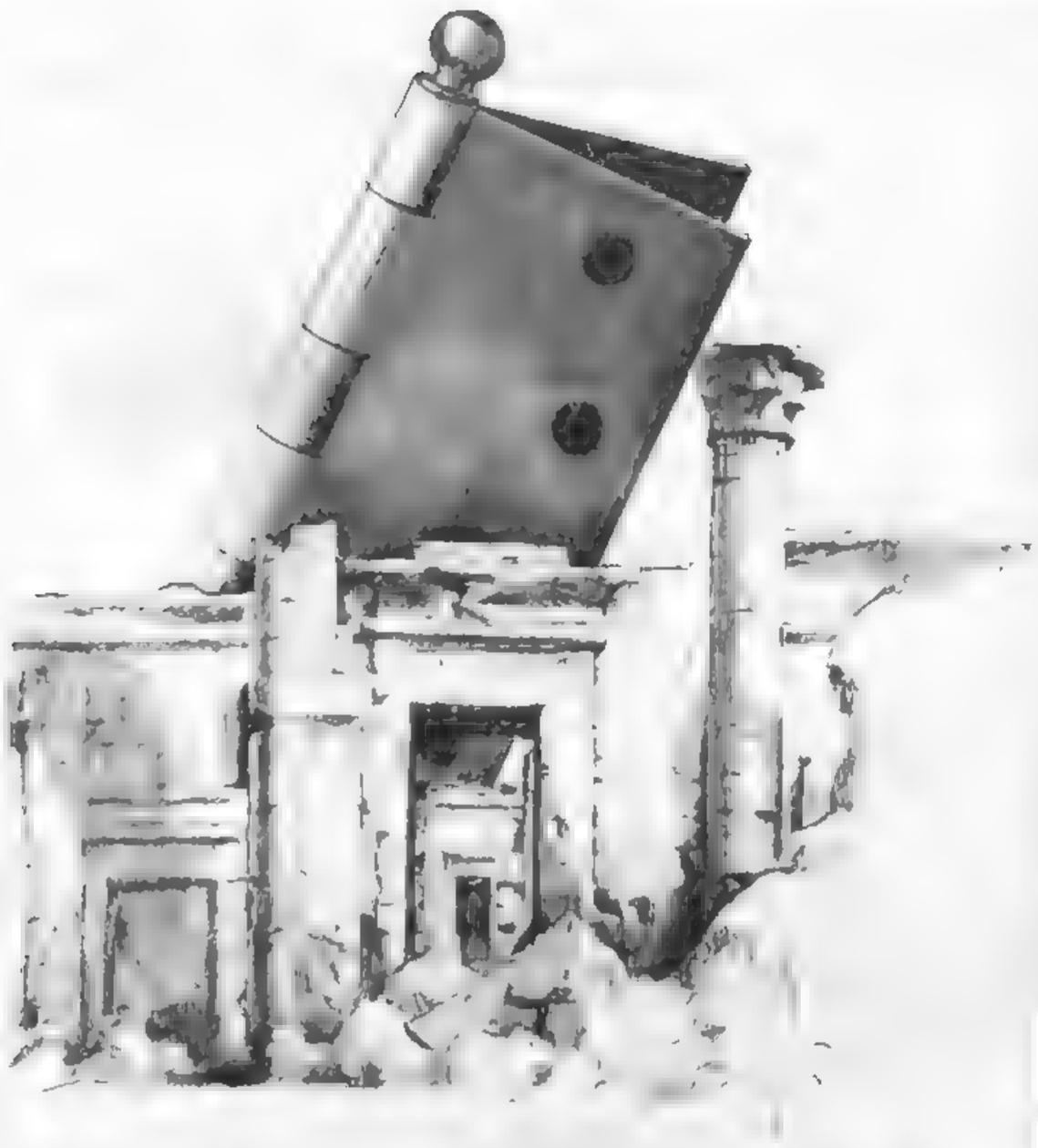

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CARRY your thoughts back 3200 years. Israel was enslaved. Pharaoh ruled Egypt. Seated on his throne he awaited Moses and Aaron. Their mission was to demand a three-day exodus into the wilderness for their two million captive followers. Given audience, they entered and passed through massive doors swung on brass hinges. Think! Hinges in use 1300 B. C.

This very throne room is now being uncovered five strata below the present level of Egypt. The palace containing this room stood in ancient Memphis—two thousand years old at the time of Moses.

It is a far cry from the time of thriving Memphis to the present. The world has grown. Yet through the ages the simple, often unnoticed hinge has remained in constant use.

Hinge making is important. Hinge usefulness is universal. The McKinney Manufacturing Company realized this when they designed their first hinge fifty years ago. It set a standard for the millions that have followed since.

You can get McKinney Hinges and Butts to match any architectural design. They combine artistic taste and practical everyday usefulness. From mansion portal to humble door they fill every hinge need perfectly.

When in need of hinges for building or repairs locate the McKinney dealer in your neighborhood. He is a good man to deal with and McKinney Service is a reward worth seeking.

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Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks.
These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

Club and have invited everybody but me. What does this mean?"

"Yes," replied the Speaker, "but I consulted your oracle, Adee, and was informed that the President could not be invited to meet anybody, great or small; and the Gridiron Club is to be the guest of honor. I'm in the same predicament you were in over your diplomatic dinner. I'm sorry, but I can't invite you."

Roosevelt laughed and replied, "By George, our social oracle may be right but embarrassing. How about the President inviting himself? I'll do that, and accept at the same time."

That settled the matter, and it was at that dinner Roosevelt first made his muckraker speech, which was more picturesque and more specific than the speech he made in public later.

These two incidents did more than emphasize the social place of the Speaker in the Roosevelt Administration. They naturally contributed to the President's recognition of the Speaker as the representative of Congress in his relations with the legislative branch of the Government; and he more and more relied on his talks with the Speaker to prepare the way for closer cooperation between the two departments that must work together in carrying out party policies. The President and the Speaker talked it over in advance of messages or the initiative of legislation; the President freely outlining his plans to the Speaker and the Speaker talking it over with the party leaders in the House and the chairmen of committees to which the various parts of the message would be referred. It was teamwork as old as the world in business to talk things over before proceeding to make public the plans; and Roosevelt applied the same method to government, recognizing the Speaker as the general manager of the House, where the legislation should begin.

Advising Roosevelt

After the presidential election in 1904, Roosevelt thought it might be a good plan to discuss the tariff in his annual message and give assurance that the next Congress, already elected, would revise the tariff schedules. He prepared such a paragraph as a tentative part of his message and sent a copy to the Speaker, who was in Illinois, requesting suggestions. The Speaker replied that the message was fine, but he doubted the wisdom of announcing to the Fifty-eighth Congress in December what would be done by the Fifth-ninth Congress the next summer or fall; because it would start agitations for contradictory schedules and might halt production and consumption, derange business and endanger the existing prosperity. His experience had been that a promise to revise the tariff was quite as embarrassing as the actual revision, because of the timidity of business in facing a future condition that could not be definitely outlined. He thought it would be better for the Fifth-eighth Congress to close up its business and leave the work for the Fifth-ninth Congress to be outlined by the President when he was ready to call on that Congress to revise the tariff. President Roosevelt eliminated that paragraph from his message after it had been given to the press associations, and it caused much comment; but it was simply the result of talking it over. The Speaker's suggestion appealed to the President and he confined his message to the work before the Fifty-eighth Congress.

But the tariff had not been revised for eight years and many people, especially a large association of manufacturers, continued to agitate for revision. In February, 1905, the President called a conference of Republican senators and representatives to talk over the situation. He called to the White House Senators Aldrich, Allison, Cullom, Hale and Platt of Connecticut; Speaker Cannon and Representatives Payne, Dalzell, Sherman, Grosvenor and Tawney, and said to them that he had been so repeatedly urged by business men to recommend tariff revision that he thought of calling an extra session of the Fifty-ninth Congress in the summer or fall, and of discussing the question in his inaugural address on March fourth. He requested the senators and representatives to express their opinions freely, as he wanted advice. Senator Aldrich expressed approval, though he had planned a trip to Europe to study the subject. Senators Allison and Cullom, and Representatives Payne, Grosvenor and Tawney approved. Senator Platt did not approve and he expressed his dissent quite emphatically, to the effect that a promise in March to revise the tariff in July or September would do more harm than the revision, because it would halt production and importation to await the outcome of the revision. It would develop a waiting attitude instead of a constant drive ahead in all lines of business.

The Speaker came last and indorsed the views of Senator Platt, and at the conclusion the President grinned as he remarked that the consensus of opinion—expressed by two of the ten—appeared to oppose the plan, and he would not mention the tariff in his inaugural address. He had great confidence in the Connecticut senator, and the senator was always frank in his advice when called for. Roosevelt never recommended tariff revision in any of his messages to Congress, because he talked the matter over with men in whom he had confidence who would have to do the work.

President Roosevelt talked over with the Speaker nearly every serious recommendation to Congress before he made it, and he requested the Speaker to sound out the leaders in the House, for he did not want to recommend legislation simply to write messages. He wanted results and he wanted to know how to secure results with the least friction. Contrary to newspaper reports of that day, the President and the Speaker talked over the propositions for pure-food legislation, immigration, the Army, the Navy, Cuba, the Philippines and many other subjects, before he prepared his messages, and they were more often in accord than opposed. There were many reports of friction between them, but Roosevelt wrote to the Speaker: "I care not a rap about the reports of clashes and the predictions of clashes between you and me. We can handle that matter ourselves. Come up some evening for a long talk—Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday evening about nine-thirty, if you can—so that we shall be free from interruption, and let me know when to expect you."

Such invitations went to the Speaker every week and often two and three times a week, and they were always accepted, making the calls of Mr. Cannon at the White House more frequent than those of any other member of Congress, and the frequency of his calls excited comment, but they were nearly always at the request of the President, to talk it over. Some of these calls were in the morning before the House met, but many were in the evening when both men were free from other engagements and free from interruption, and were unknown to even the White House reporters. They talked long and earnestly, and they did not always agree as to the wisdom or the necessity for certain legislation. They often disagreed as to the exact character of legislation to be proposed, but they thrashed out their personal differences in private discussion and generally reached a tentative agreement, leaving the Speaker to consult with the leaders in the House and iron out the situation.

Exchanging Viewpoints

They talked about pure-food legislation a number of times, and the Speaker sent Chairman Hepburn and James R. Mann, who had charge of such legislation, to talk with the President as to how the Senate Bill, passed without much consideration, could be made an effective and workable pure-food law. It was the Mann Bill that became the law, with the President's hearty approval. He may have thought the Senate Bill covered the question, but after full discussion with the Speaker, Chairman Hepburn and Mr. Mann, he changed his mind and was delighted with the result.

The President and the Speaker talked over the immigration question, and both modified their views as they talked. The President admitted that he was openly committed to the Senate Bill, and the Speaker as frankly admitted that he was opposed to that bill, and expressed the opinion that a majority of the House was opposed to it. With this basis of disagreement they talked many times and consulted the opinions of many other members of Congress and other men in no way connected with public life, some of them representing church views, some business views and labor views. These were conflicting, especially when publicly expressed. They could not be brought together in public discussion in debate in the House or in the newspapers. The compromises were worked

(Continued on Page 57)

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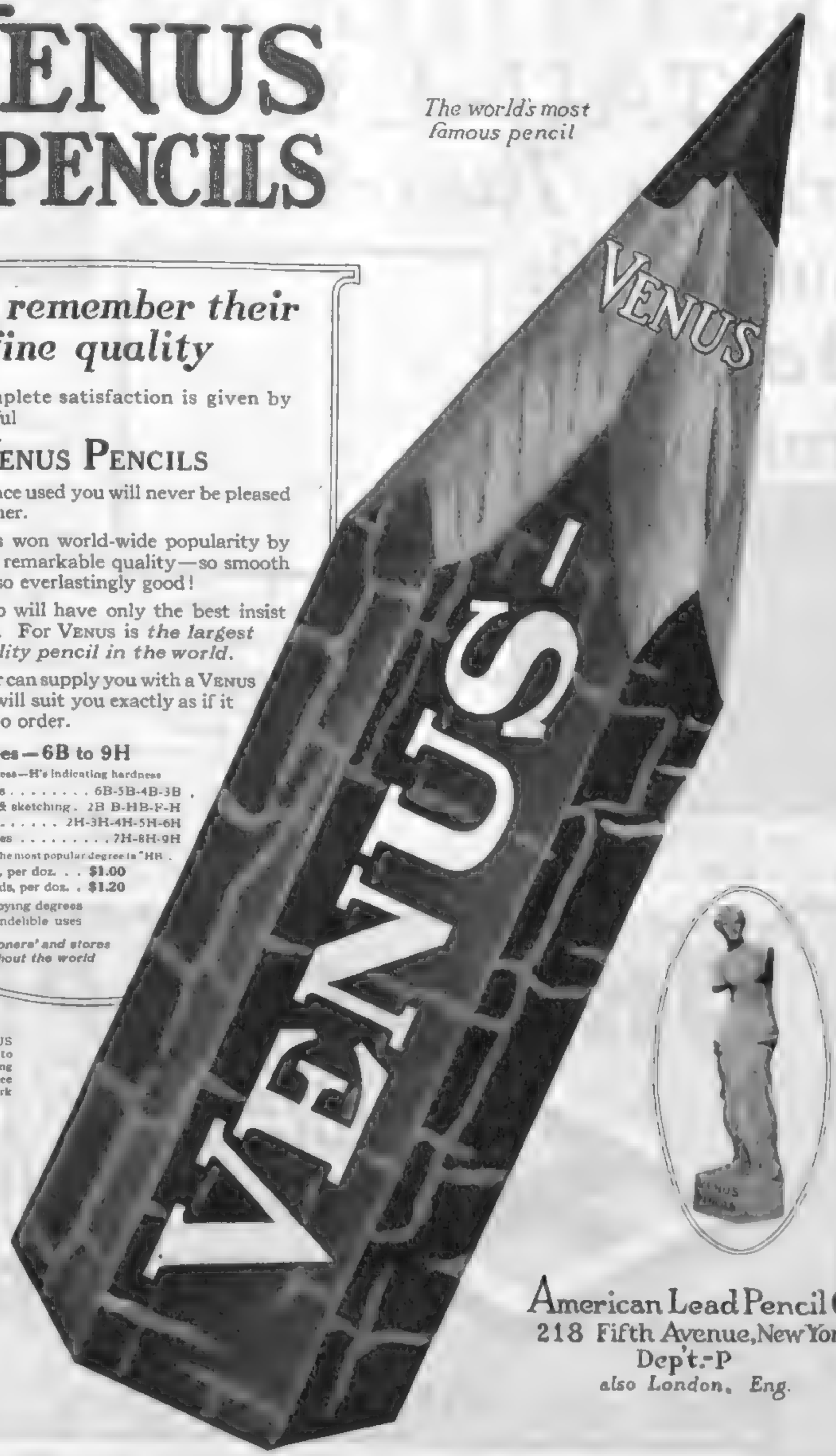

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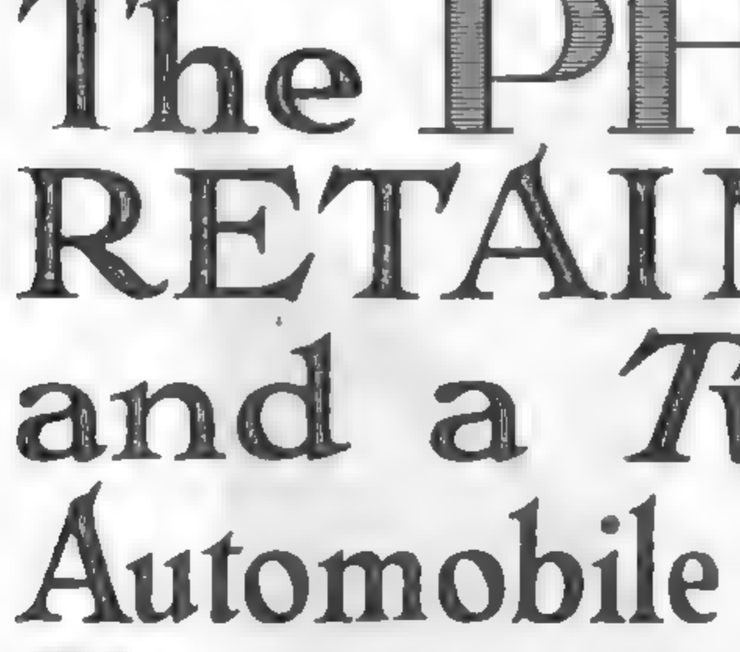

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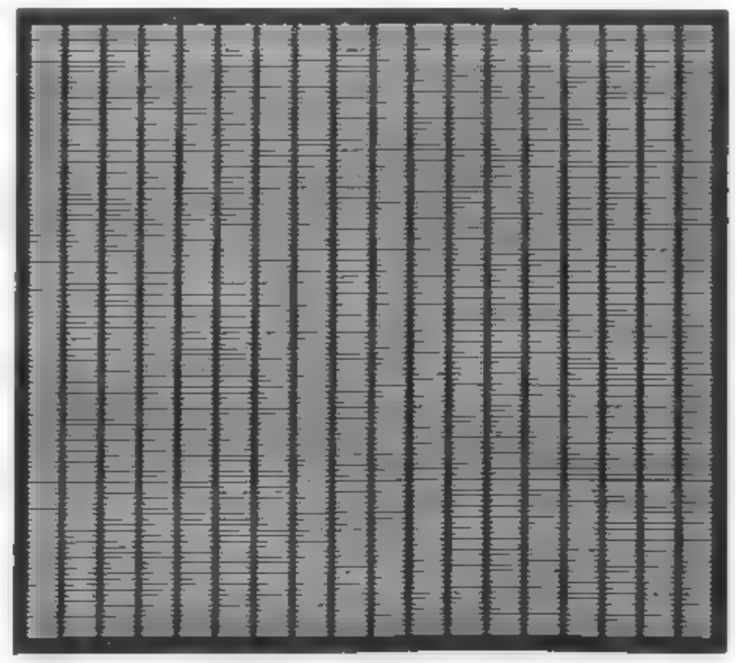

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BEFORE the development of the Philco Retainer, the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery was guaranteed for eighteen months. Eighteen months even now is an exceptionally long guarantee.

The Two-Year Guarantee on the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery with the Philco Retainer is therefore a contract which could not be entered into lightly or without a major structural improvement to justify it.

The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer, judged by its results, is the greatest advance in battery construction since the Diamond Grid.

THE Retainer holds the active material on the plates and at the same time permits the free circulation of acid and current, because of its slotted construction. The slots are so numerous that they allow the unrestricted passage of acid and current, but each slot is so narrow that the active material cannot readily pass thru.

It is the active material which produces the current. As long as it stays in place the battery is still workable. When it falls off, as it tends to do in any battery as it grows older, the battery becomes unable to produce current, and no repair can save it.

The Philco Retainer, by holding the active material in place far beyond its unsupported life, is thus the justification for the Two-Year Guarantee.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

(Continued from Page 54)

out by the President and the Speaker, talking it over in private, and then working along their respective lines to secure results. The public was not taken into the confidence of the two leaders, and some members of Congress long remained in ignorance of the changes in the President's views as publicly expressed in the beginning, by talking it over.

Similar conferences were held on the Hepburn Railroad Bill, and they resulted in the bill substantially as it passed the House. The President's greatest trouble over that bill was with the Senate, but through coöperation with the Speaker he secured more of the essential features of the House Bill than of the Senate amendments. These compromises were worked out in private conferences between the President, the Speaker and Senate leaders, while the open fight continued on the floor of both House and Senate and in the press. That very important law was the result of talking it over.

There was friction between the President and the chairman of the Committee on Agriculture over the Meat Inspection Bill, introduced as a result of the sensational report of an investigation of the Chicago packing houses, and there were stories of clashes between the President and the Speaker. But the Speaker talked over the situation with the President and then sent to him a member of the committee in whom he had confidence as to expert knowledge of the subject, and the House Bill became the law. It was another case where the President thought there should be legislation but did not have information as to just what should be done. He had accepted the Senate Bill as the initiation of his recommendation, but changed his mind after talking it over. The clashes over that legislation left bitter enmities between the President and one of his oldest friends, but they did not interfere with the Speaker talking it over with the President and finding a compromise before the bill left the committee to be battled over on the floor.

One message of President Roosevelt was not submitted to the Speaker before it was made public, and it created a big and unnecessary rumpus in the House. It was Roosevelt's last annual message. He had been much disappointed with two provisions of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill passed at the first session of the Sixtieth Congress. The Committee on Appropriations had failed to provide what he considered sufficient appropriation for the investigation of the accounts of common carriers, and had placed a provision in the law restricting the activities of the secret service. The President had approved the bill, but in his annual message at the beginning of the next session he criticized the committee in a way that brought open resentment from the whole House.

The Only Roosevelt-Cannon Clash

Roosevelt had not carefully considered the old jealousies of the legislative branch of the Government as to its prerogatives and its equality with the Executive; and when he made an attack on one committee of the House the whole House was up in arms.

The Speaker was surprised at the attack in the message, but it was too late to talk it over after the fat was in the fire. The row had to take its course in the open, and it was one of the liveliest seen in the House during the Roosevelt Administration. The Speaker tried to keep the House in proper restraint and suggested a committee to confer with the President and request the grounds for his accusations; but the President was angry and he sent another message, which the House, by a decidedly one-sided vote, laid on the table, a severe retaliation very rarely resorted to by either house of Congress.

While the House was considering the report of the first committee the President telephoned to the Speaker to come and talk it over. The Speaker went to the White House, and they did talk it over in emphatic language. The President justified his message and the Speaker condemned it as beyond the prerogatives of the Executive to criticize the House, any committee or any member of the House, whatever his disappointment or grievance. The House and the Senate had always resented such criticisms and would so long as Congress remained a coördinate department of the Government. The President hinted that if forced to send another message he would bring the attack on the secret service very close to the Speaker, and the Speaker, unable to guess any other meaning than an implied insult, turned on his heel.

The two men parted in anger, and the breach between President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon had come after seven years of talking it over. It had come because they had failed to talk it over before the message was sent. The President had been imposed upon. Someone had placed in his hands a newspaper clipping criticizing the secret service. It had been written by a Washington correspondent who afterward became secretary to the Speaker, but it had been written and published before Mr. Cannon became Speaker, and its inspiration had been the dangerous accident to the President when he came near being killed by a trolley car striking his carriage. The date of the publication, six years before, had escaped the President's attention, and in his suspicious frame of mind over the reply to his message he jumped to the conclusion that it had been written in the Speaker's office and inspired by the Speaker. He did not learn of his mistake until the Select Committee of the House reported the facts and used them to show the weakness of the whole attack on the House.

That was the one serious clash between the President and the Speaker during the Roosevelt Administration, and it was a clash between the President and the House; and the House laid the message on the table, with Republicans and Democrats, warm friends of Roosevelt as well as his critics, expressing condemnation and voting together, because all members felt that it was an attack by the Executive on the legislative branch of the Government, and they voted to resent it. But the President and the Speaker soon resumed their talks over matters, perhaps over that unfortunate message; and they continued to exchange personal letters until the end of the Administration.

Unofficial Messages

I have been permitted to read this correspondence, which covered seven years of the most interesting political history of the country; and the foregoing record is but an epitome of what is there set down in a hundred or more letters on all sorts of subjects. This correspondence is unofficial and personal, for all official communications from the President to the Speaker were laid before the House and became part of the official records. The letters marked "Personal," both on the envelope and the heading, were placed in the private files of Mr. Cannon and treated as confidential, though many of them were about matters of public interest, and some almost trivial as the President thought of some story or experience which might interest the Speaker. Some were short notes requesting the Speaker to come up and have a talk, and others discussed proposed legislation with more or less detail, though generally urging the need of the legislation and desiring to talk it over.

In some of the letters the President repeated the views of senators, representatives, business men, college men, labor men and ministers, who had poured suggestions into his ear, all so earnest and so conflicting that he felt the need to talk it over. He rarely preferred a specific request as to details in these letters. He would suggest legislation and request the Speaker to talk it over with Payne, Dalzell, Foss, Tawney, Hepburn, Hull, Mann and others who would have to do the work in committee. Sometimes he would write, "Can't you get Foss to liberalize his appropriations for the Navy? I'd like to have four battleships and think I ought to have not less than three"; or "Won't you jog Tawney about that appropriation?" or "What does Hepburn think about pure food?" In some of his letters he gives his comment on "reformers" and "muckrakers" who have "advised" him; and sometimes he would recall the newspaper reports of clashes between him and the Speaker. In one letter he begins, "You will think I am the horseleech's daughter, and keep on saying 'Give! Give!' But ——" And then he proceeds to suggest a modest appropriation. And in another, "I don't insist on my estimates, but I think I ought to have something."

He addressed his correspondent as "Mister Speaker," "Mr. Cannon," "Dear Friend," "Uncle Joe" or "Czar Joe," according to his mood and the seriousness or the humor of his communication. Many letters give accounts of suggestions made

60 Dishes Like That

At the cost of three chops

The large package of Quaker Oats serves 60 dishes. And it costs about the price of three chops, or nine eggs, or one fish.

Each dish of Quaker Oats supplies supreme nutrition. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As vim-food and food for growth nothing grows to match it.

Why pay ten times as much, or more, to serve a lesser food for breakfast, when oats are so delicious?

Compare Calory Values

Foods are measured by calories, the energy unit. The large package Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories.

Note the table at right. See how much it takes of other good foods to equal 6,221 calories.

It takes 60 pounds of assorted vegetables to equal in calory value a package of Quaker Oats.

1 Package Quaker Oats in calory value equals	
About	89 eggs
Or	9 quarts milk
Or	17 lbs. mackerel
Or	7 lbs. round steak
Or	9 lbs. veal cutlets
Or	21 lbs. potatoes
Or	24 lbs. bananas

Compare the Costs

Cost Per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	1½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hens' eggs	60c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Compare the cost per 1,000 calories. See table at side, based on prices at this writing.

Note that meat, egg and fish breakfasts cost 8 or 9 times a breakfast of Quaker Oats. And none of them are such balanced foods, none so good for children.

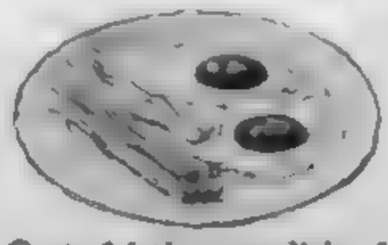
This argues strongly for Quaker Oats breakfasts. Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Save on your breakfasts—perhaps 35c—by serving these delicious and nutritious Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Food of Foods at its Best

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The flavor makes the oat dish famously inviting, and it costs you no extra price.



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Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

to him in all seriousness, but appearing funny to him, and he couldn't resist the temptation to pass them along. On some he scrawled in a bold hand "Private—Purely" and then proceeded, with something that might have been shouted from the housetops, as a burlesque on some of his "confidential but peremptory demands on the Speaker" as recorded in the newspapers.

These letters are an interesting side light on the character of Roosevelt, but they are personal and Mr. Cannon has so treated them as a reminder of his personal relations with one of the most interesting men in all American political history and at a time when common report represented them in constant clashes and holding aloof for fear they might compromise their individual prerogatives or the prerogatives of their two great offices. So careful was the Speaker about the separation of the correspondence of the President that near the close of the Administration, when there was much friction and criticism, he received in official form a letter that was very personal, and returned it with the inquiry if the President had meant that it should be laid before the House. The President sent back an immediate reply thanking the Speaker for returning the letter, and withdrawing it. Had it been given to the House it would have gratified some of the President's dearest enemies; and several senators who had heard intimations that such a letter had come to the Speaker sought to secure it; but the Speaker retorted that he did not make public his family letters or the personal letters from the President.

This interesting collection will never be made public because Mr. Cannon still regards them as purely personal communications which do not belong to the public; but he has permitted me to read them and tell this story of the relations between the President and the Speaker of that day.

Cannon's Letter to Roosevelt

There are, however, two letters in the collection which throw some light on the relations of the two men at the close of the Roosevelt Administration, and the Roosevelt letter shows why his executors are not free to make it public, though Mr. Cannon had never had any objections to the publication of his letter. He had called at the White House and complimented the President on having contributed to the election of President Taft more than any other agency, and after the talk the President asked if the Speaker would be willing to write it so, that he could leave it to his children, showing the estimate in which he was held by the Speaker of the House, who had coöperated with him in the effort to give the country just and beneficent laws and good administration. The Speaker returned to his office and a day or two later dictated the following letter:

"SPEAKER'S ROOM,
"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
"December 11, 1908.

"*Dear Mister President:* In expressing to you my personal congratulations last week I expressed the opinion that you had contributed more to the success of the Republican ticket in the recent campaign than any other agency. I did not express that opinion simply as a personal compliment. It represented my honest conviction, based upon personal experience and observation.

"Mr. Bryan and his party began an aggressive campaign immediately after the Denver convention, and the reputation of the Democratic candidate as an orator, together with his versatility, his industry, his endurance and his audacity, made him an opponent not to be ignored or underestimated. His campaign was well adapted to the hysterical conditions prevailing in many parts of the country, and by many people his claim to be the heir of the Roosevelt policies was accepted as both consistent and legitimate. The dash of pretension was more potent with the unthinking than was the warning of the more balanced in judgment, who could discriminate between practical administration and legislation and impractical promise and prophecy.

"It looked like a case of the blind leading the blind in a whirlwind of hysteria until Mr. Bryan made the fatal mistake of engaging you in controversy as to the relative merits of the Republican and Democratic policies. Your letter to Mr. Bryan, clearly pointing out the difference between regulating trusts and destroying business, between government control and ownership of railroads, checked the unthinking acceptance of these claims of the Bryan policies to heirship and kinship to the Roosevelt policies. And your letter to Senator Knox in which you so clearly pointed out the real demands of Mr. Gompers for class legislation was so complete an exposition of the dangers in the combination effected at Denver in the interest of an un-American and undemocratic idea in government that it brought the people to their senses as to what Democratic success would mean to this country.

"You fittingly characterized the Pearre anti-injunction bill demanded by Mr. Gompers as an attempt to deny the right to do business the protection of the courts and an effort to legalize the boycott and the blacklist; and you added that no court could possibly exercise more brutal, unfeeling, or despotic powers than Mr. Gompers' claim for himself and his fellows in the legislation which would permit them, without let or hindrance of any kind, to carry on every form and degree of the secondary boycott.

"You placed Mr. Bryan in jeopardy when you asked him to fully and publicly endorse Mr. Gompers' plan or express his disapproval and dissolve the compact.

"As a rule the American people are safe and sane, but they sometimes require a shock to cause them to stop and think. Your letter to Senator Knox, because of their confidence in you, brought them to realize that to pander to such leaders as Mr. Gompers was to trifle with justice and undermine the very foundation of the courts as a bulwark of equality before the law.

"It was for this reason I said you had contributed more than any other agency to the success of the campaign. But mere partisan success would not express my full meaning nor measure your service. I believe you did as great a service in checking hysterical demagogy last fall as you have done in any act of your administration.

"I congratulate you on the service you rendered to the country in laying aside traditions as to the part a President may take in a political campaign, to use your great influence for saneness in a national contest of far-reaching importance.

"I am, with respect, etc.,
"Yours truly,
"(Signed) J. G. CANNON.

"THE PRESIDENT,
"The White House,
"Washington, D. C."

"THE WHITE HOUSE, Personal.
"Washington, D. C.
"December 14, 1908.

"*My dear Mister Speaker:* I am very greatly pleased by your letter. It is a generous and manly letter for you to have written, and I do not know whether to be most pleased at what the letter contains, or with the mere fact of your having been willing to write it. I shall keep it to hand down to my children.

"With regard, believe me,
"Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"I really can't tell you how much I appreciate your letter.
"HON. J. G. CANNON,
"Speaker of the House of Representatives."

This postscript was written by Roosevelt with pen

No General Manager

Mr. Cannon was the last Speaker who had authority to talk things over for the House. He was the party leader and the official spokesman for the House. He appointed the committees and was chairman of the Committee on Rules, which provided the way to take up emergency legislation out of its order on the calendar, and his office was the central power in the House, a legislative exchange where the chairmen of committees reported progress and from the Speaker received information as to what the President hoped to secure, and the sentiment in the Senate, for the Senate leaders also came there to confer on legislation. The Speaker's Room was the nerve center of Congress, and it was not only agreeable to other party leaders but desirable and essential that the Speaker should act as general manager in talking it over with the President.

Speaker Clark rarely talked it over with President Wilson, because he was in the same embarrassing or sensitive position as Speaker Reed, and hesitated about making advances to the man who had taken the nomination from him. But Mr. Clark had another reason for not going to the White House. He had no power to act as general manager. That power had been taken from the Speaker. He no longer appointed the committees, was not chairman of the Committee on Rules, and the program of legislation no longer passed through his office to make it a clearing house of executive recommendations and legislative action. These powers were distributed, and the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, who was also chairman of the Committee on Committees, and floor leader, had more control over legislation and more influence in shaping it to meet the President's recommendations, than the Speaker. The power had passed from the chair to the floor, but not all to one floor leader, for another strong, self-willed Democrat was chairman of the Committee on Rules and had control of all special rules to advance legislation out of its order.

Had the Speaker assumed to act as general manager of the House in consultation with the President he would have been in danger of being reminded that the committees elected by the House would take orders from the House. Speaker Clark did not always know what the President desired in the way of legislation, not even when he received a request to prepare for a joint session to hear the President's address. He could arrange the chairs without knowing the purpose. The President, when he consulted any official of the House, called the floor leader or the chairman of the committee that would have jurisdiction of the legislation he proposed; and it naturally led to the President's having his bills prepared by his own experts and sending them to Congress with the demand that they be enacted as prepared.

Speaker Clark found himself under the embarrassment of leaving the chair to lead the opposition to legislation demanded by the President, who was the leader of his party. The House had prepared the way for the President to assume leadership in Congress by taking away the powers that had been centered in the Speaker from the beginning of the Government; and Speaker Clark did not feel competent to talk it over with the President and coöperate with him in carrying out the policies of the Administration.

That condition continues, and the next Republican President and Republican Speaker, if the November election shall bring a change of political control, will be confronted with the same embarrassments. Under existing rules of the House the Speaker will have no authority to speak for the House with any more effectiveness than the Vice President for the Senate. The President will have to go back to the practices of McKinley and consult with many legislators, and have a mass meeting to have harmony of action. He may consult the Steering Committee, or the floor leader, or the chairman of the Committee on Rules, or the chairmen of the sixty-two committees of the House, and they may assent without knowing how many other chairmen will dissent and insist on their prerogatives in reporting legislation.

Notwithstanding the old agitation against autocratic power centered in the Speaker, which brought about "the reform" in the rules of the House, there were advantages in having a general manager who could represent the House, where all revenue legislation and all appropriation bills must originate, and talk it over with the President and smooth the way for legislation to carry out the party policies and pledges without having all the controversies in the open.

The Constitutional Convention worked behind closed doors so that there would be no temptation to talk to the galleries, and compromises could be made without members' being compelled to consistency of statement uttered in open debate. Legislation is always a compromise—or of autocratic dictation—and compromises can best be reached by talking it over.

Their Economy Equals Their Beauty

An attractive roof adds so much to the general appearance of the home that the choice of roofing materials should receive careful consideration.

What every owner wants is a roof that is moderate in cost, yet durable and fire-resistant; artistic in appearance, yet free from painting and other upkeep expense.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofings fully meet *all* these requirements.

As they are made in four different styles—two forms of Shingles and two Roll roofings—they are adapted to *every* type of steep-roofed building, from modest homes to pretentious residences, schoolhouses, churches, factories, etc.

Three of the four styles (see description at left) are surfaced with genuine crushed slate in an artistic shade of red or green. The colors are permanent and become more mellow and attractive with age.

The name Everlastic is your protection. Look for it when you buy.

Everlastic is Made in Four Styles

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. The newest thing in roofing—*four shingles in one.* Tough, elastic, durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather and fire resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles, size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay, no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Illustrated booklet describing each style of Everlastic Roofing will be sent free on request.

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New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
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FWD TRUCKS

TO do the hard work easily and the ordinary work reliably is the duty of every FWD truck.

Exclusive patented construction gives them first call on every job in the 3-ton trucking range with *economy* as their outstanding feature.

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
Clintonville, Wisconsin

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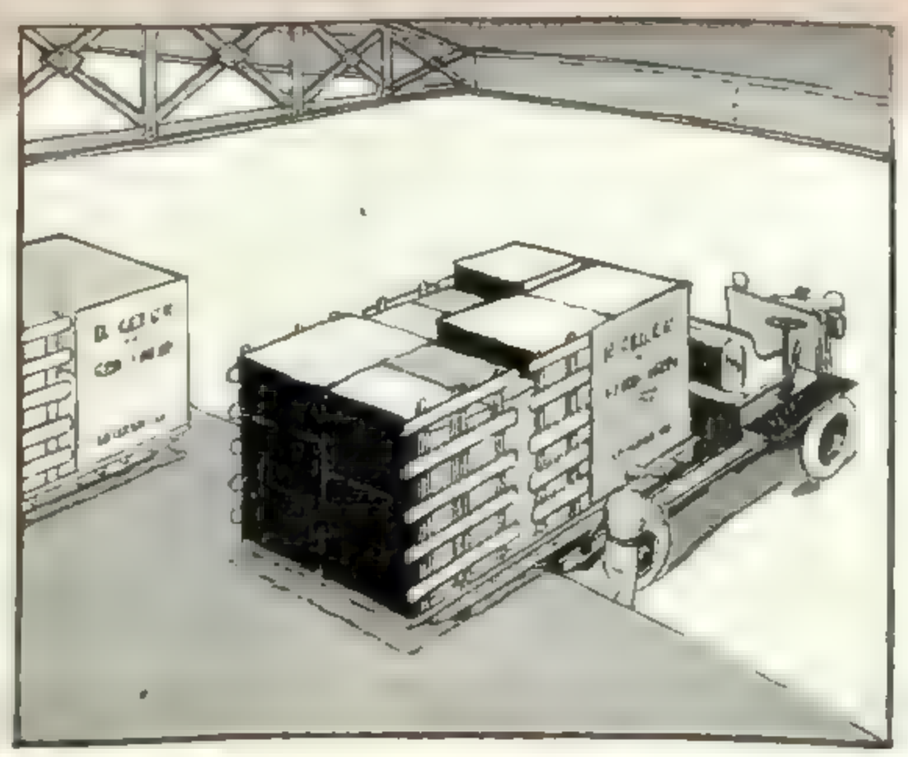
Frank Peterson of Dos Cabezos, Ariz., has used an FWD truck for two years without spending one dollar for repairs or replacements.



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 42)

F. Scott Fitzgerald

I spent my entire Freshman year writing an operetta for the Triangle Club. To do this I failed in algebra, trigonometry, coördinate geometry and hygiene. But the Triangle Club accepted my show, and by tutoring all through a stuffy August I managed to come back a Sophomore and act in it as a chorus girl. A little after this came a hiatus. My health broke down and I left college one December to spend the rest of the year recuperating in the West. Almost my final memory before I left was of writing a last lyric on that year's Triangle production while in bed in the infirmary with a high fever.

The next year, 1916–17, found me back in college, but by this time I had decided that poetry was the only thing worth while, so with my head ringing with the meters of Swinburne and the matters of Rupert Brooke I spent the spring doing sonnets, ballads and rondels into the small hours. I had read somewhere that every great poet had written great poetry before he was twenty-one. I had only a year and, besides, war was impending. I must publish a book of startling verse before I was engulfed.

By autumn I was in an infantry officers' training camp at Fort Leavenworth, with poetry in the discard and a brand-new ambition—I was writing an immortal novel. Every evening, concealing my pad behind Small Problems for Infantry, I wrote paragraph after paragraph on a somewhat edited history of me and my imagination. The outline of twenty-two chapters, four of them in verse, was made, two chapters were completed; and then I was detected and the game was up. I could write no more during study period.

This was a distinct complication. I had only three months to live—in those days all infantry officers thought they had only three months to live—and I had left no mark on the world. But such consuming ambition was not to be thwarted by a mere war. Every Saturday at one o'clock when the week's work was over I hurried to the Officers' Club, and there, in a corner of a roomful of smoke, conversation and rattling newspapers, I wrote a one-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-word novel on the consecutive week-ends of three months. There was no revising; there was no time for it. As I finished each chapter I sent it to a typist in Princeton.

Meanwhile I lived in its smeary pencil pages. The drills, marches and Small Problems for Infantry were a shadowy dream. My whole heart was concentrated upon my book.

I went to my regiment happy. I had written a novel. The war could now go on. I forgot paragraphs and pentameters, similes and syllogisms. I got to be a first lieutenant, got my orders overseas—and then the publishers wrote me that though The Romantic Egotist was the most original manuscript they had received for years they couldn't publish it. It was crude and reached no conclusion.

It was six months after this that I arrived in New York and presented my card to the office boys of seven city editors asking to be taken on as a reporter. I had just turned twenty-two, the war was over, and I was going to trail murderers by day and do short stories by night. But the newspapers didn't need me. They sent their office boys out to tell me they didn't need me. They decided definitely and irrevocably by the sound of my name on a calling card that I was absolutely unfitted to be a reporter.

Instead I became an advertising man at ninety dollars a month, writing the slogans that while away the weary hours in rural trolley cars. After hours I wrote stories—from March to June. There were nineteen altogether; the quickest written in an hour and a half, the slowest in three days. No one bought them, no one sent personal letters. I had one hundred and twenty-two rejection slips pinned in a frieze about my room. I wrote movies. I wrote song lyrics. I wrote complicated advertising schemes. I wrote poems. I wrote sketches. I wrote jokes. Near the end of June I sold one story for thirty dollars.

On the Fourth of July, utterly disgusted with myself and all the editors, I went home to St. Paul and informed family and friends that I had given up my position and had come home to write a novel. They nodded politely, changed the subject and spoke of me very gently. But this time I knew what I was doing. I had a novel to write at last, and all through two hot months I wrote and revised and compiled and boiled down. On September fifteenth This Side of Paradise was accepted by special delivery.

In the next two months I wrote eight stories and sold nine. The ninth was accepted by the same magazine that had rejected it four months before. Then, in November, I sold my first story to the editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. By February I had sold them half a dozen. Then my novel came out. Then I got married. Now I spend my time wondering how it all happened.

In the words of the immortal Julius Cæsar: "That's all there is; there isn't any more."

Ruth Miller

for the blight that I mentioned before, an almost amiable disposition. I have even composed. At least I called it that, but some guardian angel kept me from flaunting my efforts abroad until one day a real composer who has his things published and played by the great symphony orchestras came into my studio and accidentally picked up an incomplete sonata of mine for violin and piano. Not realizing that I was the perpetrator—at least I gave him the benefit of the doubt—he looked it over and proceeded to make some very free remarks about it. I said nothing at the time, but afterward, being a sensitive, shrinking soul, I took the fragment of that sonata out and buried it. So another immortal composition was lost to the world.

Any odd moments I have had to spare in my life have been devoted to writing, from the time when, at the erudite age of eight, house-bound with tonsillitis, I read Little Women, decided that writing must be no trick at all and proceeded to write my first complete novel.

As a music student it pains me to admit that I was highly unoriginal. I did all the things that American music students have always done, even to the European study, which in my case consisted of spending 1912–13 in Berlin. If there is a remote possibility that anyone might be interested in the details of that career, he may find them scattered here and there through my articles. But they have no place here. For the first time in my life I have been invited to discuss myself and been assured that people will not run the other way at my iteration of the personal pronoun which has always been my favorite verbal flower, and I am not going to pass up such a glowing opportunity in order to indulge in anything so prosaic as a résumé of my musical activities, past or present.

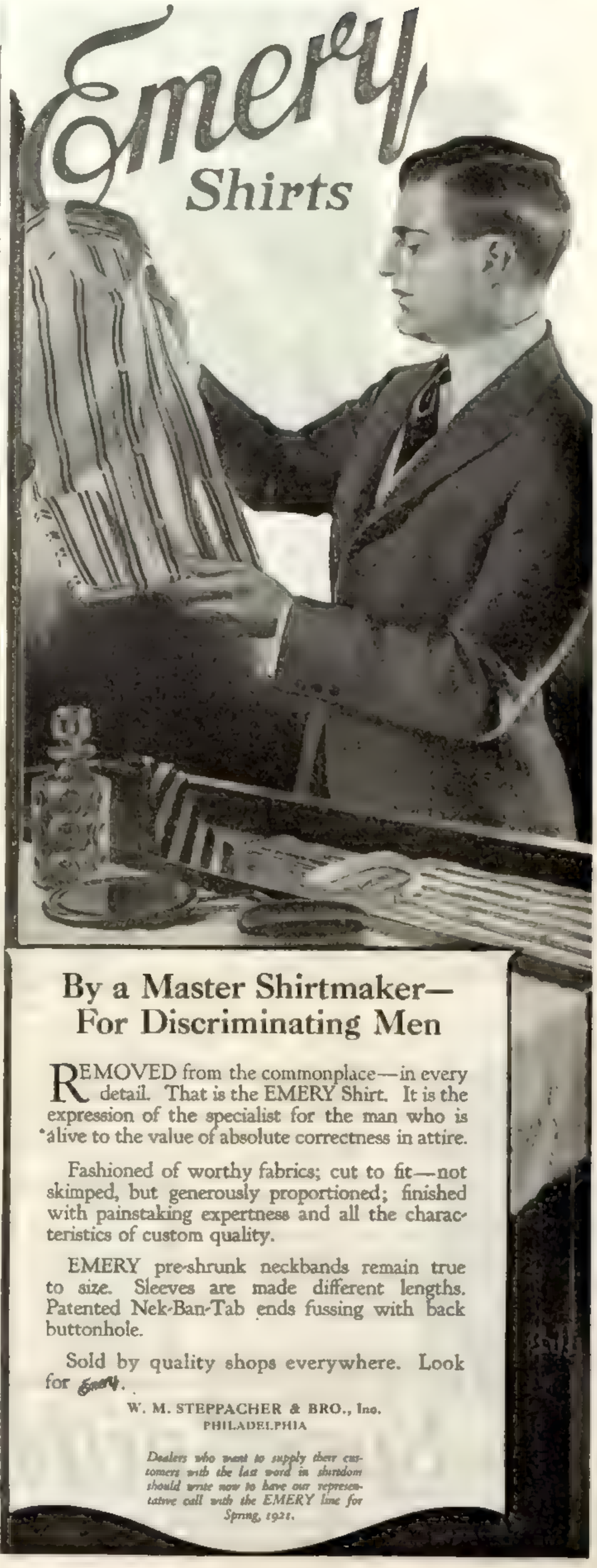
At the present time of writing, after considerable cogitation, I can think of only two violent aversions: One is onions and the other is being accused of being a singer. The latter is an aversion principally because it reminds me painfully of one of my most conspicuous shortcomings. I do not sing. It is true that sometimes I do open my mouth and yelp a bit, but I do not sing. Ask any of my friends.

Aside from these two antipathies all the things that it has been my fortune to encounter in this life so far I have always found I could endure with considerable philosophy, even extracting a few grains of pleasure out of most of them.

In fact, though certain of my friends tell me that this is a smugly optimistic attitude that I should bend every effort to overcome, I have found on the whole that this world is a quite interesting place and the people in it, with the exception of course of the ones who don't agree with me, are extremely intelligent, charitable and delightful beings.

Viola Brothers Shore

On the piano stood a pensive, soulful, Thedabaroque photo of the budding author entirely surrounded by a jade necklace and earrings which I didn't have the heart to tell her didn't look any more like her than—well, than I do. Some of these authors are a bit coy about being interviewed. But not this one. She looked as if she had been sitting round all her life just waiting for something like this to happen to her.



By a Master Shirtmaker—
For Discriminating Men

REMOVED from the commonplace—in every detail. That is the EMERY Shirt. It is the expression of the specialist for the man who is alive to the value of absolute correctness in attire.

Fashioned of worthy fabrics; cut to fit—not skimped, but generously proportioned; finished with painstaking expertness and all the characteristics of custom quality.

EMERY pre-shrunk neckbands remain true to size. Sleeves are made different lengths. Patented Nek-Ban-Tab ends fussing with back buttonhole.

Sold by quality shops everywhere. Look for Emery.

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PHILADELPHIA

Dealers who want to supply their customers with the last word in shirtdom should write now to have our representative call with the EMERY line for Spring, 1921.

"Sweating" your machines

"I believe in 'sweating'," said Lord Leverhulme, the great English manufacturer, "but I believe in 'sweating' machines, not men."

How does this hit *you?*

Are you "sweating" your factory—getting all you can out of every machine and every tool? Do you know?

Why not do a little sleuth work?

Take a stroll through your plant in an "Is there a better way?" frame of mind. Wonderful, how often new roads to increased production open up. Perhaps a new method—perhaps a better tool. One little improvement in one department often speeds things up all along the line.

For instance—

Up to a short time ago, the best average for the buffing department of the big Ohio Leather Company in Girard, Ohio, was 200 hides a day.

Then this firm made competitive tests and found the difference between Speed-grits and ordinary sandpaper. Today, with Speed-grits Durite Paper, the same workmen on the same machines are turning out 280 hides a day—and this 40% production increase was effected at lower cost.

Do you use coated abrasives in finishing, polishing or buffing your products? (Chances are you do.) Well, you'll find it worth while to make this Speed-grits test in your plant.

Speed-grits against the sandpaper you use now—try it!

Look for this trademark on the back of every sheet, belt or disc.

Other manufacturers have found the marked difference between Speed-grits and "just abrasives"—the difference that spells increased production. They have found that it pays to see that Speed-grits is specified when coated abrasives are ordered.

And not only manufacturers; workmen—*good workmen know the difference.*

Write today for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Co., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales Offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit and other principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

In a letter dated March 6, 1920, Mr. V. G. Lombard, Manager of The Ohio Leather Company, says: "For uniformity of buffing qualities and cutting sharpness we find Speed-grits second to none, and have no hesitancy in recommending it to anyone that wants a superior buffing paper."

Speed-grits
comes in the following varieties
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EMERY PAPER
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DURITE CLOTH
DURITE PAPER
DURITE COMBINATION
DURENDUM PAPER
DURENDUM CLOTH

Manning Speed-grits
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say Sandpaper—say Speed-grits

"My father," she told me, "was Dr. Abram Brothers, an able and talented surgeon. He played the violin and wrote books and poetry and they used to call him The Silver-Tongued Orator. He gave me my first lessons on the violin before I was six and patted me on the head instead of elsewhere when I broke out in poetry at about the same ripe age. However, my first important childhood recollection is of having taken some pills which I had been told were poison and trying to explain to my mother that I liked 'poisint.' And I've been trying to explain it to her ever since."

This paragon's entire childhood seems to have been passed in coming out first in her class and winning medals and playing pieces on the violin and being withal so modest and well behaved as to make Elsie Dinsmore look like Peck's Bad Boy. If she ever roller-skated or rang the neighbors' doorbells she was careful I shouldn't hear about it. A box of medals, some newspaper clippings showing a lethargic youngster with a death grip on a violin, programs featuring such gems as The Blue Bells of Scotland and the Scene de Ballet she showed me. But of the modesty and good behavior I saw no proofs.

"I lost them," she told me, "at normal, together with my habits of study and polite speech. On the other hand, I gained such valuable knowledge as how to cut classes, how to do Latin during algebra, and algebra during chapel, and French exercises by means of the noble soul on my left. How to apply face powder—after leaving the house—and how to captivate the boys in dancing school, especially the long one with large hands and curly hair who caused me so much mortification of the soul when he didn't dance with me and of the feet when he did.

"At sixteen I decided I had had enough education for a woman who contemplated a career of matrimony and contemplated it quick. In fact the worry of my life at that time was that my parents might narrow-mindedly consider me insufficiently mature to embark on the great adventure and I might have to postpone the thing an ungodly length of time—till I was eighteen, perhaps!

"Followed a short period wherein, having quarreled with the only man I really loved—at that time—I threw myself violently into a career. And I really think I would have made a very good third-rate fiddler had not the illness of my father and threatened reverses awakened in me the determination to stand on my own and be quick about it. So I signed up for a business course, to the anguish of my parents, who only became reconciled when I broke the speed record getting out with a lovely diploma and a hundred and two per cent.

"My promising career in the business world was cut short by the young man with curly hair who came back from the West for the avowed purpose of keeping me from getting engaged any more times. It upset his orderly engineer's mind to keep continually readjusting my status, so he persuaded me to marry him. Or, as he claims, I persuaded myself that he did. At any rate, I became Mrs. Bill Shore.

"When Wilma Shore was a year old Bill and I started in business together. He supplied the electrical and I supplied the con for what has since grown into a very respectable—especially after I quit—electrical-contracting business. When we got to the point where I had nothing to do but look after the mail and the phone and the books and the power salesmen and the breakfast and the baby and the marketing and the supper and the dishes and the mending I began to get restless. So I went down to New York University two nights a week to study the short story with Albert Frederic Wilson and poetry with Joyce Kilmer. One fateful night Richardson Wright, editor of House and Garden, came down there and advised all the budding writers to cultivate the editors. So I cultivated him then and there and made him let me do a story on electric wiring. He has since confessed that he was trying to make the punishment fit the crime, but he bought it and used it, and thereby dealt the electrical-contracting business an awful blow.

"I showed the article to Mr. Wilson, who said, 'Why don't you write a short story sometime?' Well, of course when he put it up to me like that, what could I do? So I wrote a story, and happening in to Munsey's to sell Bob Davis some poetry—I shall always cherish an abiding affection for that man; he once distinctly referred to me as a poet—I showed him the story and he gave me fifty dollars for it, and Billy had to get himself a new stenographer. That was three years ago.

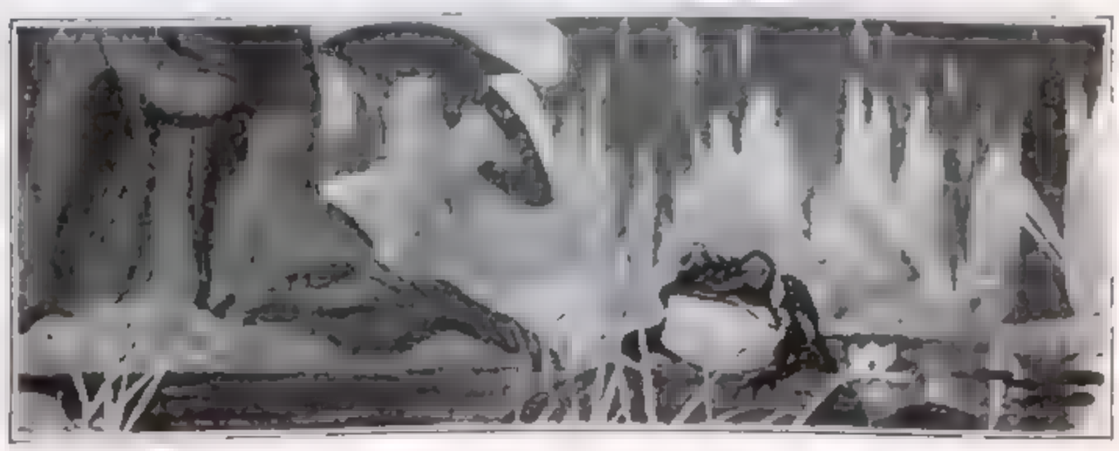
"Since then I have written as many stories as my seven-breakfast-a-week existence would permit. My summers I spend at Camp Severance. I don't do any real work up there, but just help with the swimming and the camp paper and now and then write, or coach a show, or play the Largo, or read some poetry for the morning exercises, or lead the band, or do the marketing, or take a French class, or understudy the directress—just odd jobs. The snapshot shows me in the ordinary camp outfit, in which I was permitted to supply the music—behind the scenes—for the pageant wherein Wilma, aged five, had a leading part, with a costume and everything. But then, that's what it is to have talent.

"Some day I hope to live the kind of life where I'll have nothing to think about but writing. Where I won't have to scribble my poems in the Subway on the back of the delicatessen bill, where if I file the darn thing under bills I'm out a poem and if I file it under poetry the delicatessen man has me in a tight place. Where I won't have to see that Wilma practices her scales every day or come out here to Chicago in order to write a play. Where all I'll have to worry about in connection with meals is whether I want to go down into the dining room or have them brought upstairs. And above all, where I'll have soundproof floors so I won't have to stuff cotton into my ears when I write nights. I know what it is to have a husband who plays the piano!

"My favorite hates are: Cards; alarm clocks; discussions—particularly economic; monotony; four-handed piano pieces; snakes; politics; people who tell me what to do; people who tell me what not to do; people who ask me why I don't write for the movies; and oil paintings of cows.

"My ambitions are: To get so thin I can eat strawberry shortcake for breakfast; to travel round the world—especially the warm spots; to own a sailboat, a yard of jade beads, a bungalow on the water and five pounds of fruit candy that nobody else in the house knows about; to bring out a volume of love poems, write the lyrics for a successful musical comedy and to see my play a knock-out; to live in a house that I boss but somebody else runs; to find time to play tennis and the violin; to be as good-looking as my mother when I get to be her age; and once—just once before I die—to get the better of my talented daughter in an argument.

"My loves are: F. P. A.; New York; Werrenrath; swimming; Grace LaRue; English poetry; dogs; the Adirondacks in June; the tropics in March; lobster salad; Cadman's songs; small girls; boys—size no object; open fireplaces; colors; words; lilacs; dancing; mystery stories; sleeping outdoors; sleeping any other place; tramping in the rain; Laurence Hope; Dreiser; Lagerlöf; pottery; clothes; the theater; coffee; and painting furniture. Oh, yes, and breakfast with Bill Shore—seven times a week."



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Files were made of wood, because it never occurred to anyone to build them of steel. For anything which must stand friction or hard usage, steel is the logical material.

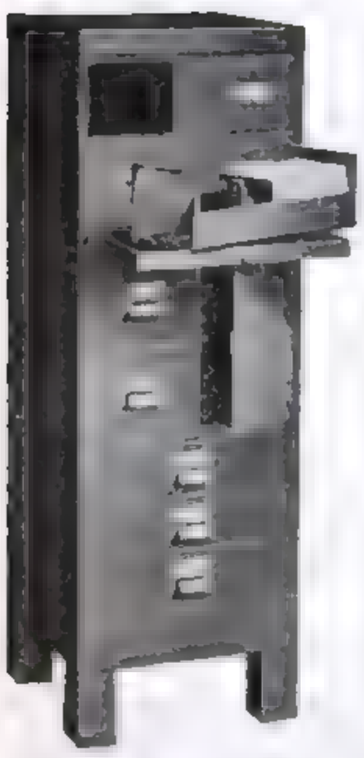
The progressive man has come to realize that if records are worth keeping, they are worth keeping safely. And they are worth keeping together in such shape that they can be found instantly when wanted.

These two qualities of protection and utmost convenience are the reason why *Allsteel* filing cabinets are found in the offices of so many successful men. *Allsteel* equipment is the hallmark of success.

Allsteel equipment is equally suitable for big business and for the business that is not yet large. Here are a few of the prominent users of *Allsteel* office furniture: International Harvester Co., Mayo Clinic, Bethlehem Steel Co., Ford Motor Co., U. S. Government, J. P. Morgan & Co., Statler Hotels, Inc., Washburn-Crosby Milling Co., Pullman Co., Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

A convenient and space-saving **Allsteel** *filing cabinet for any business. This stack is made up of four Wydesteel Filing Sections, Wydesteel Base, Top, and Reducing Top.*

GF Allsteel Office Furniture



An arrangement showing the adaptability of **Allsteel** *filing units.*

ALTHOUGH *Allsteel* files, of electrically welded steel, are rigid and everlasting, their unit construction makes them "flexible" enough to suit the exact needs of every kind of office. Sections of different sizes and shapes accommodate every standard size record or data sheet, from maps to X-ray plates. And *Allsteel* files take up much less space than wooden files.

The half-width sections, called U-nettes, and the full-width sections, called Wydesteels, are made to intermember with themselves and with each other. An almost limitless variety of combinations is possible to meet the particular requirements of the sales manager, the one-man business, the various executives of large corporations, the doctor, the architect, the insurance man. The various units can be combined into a complete filing arrangement no matter how large the organization.

You buy just what you want for your present uses. When you need more capacity, merely add a section or two. And all the time your valuable papers have between them and fire the guarding walls of steel. Whether in mahogany or oak finish or in the beautiful olive green enamel, *Allsteel* files add beauty and distinction to any office.

This is the age of steel

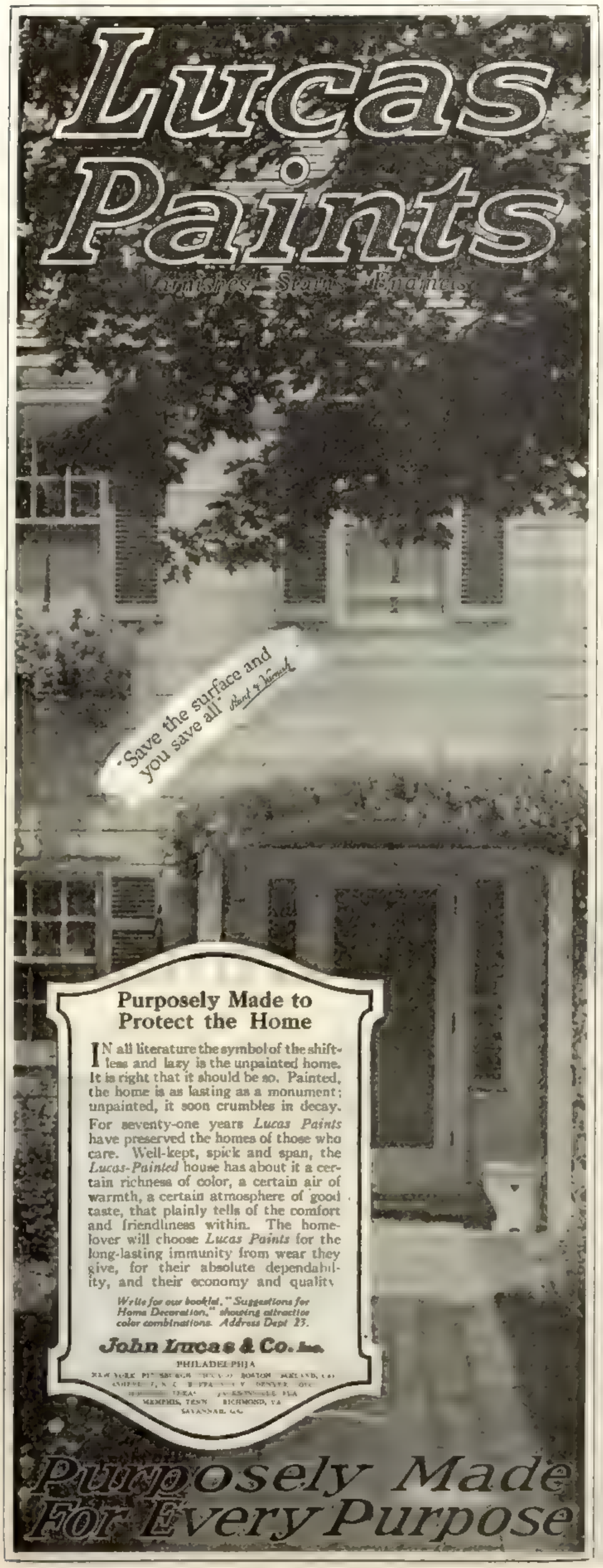
Allsteel equipment does not warp or swell under any weather conditions and does not deteriorate. It protects and endures. The first cost is the last. There is a complete line of *Allsteel* office furniture — files, safes, desks, shelving, bank busses. Call at the *Allsteel* store in your city and see if you will not be proud to have *Allsteel* equipment in your office. We have an illustrated catalogue of 88 pages which we will gladly send you on request.

An **Allsteel** *filing cabinet arranged for an office manager.*

The General Fireproofing Company

New York Chicago Boston Youngstown, Ohio *Washington Atlanta Seattle*

Dealers in All Principal Cities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MEMPHIS, TENN RICHMOND, VA
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Purposely Made For Every Purpose

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

real sense, felt compelled to return to his office for a small Testament, given him by his mother, before he entered a mine that had blown up and in which he hoped to aid in the slow and perilous work of rescuing any miners that might still be alive.

During the night a second explosion occurred and the young man was one of three who lived to tell the story. His escape seemed miraculous and, though he would laugh at those who believe in any form of superstition, he still clings to the little gift from his mother and will admit that his nerve when in a close pinch is far steadier when he has this, his talisman, with him.

Many men and women treasure pocket pieces and other trifles which they value, not because of any special efficacy the things possess but because they are symbols of a much-prized affection or association, and this will frequently provide the owner with a thought that strengthens and supports him in a time of need.

It is the idea for which the talisman stands that gives confidence to the wearer. The wearing of a talisman embodies a sentiment that is similar to the loyal citizen's devotion to his national flag. The story is told of one aviator who arrived at one of the Government's training camps for flyers during the war. This young man appeared in a disreputable sweater, a relic of the college gridiron, and would not think of doing his practice flying unless he was garbed in the faithful garment.

One hot day he left the sweater in the hangar and on that same afternoon met with an ugly side slip, only saving himself by the exercise of great dexterity and nerve. After that, no matter how hot the weather, the young aviator would not discard the sweater on any of his flights.

Finally someone suggested that a portion of the garment might be just as lucky, so after considerable thought the young fellow decided to relinquish the sweater bit by bit and unraveled a small piece of wool each day. When he sailed for France he had a woolen collar of the treasure left, but it was still acting like a charm.

Hundreds of other aviators during the war exhibited sentiments of a similar nature. A further evidence of this was the high price brought by the sale at auction of a coat formerly owned by an instructor who had been able to avoid all accidents during many months of successive flights made while training aviation students.

Among the superstitions that have come down through the centuries are those which tell us that if we break a mirror we shall have seven years' bad luck; a gift of pearls is supposed to bring tears; an opal ring is said to be unlucky for the wearer; while the owner of a rabbit's foot is possessed of a talisman that will bestow favor and fortune. A bride must not misplace her wedding ring, for if she does Fate will decree her an unhappy married life.

The spilling of a saltcellar in passing it to a fellow guest is supposed to foretell a breaking of friendship. It is bad luck to cross through a funeral procession; and good fortune will forsake you if you return for a forgotten article and fail to sit down before you start on your way again.

Not many years ago a school in Paris taught what was called the science of magnetic emanations and radiances, and a French physician has recently written a book in which he seriously considers the influences and medicinal properties of precious stones. All this shows such a mixture of sense and nonsense when one comes back to pick out the chaff from the wheat in the subject of superstition that the investigator is sure to find difficulties in the course of his examinations.

Many of these superstitions are classed among the ideas and fancies which students of psychoanalysis call foreign bodies in the unconscious mind—that is, they are submerged ideas that originate absolutely outside ourselves. They have no rational explanation and often become obsessions.

Such beliefs as the one which attributes bad luck to the young bride who loses her wedding ring mean nothing unless the incident is frequently repeated. In such case, according to the psychoanalyst, there is a genuine indication, and not a ridiculous superstition, that she will have an unhappy married life because these habitual lapses in memory cultivate worries, encourage arguments and foster a certain degree of dread even in those who are only mildly superstitious. There is the further theory that people lose most often the things they are least interested in.

If asked to explain the case of the spilled saltcellar, the psychoanalyst will likely say that the nervous hesitancy on the part of the one passing the salt is the expression of an unconscious antipathy. When we forget something and have to turn back home for it, this is supposed to indicate a hidden and disturbing undercurrent of doubt and hesitancy in the unconscious mind which will tend to make our activities futile and bring us disappointment.

All this is quite theoretical if not far-fetched. The time may arrive when such reasoning may be applied with accuracy and material benefit to the everyday life of the average individual. The psychoanalysts are making rapid strides in the advancement of their science, and the results of the research now being made will likely be of service in helping to clear up many of the puzzles with respect to some of our old superstitions.

When this time arrives no well-informed person will be afraid to eat dinner at a table with twelve other people. They will understand that when thirteen people are seated at a table there is less likelihood that one will die within a year than there is if fourteen people are seated round the board. The whole thing is purely a case of mathematics and forms nothing more than a matter to be solved by the formulas of probability and chance.

One reason for the continuance of superstitious beliefs is the everlasting truth that "men mark when they hit and seldom when they miss." When we believe some old superstition and the result happens just as the belief prescribes, it is human nature to remark: "See? I told you so!"

But many of the so-called superstitions concerning the weather are really facts and not credulities. For instance, there is a splendid physical reason for the saying, "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." Unseasonable weather is generally a bad thing for health.

Likewise the old saying, "Red at night, sailors' delight; red in the morning, sailors' warning," though hardly classed as a superstition, is repeated by most people without the slightest knowledge of the astronomical conditions that make the saying actually a truism.

Careful study of the actions of animals for generations has furnished many beliefs that predict some special brand of weather, and not a few of the more common sayings are scientifically right. Animals build their homes, lay in their food and thicken their coats through correct instinct, which when analyzed is likely to provide some reliable information about the outcome of crops.

To a greater or lesser extent man has followed the habits of birds and beasts. He has gathered his harvests, waged wars and started upon journeys in accordance with superstitious beliefs which have had a scientific foundation of which he was ignorant.

Perhaps the most common superstition of the farmer is that concerning the ground hog and his shadow. This rural tradition that sunshine on the second day of February means a late spring continues strangely to persist, notwithstanding the fact that there appears to be no scientific reason for the belief.

Without doubt we have passed the age of witchcraft, but instead we have the ouija board to furnish us with the same type of excitement that was indulged in by credulous humans a thousand or more years ago. We can understand and explain far more of life's phenomena than could the ancients, but the fact remains that most superstitions and a majority of the spook stuff not only lack in most things constructive but are injurious through fostering morbid fears and upsetting the normal, healthy action of susceptible minds.

Very little effort has been made to turn the light of truth on the superstitious beliefs that have come down through the ages and to pick out the sensible facts from the silly fiction. Unhappiness, misery and insanity have resulted to many weak minds through the concentration of thought on illogical notions. Many roads are fascinating, but they lead to nothing helpful, and even the level-headed traveler must follow them with the greatest care.

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Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to render the razor, strop, cup and brush aseptically clean, guard the tiny cuts from infection, and give an antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

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1—A new and perhaps unequalled wear-resisting tread compound.

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Dealers in all parts of the world.

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 27)

It was as though Dolman had laid on her his spell that another human being might become cognizant of the danger of his realm; or a practical psychologist might have analyzed the cumulative effects of divers inhibitions.

"I have to apologize for bothering you, Colonel Peyton," began Bates. "My excuse is that I am vitally interested in the prosperity of this community, and I assume you are."

With this opening he approached the subject. He bore very lightly on profits to be made, but emphasized the immense value in money and settlers to the community of Arguello that must result from the opening of the land. Because of this Colonel Peyton listened to him without comment or interruption.

When Bates had quite finished this part of his exposition he said: "I think I see your point, Mr. Brown. I think it is a perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy point. But I have given a great deal of thought to it in the past. Believe me, sir, it is not new to me. I have come to the conclusion that it may not after all be so important that this little community grow and expand as you have described it. I have lived here a great many years, and the people here have always been sufficiently prosperous and happy. How can it help them in that to have more people living here?"

"Why, the wealth they'd bring in, the public improvements," cried Bates.

"I see you cannot understand my point of view," interposed the colonel. "That is natural. Few people do. But this is the point: I like my property the way it is. Nothing I could do with it would make me like it better. So far as that consideration applies, I wouldn't change for the world; and I can't see it is my duty, either, for the reasons I have given you."

"You do not believe it is every man's duty to think of the growth and prosperity of his community?"

"I am not convinced that growth and prosperity, as you consider them, make happiness."

"But if everybody held those views we'd never get anywhere."

The colonel laughed gently, the fine lines wrinkling round his eyes.

"That used to bother me a considerable," he confessed, "and then one day it came to me that everybody doesn't hold those views. If everybody was a shoemaker we'd have nothing but shoes." He chuckled again. "No, Mr. Brown, I've had time to think it over from all angles in the last few years. The only thing that would make me break into Corona del Monte would be because I thought I ought to, and I can't see where I ought to."

Bates considered. He had come out with a tentative idea of offering to pay off all the mortgages. Then there would be no question of their renewal or nonrenewal. Also, there would be no question of Patrick Boyd's retaining the whip hand in these negotiations. Of course, Bates had no intention of throwing Boyd over completely. He would be of great use as being on the spot. But there was no reason why the traction man should get the lion's share. But Bates had not gained his present position by being slow at the uptake. The colonel had said enough to afford a basis for judgment. Bates gave up his tentative plan to deal on a basis of profit or alleged duty. There remained to try the effects of a scare. His manner became icy.

"You say, Colonel Peyton, that your feeling of duty would be the only thing that would make you break up this property. I think you are mistaken. There is one other thing."

"I do not understand you, sir. What is it?"

"Necessity."

"Again I must confess that I do not understand you." A trace of formality crept into the colonel's manner.

"I introduced myself as Brown. I am William Bates, of 11 Wall Street."

But this shot missed entirely.

"I regret—I suppose the name should be familiar, but it is not," said the colonel.

Bates stared. Undoubtedly, incredible as it seemed, the man was sincere.

"It does not matter," continued the magnate. "I merely wanted to show that my opinion in these matters is of weight. I am acting in a friendly capacity, Colonel Peyton, however it may seem to you at the moment. I am a financier, and it is my business to know all about banking affairs. That must be my excuse for knowing so much of yours. Bluntly, I know that you are heavily mortgaged here. Has it ever occurred to you what you would do if for one reason or another these mortgages should not be renewed?"

Colonel Peyton struggled against his instinct to draw into his shell. In his opinion this sort of thing was an invasion of his private affairs, but he was broad enough to realize that from a business point of view it probably was not.

"The paper is held by our local bank, sir, and the bank is governed by my friends. The security is certainly good, as you will admit. Though the interest is, of course, a burden to me, I anticipate no other difficulty."

The thin gray face before him became inscrutable. It was time to throw the scare.

"You're sure it's governed by your friends?"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the colonel; "my lifelong associates!"

"Colonel Peyton," pronounced the financier, "I am free to confess that I came out here to propose an arrangement in regard to your land that would be mutually profitable. I see you are in no mind to consider such a proposition. My personal interest in the matter naturally ceases But I hate to see as fine a property in risk of being lost without compensation to you, when it would be so easy to arrange it otherwise." He leaned forward, fixing the colonel with his small dead eyes and raising a long finger. "Let me tell you this, Colonel Peyton, there is an element in that bank that intends to take possession of this property. I refer to Patrick Boyd. He is a shrewd, forceful man. I have been with him and against him, and I know. He has the power and the knowledge. If he doesn't do it one way he'll do it another."

In his later report to Boyd, Bates referred to this casually as "I used your name to scare the old bird."

"I can hardly believe you," faltered the colonel. "By what right do you slander Mr. Boyd in this way?"

"Slander!" repeated Bates contemptuously. "It isn't slander to call anyone a good business man. He sees here a good business opportunity. He can take advantage of it without the slightest unfairness. It's a matter of plain business. You must pardon me for saying so, sir, but if you cared enough for the sentiment of holding this ranch together you should have gone at it with some foresight. When you get deeply into debt you have to pay, you know."

The colonel was so shaken and preoccupied with the main issue that he did not rear his crest at the rebuke.

"Mr. Boyd made me an offer, which I refused," said the colonel.

(Continued on Page 69)

"Oh, I Wish He Weren't Like That! He's Wonderful, But He Breaks My Heart! He Sits by Her With That Same Look in His Eyes"

Lower Production Costs

The Manufacturer's Greatest Immediate Problem

A FIGHT to lower costs of production is going on today in every factory.

Where the effort has been most successful you will find that hand-operated, slow-working, labor-wasting equipment has been replaced by automatic time-saving and labor-saving equipment. The expenditure has invariably resulted in lowered costs and increased production.

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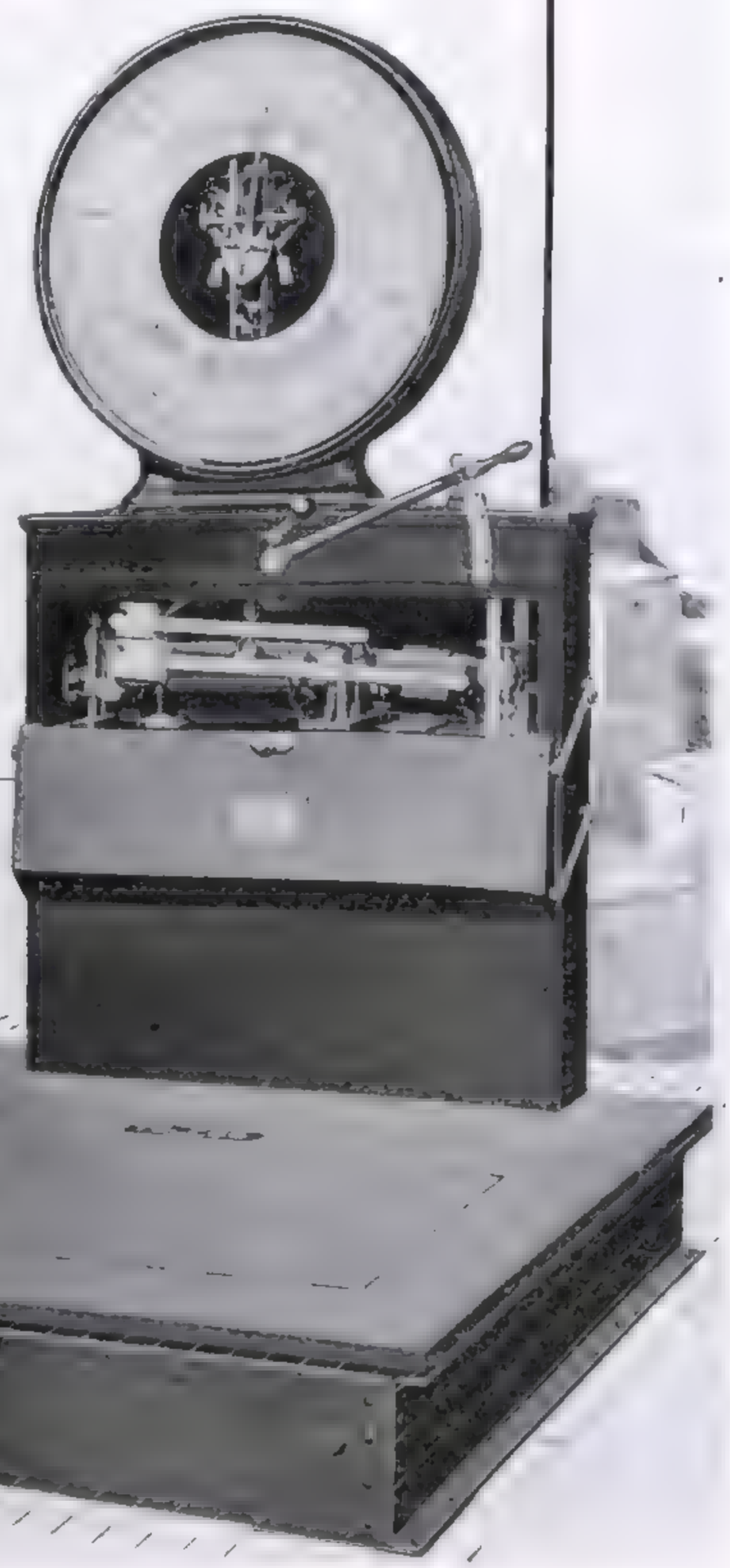

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(Continued from Page 67)

"If it was a good offer you were foolish," stated Bates. "It was decent of him to do so, for he can get the ranch without your acceptance if he wants."

"I do not see how," argued the colonel, but weakly, "or why. He is a wealthy man."

"How!" repeated Bates contemptuously. "Colonel, it is very evident that you are no business man. I can think of half a dozen ways how—and why. He has a son, hasn't he, in the ranching business? Don't you suppose a fine property like this would come in handy? No, colonel, don't fool yourself." He started to move away. "I'll go now and leave you to think it over. You would better come in with me. I can save you your homestead, of course, and a good big farm round it and a tidy sum of money to live on. Come, now, that's better than passing over the whole thing, isn't it—like your Spanish friends who used to own Las Flores?"

He continued to move away. The colonel stared after him, apparently benumbed.

"I'm staying at Boyd's if you want to get hold of me," added Bates. "I'm known as Brown, remember. Traveling incog."

He glanced again keenly at the colonel's motionless figure, then strode away briskly toward his horse.

Dolman lifted his spell. Aflame with indignation and excitement, Daphne scrambled down from her perch and flung herself tempestuously on the colonel.

"Oh, godpapa, godpapa," she cried. "I couldn't help but hear! I'd no idea! Why haven't you told me? I never heard anything so atrocious!"

"Where did you come from, Puss?" asked the colonel wearily.

"I was up in the trees. I know I shouldn't have listened, but I couldn't help it. I'd no idea! I thought things were going on so well!"

"They're going on very ill, I'm afraid," replied the colonel dispiritedly.

"I don't believe him! I think he's lying!" stormed Daphne. "And the Boyds! That fat, brutal, sly old villain—and Ken!" She caught her breath in a little wail, then her wrath swept her on. "To think of his living with us and working with us and learning with us—and spying on us—yes, spying on us!" she cried vehemently at some faint motion of dissent. "I know what I'm talking about. Spy! Spy! And we trusted and I—liked him so! Oh, godpapa!"

She clung tight to the old man, her body shaken with dry sobs of excitement.

"There, there, Puss!" he soothed, patting her. "Don't take it so hard, and don't let's pass hasty judgments. It isn't quite fair to condemn our young man just on the word of somebody we don't know at all—and don't like," he added.

But Daphne shook her head, her face still concealed against his shoulder.

"No, it's true," she insisted. "I know. He told me so himself."

"Told you so!" cried the colonel, astonished.

"I didn't understand what he meant, but now I do. It's been a plot from the first. Oh, how I do hate a sneak!"

She raised her face, glowing with a new access of indignation that for the moment swept Kenneth and all his works into limbo.

"But what are you going to do?" she demanded. "Are you going to do what that odious man wants you to?"

"Let's sit down on the big limb and talk about it," said the colonel. "Puss, I'd like to talk to somebody. I've had to keep it to myself, and I've thought and thought until I thought I'd go crazy."

"Oh, godpapa!" breathed Daphne, awed at this revelation of a colonel so different from the one she or anybody else had ever known.

"I know that what these men advise is the sensible thing to do. Almost anybody would tell you that. I'm not a business man, Puss, but I've always got on in the old days, and made the ranch go and all the people on it. I'm afraid the old days have gone. It would be the sensible thing to deal with these men. I'd get out of debt, I'd still have the homestead and some land and I'd have some money. They are perfectly right about it. I don't suppose anybody you'd ask could give one single reason why I shouldn't do it."

"But you won't! You can't! We must find a way!" flamed Daphne.

"Why do you say that?" asked the colonel, turning to her with a distinct lessening of his discouraged lassitude.

"It would not be the ranch any more!" she cried passionately. "The dear old ranch! Why, it would be like cutting up—destroying a loved and living thing!"

"Ah, Puss"—the colonel exhaled a deep sigh of relief—"you understand. I thought there could not be a person in the whole wide world who would understand."

XXXIX

BEFORE they separated they had talked it over more calmly. The colonel insisted that for the time being the matter should remain between themselves. "I would a little rather you would not tell your father of this," said the colonel. "It would only embarrass matters. He and young Boyd are in partnership, you know."

"He wouldn't be in partnership two minutes if——" began Daphne with spirit.

"I know," interposed the colonel gently. "That is just it. Such partnership cannot be dissolved on the spur of the moment. The only way would be for your father to buy him out—and you know he can't do that. The arrangement must continue."

"I suppose so—it seems intolerable," agreed Daphne after a moment and with reluctant distaste. "But I can't bear the thought of his—I won't be even decent to him."

"I shouldn't go to extremes, my dear," advised the colonel, "for your father's sake—and a little for mine."

"For yours? What do you mean, godpapa?"

"It may be that I shall have to deal with these men yet."

"Oh," cried Daphne, aflame at once. "I thought ——"

"But I have your Aunt Alhe to think of," the colonel reminded her.

"But you won't ——"

"I won't do anything because these men want me to," said the colonel. "I won't do anything unless I have to. Come, now, things may not be so bad. Of course anything might happen—I might step on a nail and get lockjaw. But I don't see why we shouldn't pay interest as we have been doing for years. All we're afraid of is the mystery of these men's threats. Let's not get stampeded."

Daphne made a noble effort not to treat Kenneth as though he had not hurt the very depths of her soul, for that was what it amounted to. The result vastly mystified the young man. At first he thought her new manner a joke, and tried to reply in kind. But soon he sensed a real, though concealed, hostility.

"What have I done?" he beseeched her. "Whatever it was, I certainly didn't mean it. Tell me what it is, at least."

"It's nothing at all," replied Daphne primly.

"But it is something," he persisted. "Why are you treating me this way?"

"I am not treating you in any special way."

"Oh, aren't you?" he cried ruefully. "I feel like the worm that has overslept and wasn't on hand for the early bird."

She did not condescend to smile at this.

"And you won't go riding any more."

"I would go riding if I did not happen to be very busy just now. I haven't time."

"Busy!" repeated Kenneth. "Busy at what, I should like to know?"

But talk as long as he would, he could get no further in satisfaction. Indoors, Daphne took pains never to be alone with him. In the presence of her father she sat to one side sewing. Only when directly addressed by a question did she reply—very briefly. Gone were her eager interpolations and high spirits. Brainerd glanced quizzically at her from time to time.

"What you and Daffy been quarreling about?" he asked Kenneth as they rode together to the upper tunnel.

"I haven't an idea, sir," replied Kenneth. "I wish I knew. I've been trying to find out, but I can't get a thing from her but statements that she's treating me just as she always has and that there isn't a thing the matter, and giving me the wide-eyed stare. She must think I'm an imbecile," he ended bitterly.

Brainerd laughed softly.

"I thought it might really be something"

He began to whistle La Donna è mobile. But to Kenneth it was no laughing matter. Against the smooth, sweetly smiling opposition of her denial that things were not as usual he beat in vain.

"I'd like to shake you!" he cried one day, goaded to the limit of endurance.

To Keep Edges Keen for Shave after Shave with each Safety Razor Blade

From one double-edged blade you can easily get scores of delightfully clean, smooth shaves, by regular stropping with a Twinplex.

The finely textured steel used in these blades is as perfect as that of the finest old style razor. Before it leaves the factory each blade is ground and stropped with infinite precision to insure keenness for quick, easy shaving.

But in shaving the keenness of any edge is quickly lost. With your safety razor blade just as with any old style razor, stropping is necessary to keep the edges as keen as when new.

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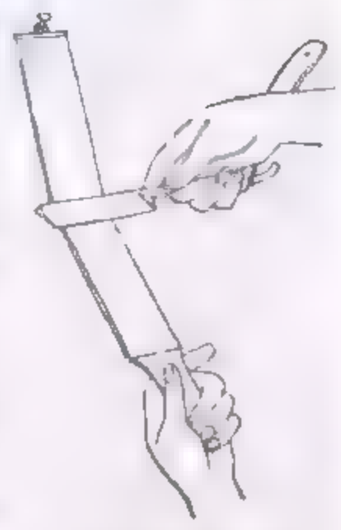
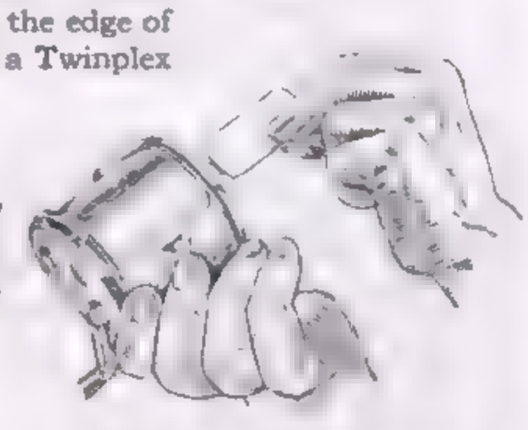


In stropping an old style razor, first one side is stropped, then the other.



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For the first time her pose was dropped. She faced him straight with flashing eyes.

"I'd like to see you try!" she replied.

They stared at each other with hate.

"Well, good-by. When you come to your senses I hope you'll let me know," rejoined Kenneth, and he turned on his heel.

For two weeks he confined his presence at The Bungalow to purely business hours, and took conspicuous pains to avoid the house itself. On the few occasions when he happened to meet Daphne, he lifted his hat gravely, and was bowed to gravely in return. He was very unhappy and bewildered and hurt about it. Naturally it seemed to him without all reason. But naturally, too, it brought him to a tumultuous realization of his love. Heretofore it had flowed so smoothly in the comfortable channel of their everyday, joyous, open-air companionship that he had not recognized it fully. Now he suffered all the doubts and fears, the longings and despairs, the dreams and far-off hopes of his condition.

And Daphne—hurt to the soul, sick with disappointment in human nature, proud, ashamed that her confidence and trust and free companionship had been so misplaced, grieved that so fair and frank an appearance and manner should cover such falsity of heart, and unquenchingly aflame with indignation against treachery—can you not see her, one moment openly and regally scorning poor Kenneth even as dust beneath the belly of the worm and the next flinging herself in tears on the bed? And Kenneth spent more time than he should at the Frémont bar, and was seen dashing about in a spindly wheeled, varnished buggy with a very sporty-looking damsel by his side—my dear, she had the impudence to tell me that her cheeks were such a trial to her because strangers always thought she rouged! And these facts were told to Daphne, who said they did not interest her. And Daphne suddenly became a devotee of the Frémont hops, and was known to have danced four times in succession with that Sherwood boy from San Francisco, the one who is so dissipated, and disappeared from three more dances. But, then, what can you expect from anyone brought up as she was? At which Kenneth laughed the approved cynical laugh and said he didn't envy Sherwood—and each listening in all conversations to catch the other's name. Lovers separated by cruel misunderstanding. It is a situation as old as the old, old world.

XL

A DREADFUL thing happened. Allie Peyton died suddenly of heart failure. The catastrophe occurred early in the evening, but Kenneth did not hear of it until he started out the following morning. His father was away on a business trip to Los Angeles, so he rode down at once to the ranch. Daphne opened the door to his ring. Her eyes were red and tired, but they widened in amazement and anger when she saw him. At once she stepped outside and closed the door cautiously behind her.

"You! You!" she whispered intensely. "How dare you come to this house? Are you lost to all shame, all sense of decency? Have you no feeling for that old man's grief that you should show your face here to-day? Your father, at least, had a sense of shame. Go! Go at once before you are seen!"

Kenneth stared at her. His jaw dropped in amazement, his spirit struck to confusion by this fierce and unexpected onslaught. He was unable to gather his faculties. Seeing that he made no move, Daphne, still in a white heat of anger, seized his arm as though to hustle him from the veranda. At the physical touch his mind snapped into focus.

"See here," he whispered with equal ferocity. "I don't know what's the matter with you, but I'll tell you I'm about sick of this! You've treated me like a dog lately for no reason at all. I've come down here this morning to tell the colonel how sorry I am this has happened and to see if there is anything I can do, and you spring out at me! I won't have it, I tell you! I was as fond of Aunt Allie——"

"Don't you dare call her that!" cried Daphne.

Kenneth, very white, stared at her a moment. Then he reached out and seized her firmly by the upper arm.

"You come with me, young woman," he commanded grimly. "You'll just explain yourself!"

She twisted, trying to snatch her arm away, but his fingers bit in without mercy, and after a moment she gave up. Without easing his grip he led her down the steps, across the lawn, under the oak trees to Dolman's House. Once there, he fairly flung her arm from him.

"Now, young woman!" he commanded.

She stood for a moment rubbing her arm, too angry to speak.

"You know perfectly well," she managed at last.

Kenneth faced her, his arms folded rather melodramatically across his chest. He was entirely in control of himself, very grim and determined, very cool, and seemed of a sudden to have put on an unwonted garment of cool maturity.

"We won't have any of that," he told her. "I asked you to explain your attitude, and I have the right after your treatment of me to expect you to do so."

His cold determination stiffened her own. She straightened and faced him.

"Very well, if you will have it openly," she said, and in level tones began her count. He listened without comment until she had quite finished.

"You believe all this?" he inquired then. "But that is a superfluous question—I see you do." He paced back and forth a few times, considering. She watched him furtively. Strangely enough a tiny thrill of something very like hope sprang up in her heart. He was not taking it as she had expected. His face was set and gray and his manner was of an iron repression. "I'd like to get this quite clear," he said after a moment. "So if you don't mind I'll restate it. Your own exposition was a little confused. As near as I can make it out, according to your story, my father has offered to buy Colonel Peyton's ranch, or a portion of it." He checked the point off on his finger. "Failing in that, he has entered into a plot to take the ranch away from the colonel in spite of him, turning the old man out. The reason he wants the ranch is that he wants to turn it over to me. I am—and have been—in this plot from the beginning, and that is why I have been learning the ranch business. Incidentally I have been spying on conditions. Does that state the case?"

It did state exactly Daphne's belief and the cause of her anger. There was no reason why her sense of the rectitude of her position should weaken or her indignation abate. Yet illogically both these things were happening. Somehow she actually began to feel on the defensive. That was unthinkable!

"Perfectly!" she answered, her spirit returning at the thought.

"Leaving my father out of it for the moment, why have you thought I would be a party to such a scheme—if there was such a scheme? Is that the opinion you had formed of me in the four or five years we have been together? Answer me—I want to know."

"N-no," hesitated Daphne. This was getting on the defensive with a vengeance.

"What was it, then?"

"I heard with my own ears this Bates person tell the colonel that that was why your father wanted it. And you told me yourself right here in this very spot that some day you would get this ranch. Don't tell me you don't remember!"

Kenneth puzzled over this statement with exasperating deliberation.

"Oh, I see," he observed at last. "I think I've got it."

He looked straight at her, and the hard square lines of his face had softened and a quizzical gleam had come into his eyes. And somehow, whether it was that Kenneth's manner had an effect, that her own emotion had exhausted itself by its intensity, that the reaction from the past weeks had flung her back, or, more subtly, that again Dolman the wise exerted his mysterious influence, the fact remains that suddenly Daphne knew without the justification of words and arguments that it was all right.

"Daffy," said Kenneth deliberately, "you're a goose!"

"A-am I?" she faltered.

The next instant she was shaking with sobs, tight-folded in his arms, her face buried against his arm. After a few moments he raised her head and kissed her. She clung to him the harder.

"Oh, Ken, Ken," she cried, "it's so good to be back! So good to be back!"

"Sweetheart," he murmured.

She drew back to look at him, pushing herself away with both hands against his chest, her expression astonished and a little awed.

"Why—why, Ken!" she gasped. "It is that, isn't it?"

"Of course," he soothed, drawing her back to him. "Haven't you known? I have for weeks."

"Oh, Ken," she said after a little, "we ought to be ashamed to be so happy just now. Think! Oh, we must try to be so good to the poor old colonel!"

Thus brought back to the present problem, they sat down on the lowermost sweeping limb of Dolman's House to talk more soberly.

"Now as to my father's supposed part in all this," said Kenneth, "I don't believe it for a moment. He is a business man accustomed to talking plain business, and he has been misunderstood. Probably he has some scheme of buying part of the ranch and turning it into farms, though he's never said anything to me about it. You know he's always had the small-farm idea. Naturally he would suppose the colonel would want to go in for it. But as for his plotting to do up the old man"—Kenneth laughed—"why, you don't know my father, that's all!"

Daphne snuggled closer. There were any number of loose ends, but they seemed unimportant. However, Kenneth proceeded to gather one of them up.

"Father's in Los Angeles," he went on. "Just as soon as he gets back I'll tell him about it." He paused, considering. "You don't suppose the colonel would feel differently about it—now?" he suggested.

"Why should he?"

"Well—Aunt Allie—it may seem different to him now. Perhaps he'd like to get rid of the worry—and, of course, we don't know all the ins and outs of the matter, do we? Certainly the situation can't change before the mortgages become due. Suppose I find out when that is. I can easily do it. Then it might be a good idea to let things alone for a little while until the colonel gets straightened round a little and finds out just what he does want to do. We'd be very foolish to stir things all up uselessly. What do you think?"

"It might be a good idea. But, Ken, are you very sure your father ——"

"Certain sure! Let me tell you about father. He probably thinks the colonel is either an obstructionist to progress or is trying to hold him up. In either case he'd fight, for father is a fighter. But it's only because he doesn't understand the colonel. I can fix that, never fear, when the time comes."

His confidence was so absolute that she shared it.

"Are you going to let me see the colonel now?" he asked after a moment with a rueful smile

"I don't see how you can. I must explain to him. You see, he thinks the same as I did."

"Oh," cried Kenneth, distressed, "you must fix that! I can't bear that thought."

She rose slowly, holding out her fingers to his clasp.

"Come," she said considering, "I'll see."

But the matter was taken out of their hands. As they turned round the low-flung screen of leaves formed by the lowermost branch of Dolman's House they came face to face with the tall figure of the colonel His clean-cut old face looked white and the lines of it had somehow grown finer, but no visible marks of grief blurred his countenance or dimmed the kindly clearness of his eyes. Indeed, into the latter came a faint twinkle as he surveyed them, for they had been walking hand in hand and the surprise of the encounter had left them so. Slowly the colonel's gaze traveled from one face to the other.

"I see it is all right," he said—"and, children, I'm very, very glad. It is as it should be."

"Oh, godpapa," breathed Daphne with meaning, "everything is all right."

The colonel fairly twinkled at her.

"No need to tell me that, Puss." He turned to Kenneth. "You have won," he said simply, "the finest, truest woman in the world, and you must be good to her. There is nothing else in life, my boy; nothing! I know," he added in a low voice.

Kenneth stammered brokenly his thanks and an attempt at the impossible translating into words of sympathy for bereavement and sense of loss.

"I know, I know," said the colonel hastily. He seized and pressed Kenneth's hand strongly. "That is all right too. It must be all right. I know you loved her, children—and she loved you. She must be very happy now in your happiness."

"If there is anything at all I can do, sir," stammered Kenneth—"anything at all "

"I know, I know, my boy. I'll call on you," and suddenly the colonel turned from them and walked down through the oak trees, his step firm, his shoulders squared, his tall figure erect, his head high.

Daphne cast herself, sobbing, on Kenneth's breast.

"Oh, I wish he weren't like that!" she cried. "He's wonderful, but he breaks my heart! If he'd only give way a little! He's too tight-strung. He sits by her with that same look in his eyes."

XLI

THE funeral was the most extraordinary in the history of Arguello, some people whispered. Certainly, it was well attended. From all directions came people in vehicles and people on horseback. A returned traveler familiar with the old days would have said that another *fiesta* was forward at Corona del Monte, another of Allie's birthday feasts to which came all the world and his wife, except that on closer inspection he could not but have perceived that every form was clad in decent black, every face wore a proper expression of gravity, manners were subdued and the tones of conversation were low. They drove into the inclosure and hitched their horses and exchanged murmurs with the old Spanish servants who were there to assist them, and so drifted up the knoll and over the lawn beneath the oaks toward the house.

To many it was only too poignantly reminiscent of the old days. They saw in retrospect the colonel and Allie at the foot of the steps waiting to greet them, and the huge punch bowls under the trees, and the gay murmur that floated from the barbecue grounds across the way. Ah, things were different then! Many of them had not been to Corona del Monte for years—not since the old *fiestas* in Allie's honor had been given up. And here they were back again to assist in her last *fiesta* of all! The place did not look the same to them. The old spirit had sickened. And in spite of themselves they could not but notice the peeling paint, the sprouting weeds, the brown patches in the lawn, all the signs that Corona del Monte was not as of yore.

As they drifted slowly toward the house they recognized one another and half nodded, as though a full salutation would in some way desecrate, and gravitated together and whispered subdued things.

Oliver Mills was there; and old Don Vincente, shaking with a town-acquired palsy, and his fat, soft, sympathetic women; Jim Paige, Doctor Wallace, old Patterson, the riding master. And the Arguello families were present in force—the Stanleys, Welches, Carsons, Maynards, and their like. George Scott had come; and the entire Sociedad, getting the news by a chance rider, had driven all night to be there. The ranch dependents, their numbers sadly reduced since the old days, stood one side in a subdued, sad little group. Perhaps the greatest flutter was caused by the arrival of a number of red-button Chinamen.

Inside the house—and this was the extraordinary part that caused the gossips to whisper—the mourners were greeted by the colonel. By all etiquette of the time the colonel should not have been in evidence. But there he was, greeting them as guests of the house; grave, to be sure, but clear-eyed, cordial, unembarrassed. He had a word for each of them, and such astonishing words!

"Mrs. Peyton will feel so glad you have come," he told them in effect, and they did not know what to say, being in such matters conventional souls, but were honestly touched. Somehow they sensed that the colonel was for the last time doing the honors in his house for the last time greeting poor Allie's guests at this her last *fiesta* of all. Then Daphne or Kenneth or Brainerd took charge of them.

The little house soon filled and overflowed onto the veranda and then to the lawn. The windows were opened so that the service could be heard At its close they all unhitched their horses and followed to the cemetery, a long, long string of them plodding through the dust that rose like the smoke of a great fire.

Daphne and Kenneth stayed to put the house in order. They cleared away the flowers and rearranged everything just as it was. Sing Toy helped them in silence.

(Continued on Page 73)

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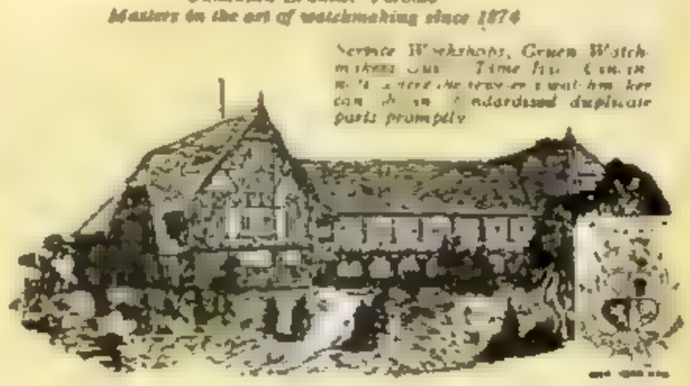
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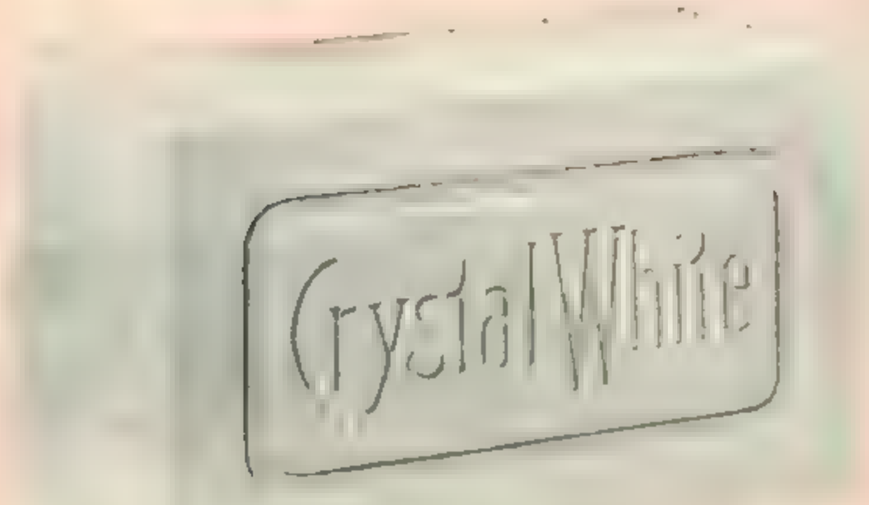

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Continued from Page 70

They fixed the center table just as usual, with the lamp, and they laid there the colonel's paper and book.

"How about this?" asked Kenneth uncertainly, indicating the old wooden Boston rocker in which Mrs. Peyton had always sat with her work

Daphne considered, her brows lined.

"Put it just where it has always been," she decided at last. "There! Now we must go before he gets back. He has been wonderful, but now he will want to be alone. Sing Toy must take care of him. You got to make him eat, Sing Toy."

"You bet, I fix 'um," said Sing Toy cheerfully.

At heart Sing Toy was desolate, and he had woven purple in his pigtail as a sign of grief. So in the gathering dusk they stole away, leaving the old ranch house to its shadows of the past.

XLII

PATRICK BOYD wrote from Los Angeles for clothes to be sent him and departed for the East. He wrote Kenneth that a sudden and pressing call of business had summoned him. The latter easily found out that the mortgages on the ranch were not due for some time yet. So matters did not press.

The lovers lived a-tiptoe. Life was all a gorgeous secret. The most commonplace affairs took on significance. Suddenly all the ordinary things in the world had entered into a conspiracy with them of some splendid sort hidden from the rest of mankind, for whom, indeed, they wore their everyday aspects as a disguise. They were very compassionate toward those who were unmarried and unattached and could therefore be considered as leading a dead-alive sort of life; those who were married and settled down and who consequently lived humdrum, stodgy existences; and those engaged couples who did not fully apperceive the glories and possibilities of this state and who therefore might be fairly adjudged as lost in ignorance. They did not say so or argue about it. They just felt it, which made George Scott want to spank them, but which merely caused everybody else to laugh in a sympathetic fashion. Not that they knew—or cared.

They were good to the colonel, though. The innocent caller, or even passer-by, who occupied as much as five minutes of the valued leisure that they might have been devoting to each other was often bewildered by evidences of suppressed impatience over his superfluous existence. You see, of the day, counting sleep and occasional necessary separate tasks, but including, of course, all ranch work which could just as well as not be done in company, they could count on only about twelve hours together. As they had been closely associated only about four years, and as they could not expect to live more than fifty or sixty years more, it can readily be seen that outsiders who did not promptly get down to business and say what they had to say and then get out were a positive blight.

Daphne, as of the social sex, tried to be polite in a strained sort of fashion, but Ken merely glowered.

All this did not apply to the colonel. They followed the old man round every minute he would let them, and they were constantly popping in to see what they could do. The colonel, to outside appearance, was the same as ever. His step had lost none of its spring, his figure none of its erectness, his kind old face none of its benevolent interest in those about him. He spoke of Allie frequently and without the embarrassment of surface grief. People meeting him casually driving down Main Street in Arguello saw no difference in him. He was the same old colonel.

But the ranch people knew. From the moment Allie left him the colonel lost either his interest in or his grasp of details. Old Manuelo gave up consulting him after a while, and came to Kenneth or Brainerd to determine what to do. Details seemed to perplex, almost to irritate him. His brow cleared and his smile returned only when he had disposed of them in his usual fashion.

"I leave it to you, Manuelo. You know better than I do, and you will do for the best."

It was the same way about the place. The gardener gradually took things over and did as he pleased. Sing Toy governed the house. As a consequence the garden ran down and the house took within itself a rigid Chinese formality of arrangement. These things distressed Daphne and Kenneth at first, but they found that any mention of them to the colonel merely bothered him, while any attempt at direct regulation would rouse instant resentment. After all, if the colonel did not notice these externals, why should it matter?

The colonel walked and rode much about the ranch, to be sure, but it was in no superintending capacity. He knew its every hill and dale, almost its every bush and tree, and he went about loving them. Since his wife's death the earthly part of affection for her seemed to have transferred itself to Corona del Monte. His days took on a rough sort of routine. Except on the few occasions when he drove to town to visit Main Street, he rode or drove far afield all the morning—sometimes all day. In the afternoon he wandered about the nearer parts of the ranch, peering here and there, standing for long periods staring at the pigs, the ducks, the horses, or across the paddocks, poking into odd corners, testing hasps and well covers and bin traps, but never apparently with any purpose of suggestion or repair, greeting and chatting with the men and women and children of the ranch. Always he managed to keep up his supply of peppermint lozenges, which he distributed gravely. At evening he returned to eat his solitary dinner, after which he repaired to the sitting room, where he sat down by the oil lamp and picked up his paper. Across the low table stood the old worn wooden Boston rocker, just where it had always stood. From time to time the colonel would glance across at it over the top of his bowed spectacles. Then he resumed his reading.

XLIII

SHORTLY after Boyd's departure for the East Kenneth came down with a bad cold that resulted in an attack of tonsilitis. He was confined to the house for some days, and when Doctor Wallace finally permitted him to drive out to The Bungalow again he was pretty wabbly and was afflicted with a bad cough. As may be imagined, this seemingly endless separation had been a terrible thing to the lovers, and they greeted each other with the appropriate ecstasy. An apparently blind, unjust, unreasonable Fate had smitten them so sorely that at times it had seemed there was no justice in the world. Seconds, minutes, hours, days even, that might have afforded each its splendid rapture had trooped slowly—so slowly—and grayly by, and were lost irretrievably in the irrevocable past.

Townsend Brainerd remarked: "Hullo, Ken! How's the boy? Thought you were sick. You certainly made a quick recovery."

But it developed that Ken had not made quite a recovery. He retained an annoying cough that refused to pay any attention to Doctor Wallace's concoctions. Of course he made little account of it himself, but Daphne was absurdly anxious.

"A change of air would remedy the matter," precise little Doctor Wallace told her. "A sojourn of not less than two weeks over the mountains, or anywhere away from the coast, is indicated. These bronchial affections linger persistently at this season."

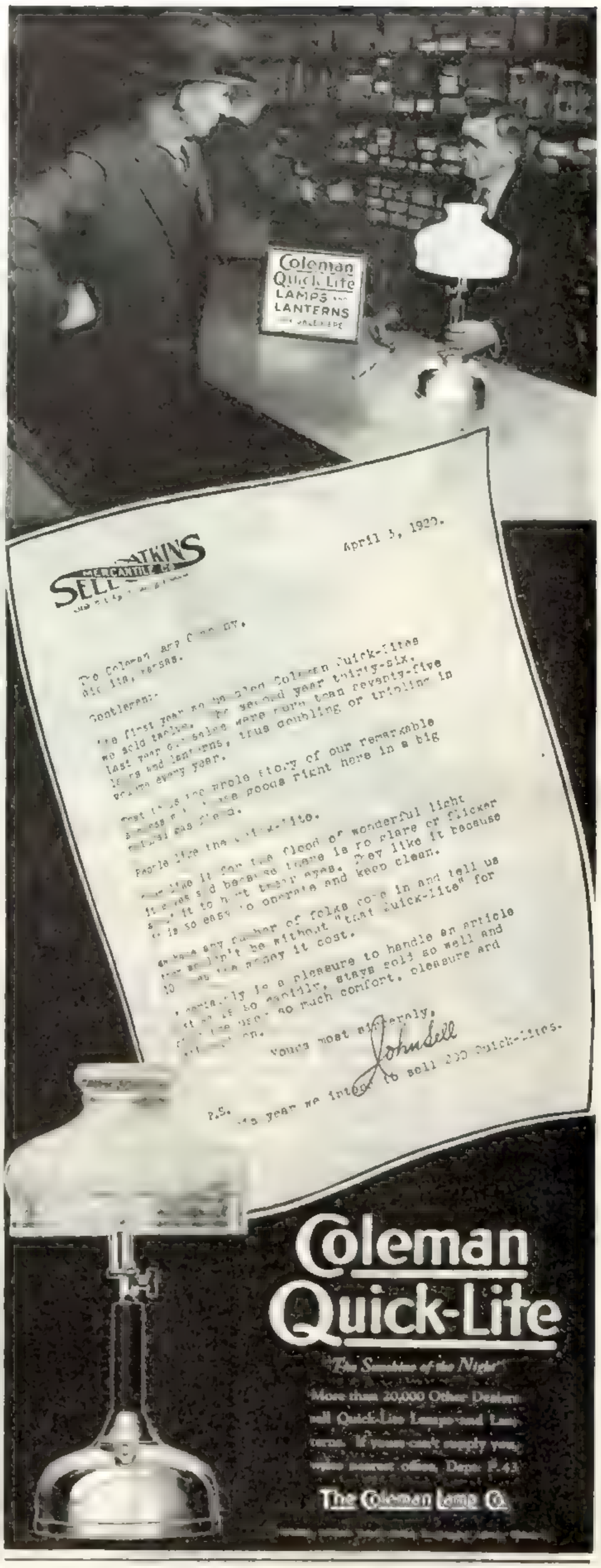
Kenneth at first scouted the idea as absurd. He was a great, strong brute, and a little cough like this was nothing to bother about for a second. He couldn't get away—he had his work to do.

"And besides, think of what it would mean! Two weeks! Perhaps you could think of it with equanimity, but it is beyond me. When one loves anybody as I do you, two weeks ——"

"I know, I know!" cried Daphne. "I can't bear to think of it, either. But Ken ——"

Daphne had been brought up in a household over which had hovered the menace of tuberculosis. She had acquired an instinctive horror that was even a little unreasonable. In the end it was decided that Kenneth should go. A letter from Corbell announcing the pigeons and inviting to a shoot decided the matter. The moment of parting was heart-rending. It had been agreed that they were to write to one another every day, and the thought had been minutely comforting until some unkind little inner common-sense devil had pointed out that the stages ran only once a week.

That nearly wrecked the whole expedition. Ken was going nowhere, no matter what the consequences, where he would not hear for one whole week! They worked back slowly against this tide.



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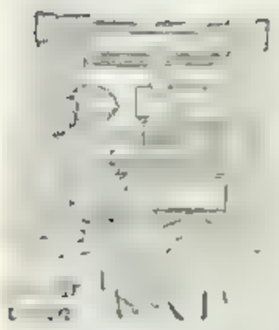

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Finally they arranged to write seven letters at a time, starting now, and to read one a day. Not very satisfactory, but it sufficed. Likewise they picked out a star that could be looked at—undoubtedly to its embarrassment—by both at a certain hour. Other psychically suggestive arrangements were made. Nevertheless, at the last moment they seemed pitifully inadequate, and if Kenneth could decently have drawn back he would have done so. But that would have been a trifle difficult, considering that he had already sent on his equipment by the stage. So he climbed his horse and rode away, with a sunken sort of feeling that it was all silly, useless, was going to be a bore, and that his main job in life was now to tackle empty days courageously.

This attitude lasted to the foot of the pass. Then it lightened somewhat under the influence of the sun, the blue sky, the faint aromas from the warmed chaparral and the spirit-lifting climb toward higher levels. When he topped the range and began his descent into the less familiar country, try as he would, he could not keep his spirits down. He did his conscientious best. He thought of Daphne and how long it was going to be before he saw her again and all the rest of it, and he whipped his mind into single contemplation of this distressing situation. But the confounded thing would take surreptitious looks ahead toward the end of the day and the big ranch room with the fire and how much fun it was going to be to see the gang again, and as to pigeons—Ken had shot quail over here a number of times, but he had never happened to get away when the pigeons were in.

They told great stories of the pigeons; how swarms of them fed across open spaces, the birds behind fluttering over those in front in order to get first pickings and the rear rank fluttering in turn over them, until it was like a wave advancing; how they darted over the passes in the hills on their way to water, traveling so fast that you had to hold fifteen feet ahead of them; how wary they were, so that in spite of abundance the hunter had to use all his craft; and how the falcons swooped after the killed birds, so that sometimes these swift hawks actually caught the falling pigeon before it hit the ground, leaving the hunter cursing—unless he had a second barrel for the thief!

Tall story that last! Wonder if the shooting is as hard as they make out? Corbell said five to eight shells to a bird, and Corbell was a crack shot. Ken wondered if he was going to disgrace himself. He was a pretty good quail shot now, but this overhead work! Looks as though he'd be kept pretty busy loading up those brass shells of his. And while his introspective mind raced thus like a dog new loosed, sending little thrills of enthusiasm and anticipation through his veins, his surface mind was observing and noting various matters outside. That brush rabbit thought he was hid when he crouched in that shadow. Wonder if that's an eagle or a red-tailed hawk sailing yonder! By Jove, it looks a little as if it might be a condor! Those fellows are scarce. Hullo, snake track in the dust! Good deal of water in the river for this time of year. Wonder how that will affect the fishing! Something made a whacking rustle in the brush. And at the same time his ordinary physical senses were calling attention to the comfortable, warm, soaking-in feeling of the sunshine on the back of his neck, or the homely creaking of the saddle leather, or the spice smell of the sage, or the touch of the breeze on his cheek. His consciousness suddenly took command of all these things, to discover that he was whistling a lilting tune and jangling his spur chains in rhythm to it. Shocked at the discovery, he was sternly and conscientiously miserable again.

But as he neared the ranch country and his way led out from the river bottoms across the rolling, oak-dotted hills of the cattle ranges he began to see the pigeons. They slanted across the brilliance of the western sky in long, swift lines. They alighted and fluttered and lost balance and flapped back again on the bare branches of the white oaks. The high, shrill whistling of their wings was plain to be heard. Kenneth's heart leaped and the blood coursed through his veins. He struck spurs to his dawdling mount, filled with a sudden eagerness to arrive.

And at his call there was such a heartening eruption to the long, low veranda of the ranch house—Herbert Corbell as precise as ever with his wax-pointed mustache, and yet with such a friendly gleam in his eye; and the huge form of Bill Hunter, his honest countenance glowing; and red-faced Shot Sheridan; and, of course, long, lank Frank Moore, with his wizened, quizzical, humorous expression; and Ravenscroft, the Englishman; and even Carlson, the poet, who might be considered an occasional and honorary member of the Sociedad. Among them all the dogs squirmed and wagged and bent their spines and wrinkled back their upper lips and otherwise ingratiated themselves, and Mex Joe flashed his white teeth as he appeared to take Ken's horse. They all welcomed him boisterously, and dragged him in by the leaping fire. Supper was ready almost immediately. After supper a tremendous tobacco smudge was raised, and Ken's excitement was fanned by the discussion of to-day's and to-morrow's hunts.

When he remembered that star it was already an hour later than the agreed time He chided himself severely and tried hard to feel miserable over his separation from Daphne, but the thought of those pigeons kept spoiling it all.

It is a pity this is not a sportsman's narrative, for it would be very interesting to tell here of the band-tailed pigeon shooting of the old days. But we are concerned with other things. Therefore it must be sufficient to say that Kenneth found his enforced absence not without its mitigations. After the first novelty had worn off he did miss Daphne cruelly, and he did look forward with increasing longing to the time when he should return. The rendezvous with the star was now faithfully kept, but that was only when he was alone—and he was alone very little. The rest of the time she lay deep in his heart, and everything he saw and did came through the medium of his love and was tinged by it to a wonderful rosiness, so that take it all in all he was getting through pretty well. The cough was certainly disappearing.

XLIV

NOW it happened that the very day after Kenneth had left Arguello, Patrick Boyd returned unexpectedly from the East. He had fully expected to be away for another month, but Bates had concluded arrangements much quicker than he had anticipated. Boyd caught the first train. He might have telegraphed his arrival, but it hardly seemed important, and he would surprise Ken. Like most surprises, this one missed fire. From the Chinese he learned merely that the young man had gone pigeon shooting, to which Boyd mentally registered approval. Ken had earned a vacation. Then he turned his whole energies to getting action.

For Boyd had the thing sewed up in a gunny sack, as he phrased it. That is to say, Bates and his associates had found ample financial backing; the company had been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey; and Boyd himself stood in a very satisfactory relation to it all. There remained merely to go ahead with the physical details. The first of these was to acquire or tie up the most desirable irrigable property; the second, to get rights of way; the third, to develop the water rights Boyd had already taken up. After that would come such incidental matters as water power, electric power, municipal supply, and so forth. It looked big!

With at last something definite to which to apply his long-pent energies, Boyd went at things with a vim. The morning after his arrival he had called a special meeting of the First National's directors. He brought to their attention the Peyton loans. These mortgages had been renewed again and again—a further renewal would be asked. He then pointed out that the last interest had not been paid. This had not been pressed because of the colonel's bereavement and because of the colonel's deserved personal popularity. We esteem the colonel. But it had not been paid since. It was not likely to be paid, nor was future interest. He would show them why; and he went on to analyze exactly the affairs at the ranch, drawing on his intimate knowledge gained through Kenneth's innocent spying.

It was evident that by no stretch of the imagination could it be hoped that the principal of the loans could ever be repaid from the ranch activities. In other words, it was a bad loan. It was not only a bad loan, but it was too big a loan to be tied up in one piece of property. It had been bad banking and he did not hesitate to say so.

(Continued on Page 78)

Exide BATTERIES

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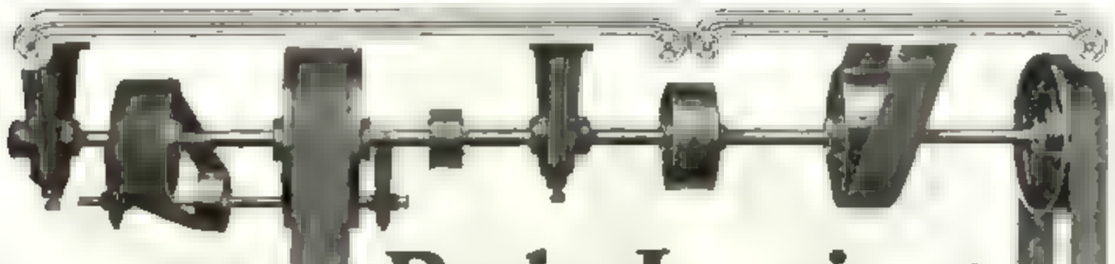

Belt Lacing *that is* Dependable

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"Clipper" hooks are made from a special steel wire which combines great tensile strength and resistance to strain and fatigue. Actual tests have proved that each hook will stand a pulling strain of sixty pounds—equal to over four hundred pounds to every inch of belt. "Clipper" lacing is therefore strong, dependable, and wears well. In addition, it saves time.

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Old methods took anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour to make a crude joint. The "Clipper" joint is smooth and flush with the belt on both sides. The hooks are imbedded into the belting, out of sight. There are no loose ends. No big holes are punched. In the case of fibre belts there are no loose ends to fray. The lacing is safe. Any factory workman can speedily and correctly lace a belt with the simple "Clipper" tool. It is perpetually guaranteed and goes to responsible parties for free trial.

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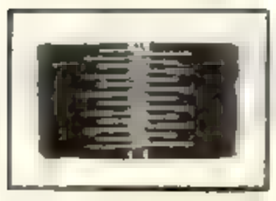
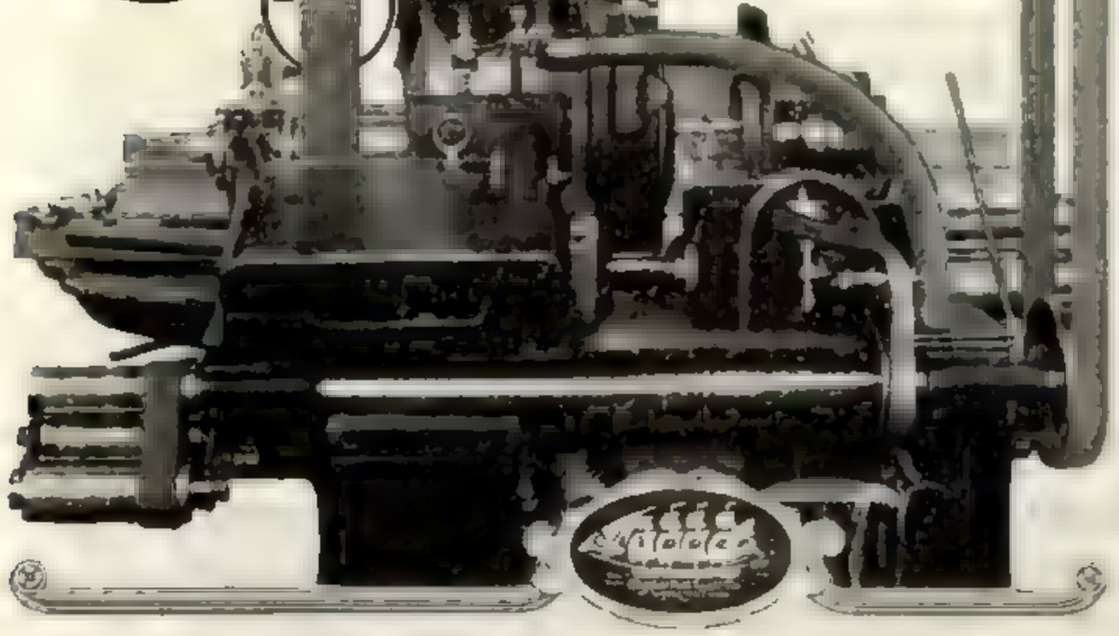


Most mill supply houses sell the "Clipper." Dealers not stocking it write for particulars.



Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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It was the type of banking that in the financial circles of the East would, he was free to say, call for the severest criticism, perhaps investigation.

Boyd's voice became very crisp at this point. A bank's business is to use its stockholders' and depositors' money wisely and safely. That is its first duty. In opposition to this first duty no other consideration could have weight. Its funds should at all times be so invested as to bring the highest return consistent with safety, and at the same time on such a basis that they could be liquefied at any time without loss. That was a commonplace.

Had that been done here? Boyd stated with great positiveness to the contrary. Corona del Monte might be fairly considered worth more than the loans on it, to be sure, but not in a forced sale—and a forced sale was the criterion. If on foreclosure the bank could not regain its loan and interest from the auction price of the ranch it would be forced to keep it, and running a ranch is about the poorest thing a bank can do.

The board listened to all this rather glumly. Nobody likes to be called a fool or scolded; and most of these men, conservatives of the old Arguello type, had no use for Boyd's dominating, enterprising schemes, anyway.

"Do I understand, Mr. Boyd, that you have called this special meeting to advocate not renewing Colonel Peyton's mortgage?" asked Oliver Mills dryly. "I believe those notes are not due for some months yet and consideration of them might quite well have come before a regular meeting."

"Not at all," Boyd countered, squaring his bulky form toward the speaker. "I've called this board together to do business, and I am pointing out a few basic facts to put it in mind to do business. I mean just this—if you want it plainly: You've made a damn bad deal in this Peyton business—just about as silly as the Las Flores loan."

"We got out of that in good shape," objected Squires, a director.

"By means of a miracle, the land boom," stated Boyd caustically, "a miracle, I may add, that is not due to repeat and will have to be paid for in spite of what some people say." He stared sardonically at Squires, and the latter squirmed, remembering that Boyd had nipped him in the boom and still held him. "Now when those Peyton notes come due, whether it's to-morrow or a year from to-morrow, one of two things will have to be done: Either you'll have to renew the mortgage or you'll have to foreclose it. I shall resist renewal, and I shall give my reasons before the state board of examiners. Foreclosure will harm all concerned."

He paused so long that Oliver Mills felt constrained to say something.

"I suppose you have something to propose," he said wearily.

"Right! It is this: I will discount that paper at its full valuation."

A silence greeted this offer, while the members digested the idea.

"I don't believe I quite follow Mr. Boyd," said old Mr. Donovan at last. "He has been pointing out to us the undesirability of this matter in one breath, and then in the next he offers to take it over himself. I would like to have that discrepancy explained."

"Now that is good, clear common sense," said Boyd heartily, "and I am glad to explain in two words. My son is interested in the ranch business, and I am certain he can develop this property and put it on a paying basis."

"Have you talked with Colonel Peyton on this matter?" someone asked.

"I have made the colonel substantial offers—more than he can get by foreclosure, but I regret to say that he does not see them. I may add that I stand ready to repeat those offers at any time. Nothing could be fairer than that."

"I don't like it," mumbled Squires doubtfully.

Boyd turned on him swiftly.

"Good Lord, neither do I!" he cried. "But what has that to do with it? It's a plain business transaction. The man has borrowed more than he can pay. The matter, gentlemen, is not in your discretion. You are not acting as individuals, but as trustees for others. I tell you here and plainly, that one of two things is going to happen: Either you sell me these notes now, in which case I will personally take care of the colonel, or you will most certainly be required to foreclose, in which case the exact legal steps of the law will be taken, and not one step more'"

"And what if we do neither?" demanded Donovan, half rising.

Boyd hit the table with his clenched fist.

"I'm here to see that you do!" he thundered. "I've been through this mill before, gentlemen, and believe me I mean business!" He glanced down the directors' table. "There are others besides Colonel Peyton who are skating on thin ice," he added significantly.

"Is that to be understood as a threat?" asked Donovan pugnaciously.

"You bet your sweet life that's a threat!" rejoined Boyd with unexpected candor. "And if you don't believe I can make good on it, just try it and see! Mind you," he added, "I'm not pretending to dictate what you shall do. But you've got to do something legal in this matter, and do it now." He glanced again down the board table. Two of the directors were glaring back at him belligerently. The rest were staring at the polished surface of the table. "Your course of action is as follows: You can sell to me; you can sell to somebody else—and I wish you joy in finding another human being who would give you three cents for the proposition as it stands; you can foreclose. In the first case, all right. In the second place, all right, and God bless you—if you can find a purchaser. In the third case, you're going against bank examiners and plenty of publicity, I can promise you that."

Boyd sat down. Donovan and the other belligerent member jumped into the ring excitedly, but the others remained troubled, looking down. Three of them were absolutely in Boyd's hands financially since the collapse of the boom. The others recognized his power as a fighting man, as a financial magnate, as an experienced manipulator; they understood the weakness of their own position so far as it had been based on sentiment rather than on sound business considerations. After a time Oliver Mills interrupted the acrimonious flow:

"Gentlemen, in my opinion Mr. Boyd is right, much as some of us may deplore that fact. We are here to function as bankers. Colonel Peyton's case has been many times paralleled in the history of California. He is one of my dearest friends. I would much rather this would happen to me than to him"—the little president was speaking with real emotion. "Owing to that fact perhaps we have let things run beyond discretion. Left to ourselves," his voice took on an edge, "possibly we might have continued to do so."

Twenty minutes later the matter was settled. It was voted to sell the notes and the mortgage underlying them to Patrick Boyd. Oliver Mills, with a heavy heart, agreed himself to tell Colonel Peyton and to explain the necessity. It was promised that the papers would be ready and the transaction finished the first day of the following month. Boyd himself stipulated for this delay. He was in haste to get the sale voted upon and entered in the minutes, but was reluctant to hand over funds until he had the other elements of his scheme a little more in hand. He had no fear that another purchaser of the notes could be found. It was too soon after the boom. You couldn't have sold a corner lot in the New Jerusalem for seventy-five cents.

The meeting broke up sadly. The board members talked low voiced among themselves, pointedly ignoring Boyd's exit. Much he cared! The opinion for or against of these country bumpkins, these sentimental old maids, these spineless weaklings that could not stand up in a fair fight for even one round, was not worth having. Boyd knew by experience that success is the thing. In two years everybody would have forgotten all about everything, except possibly a few of the closest friends of this obstructive old fool. And to the new population, the dwellers on the prosperous, smiling, irrigated farms, the thousands who must flock to this garden spot of the world, Patrick Boyd would be what he was—leading citizen, public benefactor, bringer of prosperity, the man with vision who had seen and brought in a new era. Outside the bank building he paused to light a cigar. He was well satisfied.

"I'm sorry—you don't know how sorry I am," Oliver Mills was saying to his confreres, who were too dejected to disperse. "But it has been a long time coming. I don't see how it could be helped."

"There isn't one thing anybody can do, as I can see," agreed someone.

(Continued on Page 79)

3-in-One Uses At Your Elbow

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Spaghetti	Prepared Mustard	

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"It's happened to about all the big Spanish grants," said another, "but, gosh, I do wish it hadn't happened to this one!"

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it," repeated the first speaker.

XLV

THE Chinese factotum of the bank, who had all this time been deliberately washing the tall windows at the end of the room, now folded up his stepladder, picked up his pail and mop and padded out on his felt-soled shoes. His name was Sing Gee and he was very high among the Sings. In business hours he washed floors and windows and cuspidors and inkwells and things for the bank. Out of business hours he occupied an airless back room behind a store that sold highly varnished ducks, where repaired to him many Oriental magnificos and bravos who from him took orders. He was in addition a graduate of Harvard and spoke English almost without an accent, an accomplishment that for some mysterious reason of his own he hid under an inscrutable demeanor and almost inunderstandable pidgin.

Depositing the utensils of his bondage in a closet, he approached the cashier.

"I go now," he stated.

"Go now!" repeated the cashier. "What for you go? Him 'leven o'clock. You no go now."

"Yes, I go now. My second-uncle, he sick."

The cashier was an old Californian, and instantly conceded the point, contenting himself with asking if Sing Gee expected to return, or whether his second-uncle's illness was to result in a permanent withdrawal.

"I come back wo'k to-mollah," stated Sing Gee, and departed.

From the little room behind the varnished ducks he sharply dispatched a youth, who sped so well that within two hours he returned, driving with old Sing Toy behind the ancient furry animal that drew Corona del Monte's Chinese vegetable wagon. Sing Toy bowed profoundly from the waist and stood with his hands folded across his stomach, his beady black eyes fixed on Sing Gee's face, while the latter apparently indulged in a long cantata. Then Sing Toy clucked twice, bowed again from the waist and withdrew.

The rest of the afternoon he devoted to what might have been a house-to-house canvass of Chinatown, holding long, animated confabulations with many red-button Celestials. At the close of each of these interviews he wrote several characters on a tablet he produced from his sleeve. When he had finished all his visits he seated himself before a teakwood abacus or counting frame, and referring to the marks on his tablet he rapidly flipped the polished buttons back and forth on their wires. He contemplated the result with a slight frown, sighed and returned to the back room.

Sing Gee listened to what he had to say, nodded, spoke low-toned to an attendant, and went on puffing at his long-stemmed pipe. The attendant disappeared for a moment, but returned carrying a revolver. It was a wicked-looking weapon, a .45, but with the barrel sawed off within two inches of the frame. He handed this to Sing Toy, who glanced at the cylinder, tucked it in his sleeve, bowed again and departed.

Next he drove the vegetable wagon round to Patrick Boyd's residence, where he carried on a long conversation with the Chinaman—also a Sing—employed in that household. Thence he returned to the ranch, which he reached about sunset.

"Well, Sing Toy," observed the colonel as he drove up, "I began to think I wasn't going to get any dinner."

Sing Toy's beady eyes rested on him, and their inscrutable surface clouded and something very like compassion rose from their unsuspected depths.

"My second-uncle, he got sick," said Sing Toy.

XLVI

THE rumor went abroad with astonishing rapidity that Corona del Monte was to pass from its present owner. There were a very few to say, "I told you so." But the sincere regret was almost universal. The colonel was not only popular—he represented the good old days that had gone forever. This was the last of the original ranchos to stand intact on the tax books of the county. All the others had been divided and divided again, new names constantly edging in until the old names were lost—swamped. Everybody remembered the old lavish *fiestas*. Nobody but at one time or another, whether at occasion of rejoicing or distress, but had received from the overflowing bounty of Corona del Monte, whether it was substantial help in dire need or merely a bouquet of flowers, a basket of fruit or a visit instinct with genuine kindly feeling. People gathered on the corners and talked of it with shakes of the head. It was considered remarkable, of course, that it had not happened long ago. The passing of all grandeurs was in the course of Nature. Nothing could be done about it. Certainly no one was to blame. But there was a genuine sorrow over it for a day or two.

This rumor did not reach The Bungalow until it was two days old, and to the colonel not at all. Oliver Mills had put off informing his old friend of the contemplated change, partly from cowardice, partly because he wanted to spare pain as long as possible. The situation would in no way be altered by the first of the month. As to Townsend Brainerd and Daphne, the story came to them in such diluted form that it did not rouse any immediate alarm.

"There are always these fool rumors of foreclosure," said Brainerd contemptuously, and dismissed it from his mind.

Daphne, as more on the inside, realized that Boyd's return probably meant the beginning of what they had feared. But by now she shared Kenneth's confidence that he would be able to clear the matter. Kenneth would be returning the next week. As none of the mortgages came due for some months yet, there seemed to her no pressing emergency. However, she wrote Kenneth that his father had returned and that rumor was busy with his intentions as to Corona del Monte, and sent the letter by the stage, which happened to go next day.

This letter, which was a fat one, was brought in to Corbell's ranch by a rider who had met the stage for that purpose at a point some miles distant. It was accompanied by various other letters and papers for all members of the party. The others drew up round the lamp to read their share at leisure, but Kenneth seized his prize and withdrew to the privacy of his room.

For a time there was silence, except for the crackling of the fire and the sucking sound of pipes. Then Corbell uttered a profane exclamation that caused them all to look up.

"Look here what Jim Paige writes!" he cried, and began to read:

"There's been a story floating round for a couple of days about the bank's foreclosing on Colonel Peyton. It got so strong that I called in Chan Squires and tackled him about it. Seems I struck it right there, for Chan was pretty mad about it. They had a meeting the other day at the bank and voted to sell the colonel's mortgage to Patrick Boyd. He announced flatly that it was his intention to put the colonel out and put his precious son in. What do you think of that after said precious son has been learning the business right at the colonel's for the last three or four years? Pretty neat, I call it. I asked Chan why the devil they ever sold the notes, and he said Boyd just bulldozed them into it—there was no way out. I guess myself that he had it on them some way, but that wasn't the important point. It was pretty serious, so I took pains to inquire carefully. I sort of liked young Boyd, and I felt pretty sorry about it.

"But it's so, all right. I'm no financier, but it looks like a damn dirty deal. But I suppose there's nothing to be done."

A flat silence succeeded this reading.

"I—I don't quite get it," said Bill Hunter at last.

"It's sufficiently surprising, but it's plain enough," said Corbell icily. "This pair of sharps is trying to do the colonel out of his property, and I don't doubt they'll succeed."

Bill whistled slowly.

"But I don't believe Ken had a thing to do with it," he blurted. "I like that kid."

"Jim Paige doesn't shoot his mouth off at random," Corbell pointed out, "especially a thing like this. He was pretty friendly with young Boyd too."

"I must say I like his cheek, chumming about with us all in this fashion—and with the colonel, too, for that matter," observed Ravenscroft.

"In all probability he sees nothing out of the way in it," replied Corbell bitterly. "It's just business with that sort. Probably'd be surprised to know that anybody could see anything to object to."

"Well, he's going to know pretty plain that I see something to object to!" stated Frank Moore with great positiveness.

"Here he comes now," said Big Bill.

Kenneth appeared in the doorway. The letter had been very satisfactory, and therefore he was feeling and looking particularly cheerful.

"Well, where've you decided to shoot tomorrow?" he called as he entered the room.

There was no response. Kenneth looked about in surprise. The men were sitting in constraint and were looking at him.

"What's up?" demanded Kenneth with a slight laugh. "You look solemn."

"Boyd," began Corbell crisply, "I have known you off and on for some time in rather a casual fashion, and have always liked you. But neither I nor my friends have ever had occasion to inquire into your standards. We have assumed them to be the same as ours. We have received you as one of us on that basis."

Kenneth looked from one to the other, puzzled. The smile had faded from his lips, but lingered in the corners of his mouth, ready to come back if it only proved to be another of the typical elaborate hoaxes.

"But there are some things that, according to our standards, no decent man would do."

"May I ask what you are driving at?" asked Kenneth defensively.

Corbell handed him the letter. Kenneth read it through slowly, the color ebbing from his face. When he had finished he threw his head back.

"Do you believe this of me?" he asked simply.

"Jim Paige is not a man to make rash statements," said Corbell.

"I am not referring to what the facts may or may not be. I am referring to your inferences as to motives. This"—Kenneth struck the letter violently with his fingers, but immediately regained control of himself—"states that there have been certain negotiations as to Colonel Peyton's ranch between my father and the bank. It goes on to impute base motives both to my father and myself. I am not asking you about my father—you don't know him. I am asking you about myself—you do know me. Do you believe this of me?"

"If the facts are as stated, what else are we to believe?" asked Frank Moore bluntly.

Kenneth turned on him almost savagely.

"Facts or no facts, do you think I am the sort to do a dirty trick to a man like Colonel Peyton—that's what I want to know?"

"No, by gad, I don't!" roared Big Bill Hunter.

"Thank you, Bill," said Kenneth gently, but he continued to look at the others.

It was Carlson, the poet, who took the situation out of the emotional and brought it to a basis of sense.

"Now see here, Kenneth," he said, "you know you can't, in the circumstances, expect to put us on the defensive. I don't think anybody suspects that you would deliberately do anything you would think wrong. What we are trying to find out is, what do you think wrong when it comes to a matter of business? We think this thing needs explanation, and personally I believe we have a right to an explanation."

"I haven't been asked for an explanation. I've been condemned," stated Kenneth curtly.

"Beg your pardon, Boyd," said Corbell stiffly. "My fault."

"Now, Kenneth," said Carlson, not unkindly, "tell us all you know of this, if you feel like doing so."

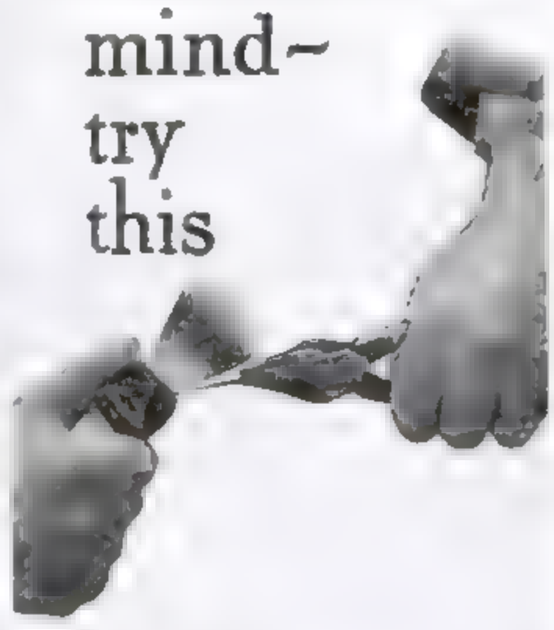
Kenneth hesitated, half in anger and half in embarrassment as to how to begin.

"Come on, kid," rumbled Big Bill.

"I don't understand all of this myself," he said. "It's largely rumor with me. My father has never talked to me about it or even mentioned the subject. I do know he made an offer to the colonel of some kind, but that the colonel refused. I do know, too, that the colonel is in serious difficulties. But as to this talk about my father's putting the colonel off and getting the ranch for me, that is just rot! There has been nothing of that sort in view. I wouldn't be party to any such arrangement—and you know I wouldn't, fellows." He looked about with almost boyish appeal, but meeting only grave attention, except in the direction of Bill Hunter, he regathered himself and went on. "Nor would my father,

(Continued on Page 81)

If you have a scientific mind—try this



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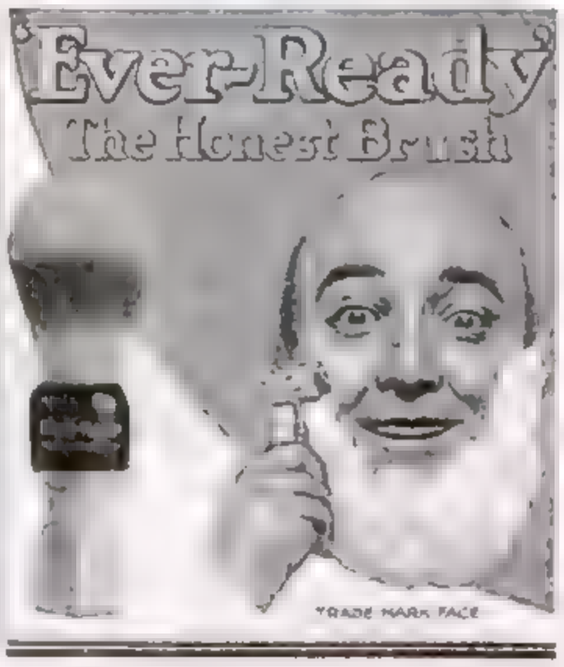

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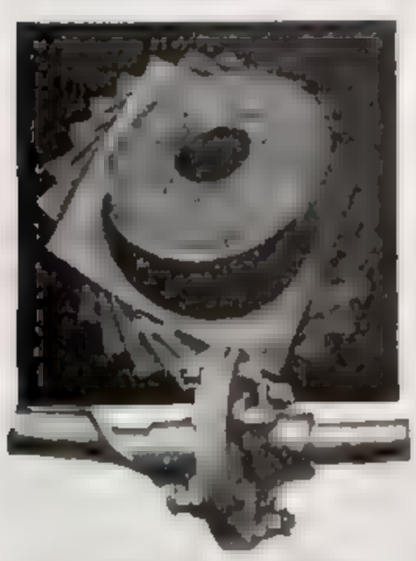

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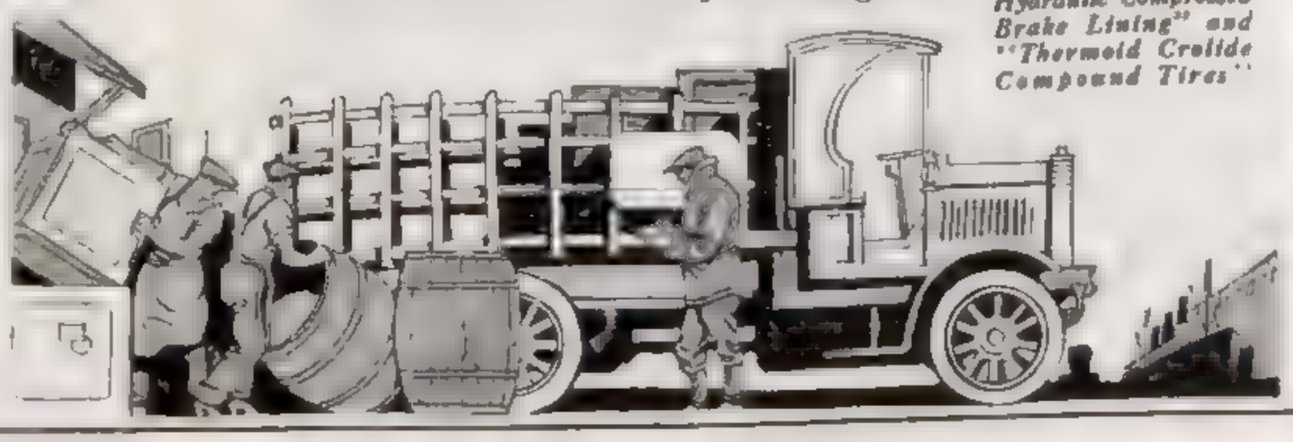

(Continued from Page 79)

of that I am sure, if he understood the whole situation. He is an Eastern business man, trained in business methods. He wouldn't do the colonel a harm for the world, but I do not doubt he sees the situation from the business point of view only.

"Fellows, I'm positively certain that when I get a chance to talk to him I can make him see how much the old ranch means to the colonel. He's never thought of that side of it. To him the ranch is just a piece of property, and he's thinking of it as property all the time. He knows that the colonel has involved it deeply, and that as a business proposition it is in bad shape, and the natural thing for him to do as a business man is to figure on how the business situation can be bettered." He broke off in apparent despair of adequate expression of this point of view. "I can't make you see it. But, fellows, please don't make up your minds until I get a chance to talk to him. I know I can fix it all right."

The men were glancing doubtfully toward one another. No one spoke. Carlson again took charge of the situation.

"Would you mind letting us talk over this situation alone?" he suggested. He smiled. "Looks a little like a jury out for a verdict, doesn't it? But it isn't that, Kenneth. We value your friendship too much not to wish to retain it. On the other hand, we are old-timers here, you know. Won't you think of us as friends anxious to find a way out of a very difficult situation? Come back in half an hour and we'll talk our plan over."

Kenneth made no sign, except that his gaze rested on one after the other.

"Come on, kid," rumbled Big Bill again.

The young man apparently found what he wanted in the eyes of the other men, for he turned and without a word went out.

"The boy is square," said Carlson decidedly the moment he disappeared.

"You bet you!" chimed in Bill Hunter.

"I'm not so absolutely certain," doubted Frank Moore.

"I am," reasserted Carlson. "I watched him closely. He's just trying to be loyal to his father. I am convinced he knows no more about this than we do and that he's nearly as much surprised."

"I agree with you," put in Ravenscroft.

"How about the old man then?" asked Frank, abandoning the other point for the moment.

"He!" cried Carlson. "He's a wolf! I saw something of his methods in the boom, and I know his type in the East. He is what they're calling a captain of industry. He thinks he is perfectly honest and fair, and that makes him more dangerous. His honesty is keeping inside a hair line of legality. His fairness is an idea that the other fellow ought to be able to take care of himself. I'll believe anything of him—except perhaps that he'd ever go back on his word, once it was clearly given."

"You talk like you'd burned your fingers at that fire," drawled Frank Moore.

"I know what I'm talking about," shot back Carlson.

"Ken thinks it will be all right, once he gets a chance to explain the situation," suggested Corbell.

Carlson hesitated.

"I have no faith in it," he said at last. "That's just as I read human nature, though—and the type. Once one of these so-called big men gets his course laid you can talk a thousand years and not swerve him a hair's breadth. He won't pay any attention to Ken's argument. He will simply look on it as idealistic talk of a boy who doesn't understand the situation. Those fellows have a huge conceit for their point of view."

"Then your opinion is that Ken won't be able to do anything?" asked Corbell.

"Not because of any reasons he may give. I don't know whether, if he presses it strongly enough, Boyd will give way to him on grounds of affection or not. I believe he is very fond of Kenneth. Personally I think he will not. What do you think, Bert?"

"I agree with you," said Corbell.

"Gosh, it's kind of tough on Ken!" cried Bill Hunter.

"Tough on Ken!" repeated Frank Moore disgustedly. "You fellows make me sick! I'm not worried about Ken. I'm thinking about the old colonel. Ken's young. He's got a tough time coming out of this—sure! But he'll get over it. That's his business. Got to take that sort of thing as it comes. But the colonel won't get over it. You take Corona del Monte away from him now and he's going to die, that's all! Quit your thinking about this kid and his poor feelings and get down to brass tacks."

"You're right, Frank," agreed Corbell to this outburst. "I think we ought to give Ken a chance to see what he can do, but I think we ought to assume for purposes of discussion that he will fail."

"You bet your life he'll fail!" growled Moore.

Then ensued a short silence. Nobody apparently could think of anything.

"The colonel," said Corbell hesitatingly after a moment, "probably did more kind things to me personally when I first came out here to go into the ranching business than any of you know. I'd do anything I could for him, and I'd take up his notes myself like a shot if I could afford it."

"The colonel's done a lot for every man jack of us," struck in Carlson. "But if he hadn't done one damn thing for me I'd be there with the bells on to my limit. Fellows, it's a bad thing for the human race to see a man live his life as kindly, as affectionately, as nobly, as broadly and unselfishly as Colonel Peyton has in this community, and then at last seem to fail. Talk about public improvements! He's worth more in making Arguello stand out than a thousand public improvements."

"Hear, hear!" said Frank Moore ironically. "But where are we getting? What we going to do about it? I don't know how deep this trouble is, but I can raise exactly five thousand dollars on my old shack and surrounding landscape. They told me so at the bank last week. Wish it was more, but the sons of guns have no hearts."

They drew together and compared notes. The total did not look very satisfactory. To be sure, the aggregate represented what was to them a very large sum, but they were all practical ranchmen. They knew the value of Corona del Monte, and they realized that the liabilities must be heavy seriously to threaten it. They stared at each other a little hopelessly.

"I know what I'd do," stated Big Bill at length. "I'd just naturally shanghai the son of a gun after he'd bought that mortgage and sort of induce him to sign it over to us, or renew it—or something."

"Of course he'd do it!" said Frank sarcastically.

"He would by the time I'd got through with him."

"You'd have to kill him first," said Corbell impatiently.

"I'd just as lief kill him," replied Big Bill, and meant it.

They savored this idea for a moment.

"No good," Corbell decided. "A signature obtained under threat is not legal."

"Well, who's going to know how we got the signature?" urged Bill. "Let him tell his yarn—we'll just deny it."

"He'd get you into court and put you under oath. You'd have to tell the truth or perjure yourself."

"Well, I'd perjure myself," agreed Bill equably.

"What?" gasped Ravenscroft.

"In a holy minute!" insisted Bill stoutly; "and so would you. All we got to do is to agree, and stay with it. I'd do worse than that for a man like Colonel Peyton against a man like this Boyd."

This idea, too, fascinated them to the point of silence for a moment. It was broken by Carlson. Again the poet proved himself practical.

"Leaving all those questions of ethics aside," he said, "it wouldn't work. You might actually kill the man, but you'd never get his signature. Nobody could ever force him to do anything. He's a fighter. I know the type."

And such was the respect of these ranchmen for the intuitive knowledge of mankind in this, their one creative artist, that they accepted his dictum as a fact and instantly abandoned Bill Hunter's gorgeous Wild West idea. For ten minutes longer they discussed possibilities, but arrived nowhere. Then Carlson went out to find Ken.

"I think I can fix things up better with him alone than having him in here before us all as though he were getting a verdict," he said. "You know, after all, the situation is rather hard on him."

They were only too glad to agree, for like all men they hated the idea of a possible open display of sentiment or emotion.

XLVII

EARLY the following morning the party took horse to a man and moved back to Arguello. Kenneth's renewed expressions of confidence in his ability to arrange

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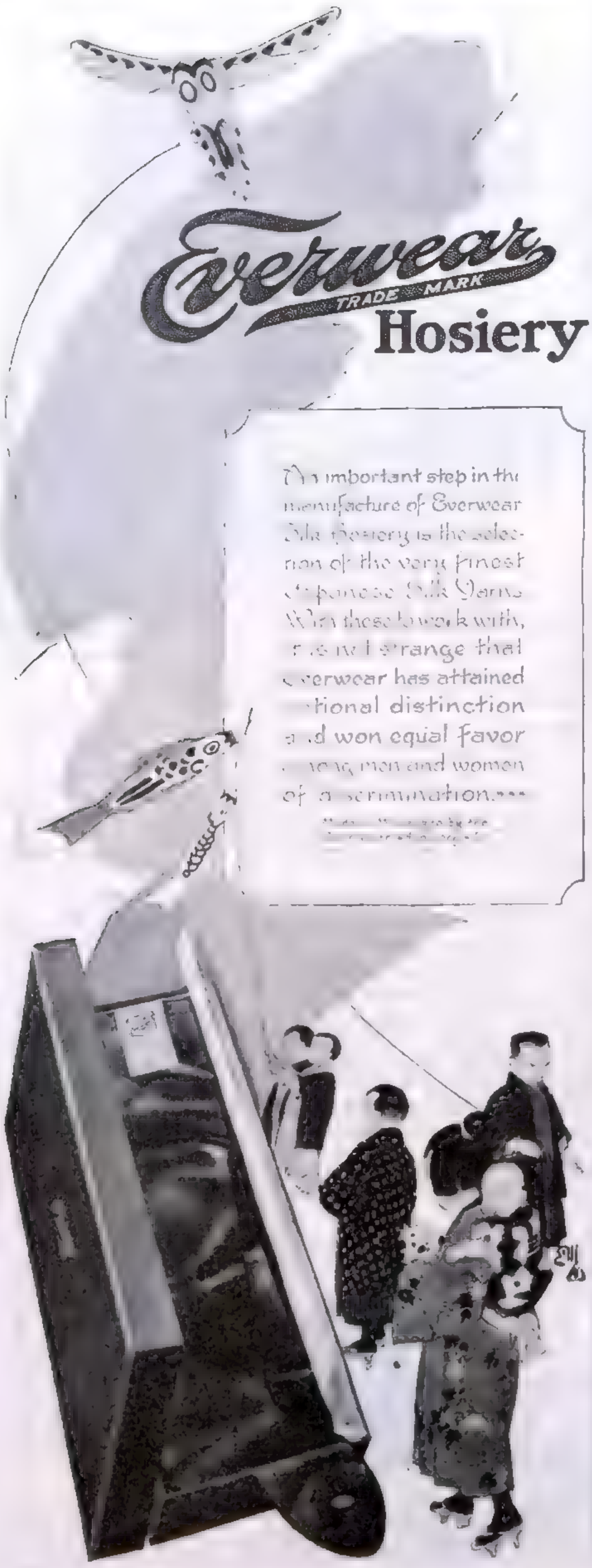

matters were received without open skepticism. Nevertheless, it was felt desirable that Colonel Peyton's friends should be on hand to receive an immediate report. That was the way they put it. Kenneth agreed to interview his father at once, and then to meet the Sociedad, no matter what the hour, in the little room back of the Frémont bar. Accordingly he rode on into town and directly to his home. He cast a longing eye on the crossroads leading up to The Bungalow. It would not take very long to gallop up there, greet Daphne and hurry on. He desired to do so with a great desire, but put the thought from him.

It was not until after the evening meal, however, that Patrick Boyd would touch on business.

"I know; I've got something to tell you too," he informed Kenneth. "But let's talk it over in the den. I want to hear about you since I've been gone."

Once settled in a big easy-chair and his cigar alight, Boyd said: "Well, what you got on your mind?"

Kenneth found it unexpectedly difficult to begin.

"Why, it's this business of Colonel Peyton's ranch," he blurted at last.

Boyd's heavy face lit with pleasure.

"Why, that's funny! That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. Ken, that's one of the biggest propositions I've seen on this coast as it stacks up at present. I can't conceive of a better opening for a young fellow in a big operation than there is right there now. That's what I've been East to see about. And I fixed it! Why, my boy, I've got the biggest names in New York back of me! I didn't want to tell you much about it before it was a settled matter, because I didn't want to disappoint you if it fell through. But, son, it's riveted tight now!"

He beamed and slapped his thick leg resoundingly.

"But, father ——" Kenneth began.

"Hold on! My innings! You can talk later. I've been holding in long enough. Listen here"—he leaned forward in his easy-chair—"I've got Bates into this thing, and Van Steyn, of the old National, and Saltonstall, the Wall Street man. We're incorporated in New Jersey for a million. All I've got to do is to gather up the loose ends and we can start right in with our heavy construction."

"Heavy construction?" repeated Kenneth. He was puzzled. This did not sound like anything to do with Colonel Peyton.

Boyd laughed.

"I forgot you didn't know. Well, the scheme is this: I've got water rights in the Sur staked out and tied down. All that is necessary, my engineers say, is to do certain tunnel work and build certain dams. I've got, or got options upon, rights of way for pipe lines or ditches. We can bring water enough down to irrigate an immense area of land. In addition, when Arguello outgrows her present water supply, as anybody but these mossbacks here could see is bound to happen, we'll be in shape to step in. Also, we're figuring on some scheme to generate electricity, possibly by a series of reservoirs at different levels so as not to waste the irrigation water. It's a big proposition."

"It certainly is!" cried Kenneth, fired with the enthusiasm of the vision and greatly relieved that this scheme seemed to be the basis of his father's activities. But the next speech dashed him.

"The big money, though, at the start is from this Peyton property," pursued Boyd. He laughed like a delighted boy. "That's where you come in, Ken—that's your part of it. You've earned the chance. Without you the scheme wouldn't have been considered."

"What do you mean?" demanded Kenneth.

"Your work at Brainerd's—that gave me the idea. Don't you see, if you hadn't showed there what could actually be done on a small scale—demonstrated it—that nobody'd have the nerve to tackle it on a big scale? With that example right next door, you can satisfy anybody that—with the water we can supply them—they can make a living off ten acres and a darned good thing off twenty. Now you take that Peyton property. It can be taken over at the present time for what amounts to an average of ten dollars an acre; and that's every cent it's worth," he added, noting a change in Kenneth's expression. "Don't forget that final value is what is put into raw material, and any land round here is nothing but raw material. Now that same land, divided, will sell at the start-off for three hundred an acre; and later some of it will go as high as a thousand. That's where the really big profits of the water scheme will come in."

He leaned back, smiling triumphantly at his son.

"But, father, it would kill Colonel Peyton to lose his ranch."

"He's lost it already," Boyd waved this aside. "Of course we'll take care of the old man. He'll be a lot better off than he would be otherwise."

"The ranch is part of his very existence, father. Wouldn't some other property do?"

"Of course a great deal of property will come under irrigation when the water is developed," answered Boyd patiently, "but there is nothing so centrally located, so directly in line of the water, that lays so well for irrigation or that offers near the chance; and I don't believe we could find anything anywhere else so cheap."

Kenneth was silent for some moments. He did not know how to begin.

"Father," he said at last, "you say this land part of it is mine. I'm willing to take less profits. Consider something else besides the Peyton ranch."

Boyd opened his eyes wide.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

"I like the colonel. I don't want to see him in trouble."

"What's that got to do with it? He's in trouble already."

"Yes, I know. But he could go on as he is if you did not act. You know that, father. Let's leave the old man in peace. He's lived on that place for a long time."

"Ken, I do wish you would grow up and be a man," said Boyd impatiently but not unkindly. "You must get over this sentimentalizing and look at plain facts."

Kenneth threw himself heart and soul into his plea. It must be confessed that he

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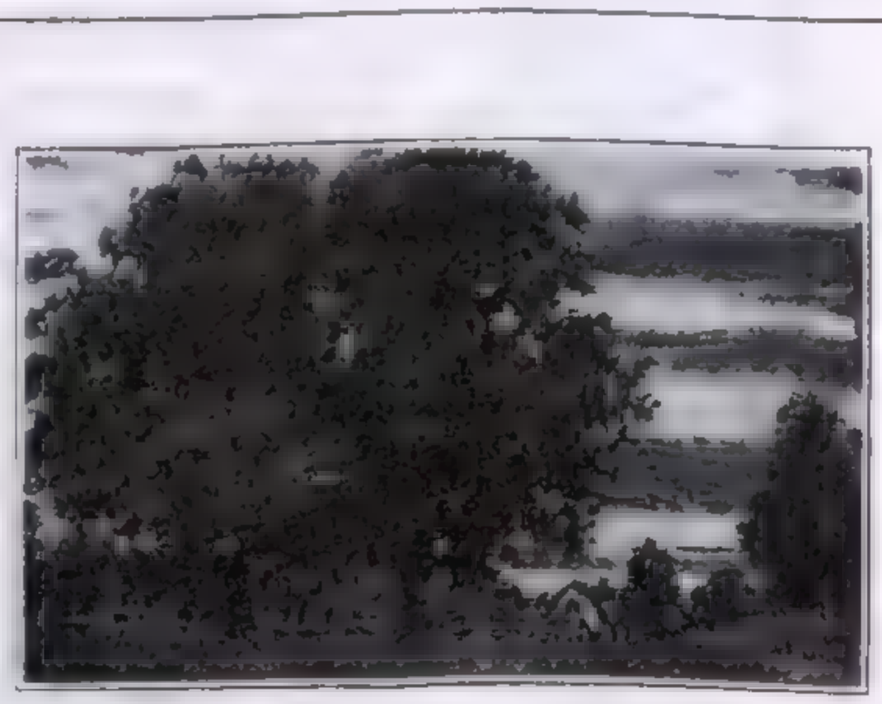

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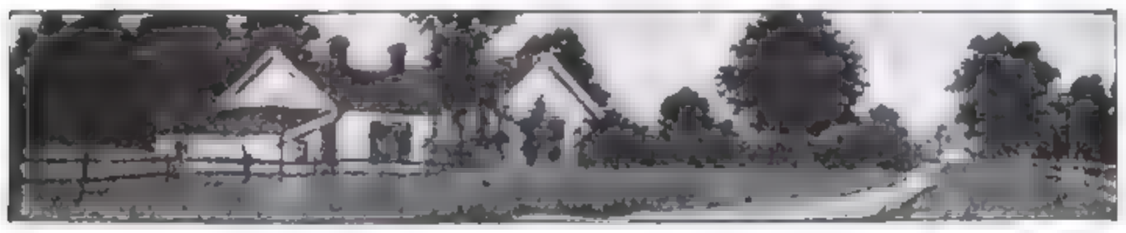

(Continued from Page 82)

was not too coherent—his feelings were too deeply involved. Boyd listened, at first with incredulity, then with impatience, ending in an attitude of combined amusement and toleration. His thought could have been read by a disinterested bystander. Kenneth was younger than he had imagined. Also he was disappointed. Where he had anticipated sympathy and understanding, he encountered the opposite. Well, he had generally played a lone hand.

"You don't quite know what you are talking about, Ken," he said. "When you are older you will see things in a more practical way, and you will thank me for not doing as you wish now. I know you mean it, but it's moonshine—it's not practical."

Kenneth experienced at once a sinking of dismay and a flush of anger. No one likes to be relegated cavalierly to the infant class.

"Then you're going right ahead in this—this scheme?" he stammered.

"Why, of course, my boy."

"But if I understand it, you are doing this mostly for me. I don't want it. I'll gladly give up any interest I may have."

"I wouldn't let you," Boyd answered very decidedly.

"But ——"

"See here, Ken, I don't want to treat you as anything but a grown-up man, but you must act like one. Good Lord! How in the world can you expect to succeed in business if you act like this every time you step on anyone's toes?"

"Well, then, I don't want to succeed in business!" cried Kenneth.

This was too childish. Boyd looked at his son coldly

"Well, I do," he stated. "I've put a lot of time and thought into this scheme. I am very much disappointed that it does not meet with your approval, but it will of course go on without it. Do you realize that I am involved in this thing—that I have given my word and pledged my honor to associates in the East? Even if I were inclined to drop this matter on account of your attitude toward it—which I am not—it would be impossible. It has gone too far. How would I look trying to draw back from my agreements because my son felt sorry for someone? You can see yourself that it is nonsense."

He had kept his hard, direct gaze fixed on his son's face during the delivery of this speech. Kenneth's head had dropped as the unexpected realization was forced on him that his father would be as impervious to influence as a diving suit to water. Boyd thought this attitude of sadness betokened resignation.

"You'll feel differently about it," he said more kindly. "Think it over—and don't worry about old Peyton. We'll take care of him in good shape. You can pretty near fix him up to suit yourself if you want to. Better turn in. I'm going to read a while before I go over for the mail."

Kenneth hesitated. His spirit was like lead. It fluttered its bruised wings, but could not stir from the depths. There was nothing he could add to his impassioned appeal; there was no other angle from which the steel fortress of Boyd's ideas, training and ethical code could be approached.

"Good night, father," he said miserably, and went out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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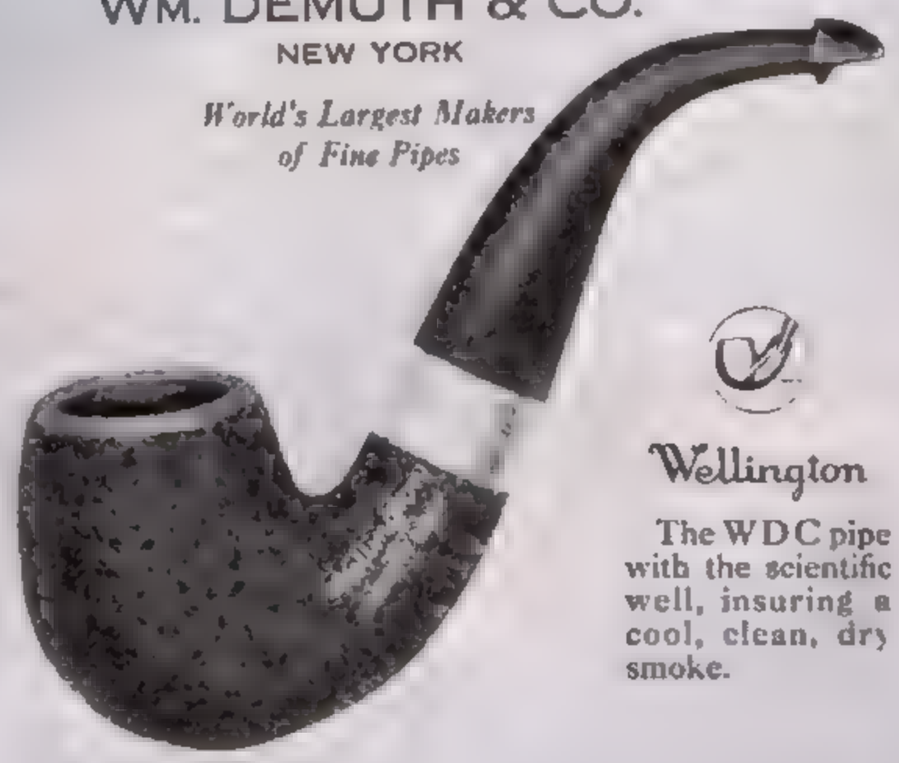

Wellington

The W D C pipe with the scientific well, insuring a cool, clean, dry smoke.

THE SILKEN BULLY

(Continued from Page 11)

those seats were surrendered to them. And for one painful six months he had put up with an incompetent stenographer, simply because a better dressed, better looking girl had all but walked over her to gain priority in answering the advertisement.

"Yes, it's old stuff. Let's talk about something new. I've decided to have the sun parlor built right away."

When, a year before, Margaret had come into her four-thousand-dollar annuity by the death of an aunt they had sold their smaller house on the other side of the city, cut deeply into their savings and bought this charming red-brick colonial house in Brookhurst, the wealthiest suburb. It was perfect except for the need of a sun room on the south side, and Margaret had thought about it and talked about it from the first day—that one touch to make her home just what she wanted it to be.

The smile left her husband's boyish face.

"Things are mighty high, Peggy," he said thoughtfully. "Wages and materials are way out of sight. I was talking with Jameson, the contractor, the other day. He expects a readjustment by spring. We can have it done then for about two-thirds of the cost this winter. Working conditions will be so much better too. We really can't afford to throw that money away."

"The cost needn't bother you at all, Douglas," she responded crisply, with just a hint of the impatience her smile had previously contained. "I shall have it done entirely with my own money."

Instantly she regretted having said it, or at least of having used that tone. Her husband drooped his head. He toyed with his dessert, while an awkward silence gripped them. She hated herself and was utterly exasperated with him when a situation like this was encountered. And such situations were always bobbing up since she got her legacy. Douglas did not sulk, but he retired within himself, a hurt look in his youthful gray eyes that accused her more than words could.

"If you've made up your mind, why, that's all there is to it," he said quietly.

"I've quite made up my mind. I'm willing to pay more to have it now when I want it rather than to wait all these months."

Doug's diversion, a description of the last football practice of his high-school team, was welcomed by both of them. Margaret was thankful she had gained her point so easily, and anxious to get away from a subject grown uncomfortable. As she dismissed it she recalled that such was the principal necessity these days when she and her husband were together—to get away from uncomfortable subjects.

Later in the evening, when Doug had gone out and Pauline was in bed, her money thrust itself between them again. They were in her sitting room, Douglas smoking and listening with brief comment as she described her sun room. Her enthusiasm warmed him.

Presently he was offering some suggestions in regard to it.

"We'll have it finished by Christmas, and Pauline can give a party there when she comes home for the holidays," she said, outwardly casual but with considerable inward trepidation.

Callendar looked up quickly.

"Comes home for the holidays? Why, what do you mean? I didn't know she was going away."

Margaret Callendar turned on him the smile which had insulated her career so far against refusals and discomfort where men were concerned.

"Why, Doug," she chided gayly, "I told you weeks ago that when there were two vacancies at Kenilworth Hall she and Marjorie Ruffert were to go together! Usually they don't take pupils in the middle of the term, but they're willing to make an exception in our case. The girls are to go down next Monday."

Her husband threw his cigar into the fireplace and paced the floor restlessly before replying. When he did turn to her there was a wrinkle between his brows, and he spoke in short, terse sentences.

"I thought you were joking. I had forgotten all about what you said. I don't want Pauline to go to Kenilworth."

"But why? Everybody here sends their girls to a private school. It proves you somebody to do it, and the advantages——"

"Then I prefer to be nobody, Margaret. I don't want Pauline to go. Sam Ruffert is a crook. It's merely a question of time when they catch him."

"I don't think you should visit his faults on his family," returned Margaret spiritedly. "Blanche Ruffert is charming."

He waved his hand impatiently.

"There are other reasons. Pauline's too young to be away. She'll be lonesome. She'll acquire snobbish notions. And, hang it, I don't want her to go! It'll be lonesome here without her."

"But When a Girl's Born Rich and Handsome She Just Thinks the World's Her Little Red Apple. All the Men Round Her Give Their Lives Makin' Money for Her to Spend"

"We shouldn't be selfish enough to stand in her way just so we can keep her with us," Margaret pointed out, shrewdly taking advantage of the one reason he had offered which was not disinterested. "I'd like to keep her with me, too, but she'll have to go out into the world some time."

"I suppose so," conceded her husband grudgingly. "But there's still another good reason, Peggy—money. We can't afford it."

"I thought you'd say that," she rejoined with eager pride. "But you needn't worry, Douglas. I'll send her out of my income."

He smiled mirthlessly.

"I wish you'd use some of your money to pay the household bills you've been passing over to me," he retorted, an edge to his tones that she had never before noted when he addressed her. "My account's overdrawn, and there's a bunch of them outstanding. Have it your own way—only"—and he paused before her in a final turn of the room—"if she isn't satisfied at Christmas she stays home!"

He went into his own chamber, without even a pretense of a good-night kiss, and closed the door firmly behind him.

With her head buried in her pillow, Margaret Callendar indulged in some quiet tears. It had been a beastly day; and this evening, the first she had spent home in two weeks, had been a wretched one. Everything had started going wrong with Wellton and his blunt assertion that all well-bred women were bullies. Carrigan had been gravely displeased with her, had refused to answer her smile, and one values the good opinion even of a policeman. Then Douglas had been nasty, first about the house and now about Pauline. At this point she felt very lonely and ill used, and sobbed convulsively, being careful to keep the sounds muffled so Douglas would not hear them.

When she had grown calmer she reviewed the twelvemonth since she had had her own money. Before that time, in the little house on the unfashionable east side, they had been very happy indeed, or so it seemed to her now, looking back on those struggling years. But with the coming of her legacy had come an unending series of disagreements, starting almost with the first day. Douglas, she remembered, wanted to make their house in Morningside over—throw three small rooms into a large living room and raise the wing roof for a maid's room and bath. But she had insisted on moving to Brookhurst.

"Between us we have nine thousand a year now," she had reminded him. "We can get along splendidly on that, and we'll be among real people."

He had given in gracefully enough, and they had moved. The next discussion had been caused by the question of a car. They had a rattletrap five passenger plenty good enough for Morningside but unworthy of being a jitney in Brookhurst. Douglas and the children were strong for a new touring car, but she had laughingly vetoed their suggestion. She had noticed that all the other women who lived on Park Road drove their own shiny little inclosed vehicles.

"One can't live here without doing what others do," she had declared so positively there was no mistaking her intention. "We couldn't get much out of a touring car really. You're at the office all day, Douglas, and a big car is hard for a woman to handle in the city. Since I'm to put my own money into it——"

A little twinge of conscience interrupted her. When she had said that the hurt look came into Douglas' eyes for the first time. He had said no more in opposition. Why, he had even given a thousand dollars toward it when the car was delivered and she discovered that her quarterly check was nearer expended than she had dreamed.

The tide of grievance flowed strongly at the thought of the car. Douglas had never learned to drive it—had never ridden in it but two or three times even. She had called for him one evening at the office. When they reached home he said lightly, though he was white about the mouth: "You needn't call for me again, thanks, Peggy. I don't care to go either to the hospital or to jail."

When she protested he had apologized, saying: "I put that too strongly, but you can't cut corners and speed on a crowded street and disregard the rights of others without paying for it some time. Oh, it's undoubtedly due to your inexperience, but I wish you'd be more careful. Most people who can get away with the downtown driving are skillful enough to look out for themselves and you, too, but it isn't fair to ask them to do it. You should paddle your own canoe."

She had promised to be careful, but he was steadfast in his determination to walk at least part of the way home. He needed the exercise, he said. She had always felt, perhaps unjustly, that he bore a sore spot toward the little car because he had been overruled.

Before her legacy came they were living on his four thousand a year—the directors had raised his salary since—and he had turned it over to her to administer. With the coming of her money had grown up a new custom. She kept her income and gave him the monthly bills to pay. The bills were heavier in Brookhurst than they had been in Morningside, of course. He had said it was impossible to save anything now. But it was not a profitable arrangement for her either, she told herself in swift extenuation. Her money was gone she hardly knew where. And now she had to pay for the sun parlor and Pauline's schooling!

Yet his last remark rankled. She would see Folwell Dean, the banker, who was trustee of her aunt's estate. There would be some way of borrowing on her capital. She would give a note for five hundred dollars, maybe more, and turn the proceeds over to Douglas. She would show him she was willing to do her share—even more than her share.

Melancholy followed the drying of her tears. What was she getting out of it all anyway? Of course there were a lot of exciting new acquaintances who took all her time with bridge and clubs and theater parties. The house was running rather hit-and-miss from lack of attention. She had seen Pauline unexpectedly on the street one day, without at first realizing who the child was, and her unconscious summing up was: "Well dressed, but not well looked after. That girl's mother is too busy at something else."

And Doug was smoking—at sixteen. She could smell the tobacco on his clothes. Worst of all a film as gossamer light as a cobweb and as strong as spun steel had grown up about her—between her and Douglas. They were husband and wife, living in the same house, eating together, occasionally going to places together. They were like thousands of other prosperous husbands and wives in appearance, apparently friendly and harmonious. But there was no warmth of human contact, no real sympathy, between them. Whenever the cobweb veil showed a rent that hurt

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

look in Douglas' eyes over some new manifestation of the power of her income caught it together again. It was a miserable way to live. Then resolutely she turned to the other side of the picture.

"I have my own money to spend in my own way," she said with a surge of satisfaction. "I have my own little car. We have a beautiful home. My daughter is entering a splendid school, and I'm to have the sun parlor! When I give Douglas my check for five or six hundred dollars I hope he'll have the grace to be ashamed of himself."

She had fully resolved to drive into the city next morning, but there was a rush of things needing attention, and it was almost two o'clock before she was able to start. The bank closed at three. There was little time to lose if she would see Mr. Dean that day. It was rather perilous for fast driving too. The first snow had filmed the pavements, and it was fast turning to slush under a trailing mist that was in reality a fine rain. She could see through the dimmed wind shield only by peering fixedly ahead.

She avoided Broad Street as long as possible, using the parallel Elmhurst Avenue one block east to escape the traffic. But at Twenty-eighth the Elmhurst paving was being relaid and she was forced to turn west to the main artery. Glancing at her wrist watch, she saw that it was quite two-thirty. Half the distance downtown had not been traversed. She had been driving more slowly than she realized. She would have to make time or reach the bank after closing time and Mr. Dean's departure. Chancing a skid, for she had not taken the time to have the chains put on, she accelerated her speed on Twenty-eighth.

The corners were not built up, and she could see Broad Street for a considerable distance in either direction as she approached. There was nothing coming from the south, or downtown direction. From the north there was a heavy truck bearing down and followed by its trailer. It was on her right, so had the right of way. Its speed was about two-thirds her own.

Mrs. Callendar bit her lip in vexation. She would be compelled to slow up and fall behind the truck. Toward downtown the traffic would grow steadily thicker, and it was a poor day to attempt to pick holes. Behind the oil truck a distance of two blocks or so was a city-bound street car. Slowing up for the truck would mean that she had the car ahead of her as well. It would stop at practically every crossing. Regulating her speed to its own slow pace, for a city ordinance forbade the passing of a street car halted to receive or discharge passengers, she would be imposibly delayed.

"I simply can't get behind that truck and that horrid car!" she told herself. "I must get ahead of them. If that driver would look up I'm sure I could make him understand. He has no wind shield, so he can see quite plainly. He'd let me by, I know. I think I'll try tooting."

She did—a clear-cut double blast. The truck driver looked up directly at her as he approached the spot in the pavement where their routes would converge. She smiled her best pardon-me smile and inclined her head to indicate that she desired precedence. Satisfied that he read her wishes and that there was plenty of time for him to bring his slow-moving vehicle to a halt, she drove faster, intent on rounding into Broad, slowing down sufficiently on the turn to avoid a skid and then veering into the brick-paved car tracks, where the rougher going would give her more confidence in the holding power of her tires. The distance lessened rapidly.

The car jounced over the eastern, or outbound, tracks. She glanced to see that the truck driver was doing his part, holding back so she might go first. Terror following the glance made her numb, froze her hands to the wheel, rendered her incapable of thinking or moving to save herself, for the truck was upon her, its pace unchanged. Mingled with the terror was that thought of sheer incredulity that made the whole thing so unreal: "He saw me, and he isn't going to stop! He knew I wanted to go first, and he kept right on!"

Too late the truck driver clawed at the wheel, yanking it frantically back and forth as he applied the brakes. The ponderous vehicle humped. The momentum of the laden trailer thrust its sliding wheels relentlessly forward. There was a crashing of glass—came the dark.

It was a very serious concussion of the brain, and for a week death seemed ever hovering near as Margaret Callendar lay unconscious in the hospital. She wakened partially at last and gazed upward. A triangular panel of golden autumn sunlight on the ceiling of her room was alternately dim and bright as clouds conquered its effulgence and then passed on their heavenly journey. Somehow the dimming and brightening connected themselves with the throb in her head. A three-cornered section of her skull raised and lowered, raised and lowered on raspy hinges and to the thunder of crashing mountains. When that ceased after pain-stabbed ages she slept.

Recovery from that day was rapid. From the terse, aged face of her husband, the awkward, low-voiced tenderness of Doug and the awed look in Pauline's serious eyes she gathered how thin had been the line which separated her from eternity. But now the line broadened to an infinity with returning strength. Soon she was able to sit up in bed for a time each day.

The imminence of death had made no difference in her relations with her husband. The accident served only to clarify her vision, she believed. The steel cobweb which separated them grew more impenetrable, more impervious to the shafts of anxious love which her husband leveled against it. Where before her feeling of estrangement had been merely cold and careless, it now grew hot and bitter. Something of a permanent sullenness solidified it.

"I'm here—I've lost a month out of my life solely on Douglas' account," she told herself. "His senseless jealousy of my freedom and independence was responsible for that accident. I was hurrying to get money to still his complaints when that truck hit my car. It's all his fault, and I can't forgive him—I can't!"

This mood did not last always. Sometimes she thought wistfully of his eager boyishness, which middle age could not entirely conquer; of his quick sympathy, his humor and keenness of insight; of their day of struggle together before her legacy came. But the twinges from each healing wound, for there had been cuts and contusions, brought back the resentment again.

The change she noted in her children added to her hostility. They were altering before her eyes, and their father was at the bottom of it. Doug dropped in one afternoon on his way home from school. It had been drizzling all day, and there had been no football practice.

"We had a little talky-talk, madre," he announced proudly, "and the coach gave his probable line-up for Saturday's game with Trenton High. To whom, may I ask—to whom goes the position of right halfback?"

"I haven't the slightest idea in the world, son," she replied, smiling.

"Your own little Willie!" He struck his chest resoundingly.

"I've made the team good and sure. All I have to do is work with dad ——"

"Work with dad?" she echoed, wondering.

"Sure! He dug up his old varsity outfit and we practice passing and handling punts in the park nights. We painted the ball white, and it's great stuff. Dad just fixed me. I wasn't quite good enough before, but believe me, mother, I'm there now!"

In deference to the probable conventions at Brookhurst she had never permitted Douglas to mow the lawn in his shirt sleeves or play catch with the boy in the street, as he had at Morningside. And now—now he was putting on moleskins and playing football in the park like the veriest high-school pupil! What would Park Road think?

"I don't know whether you noticed it or not," Doug went on hesitatingly, "but I—started to smoke a few months ago. Well, I've cut all that out. It's bad for the wind. Dad said he hadn't any objections if I really wanted to, but on the college team they don't during the training season. I've decided to lay off that stuff till I'm twenty-one."

"I'm glad, Doug," said his mother absently.

She was thinking bitterly that her husband had met a problem and solved it, while she had been able only to ignore and evade it. A few days later Pauline unconsciously deepened the sense of resentment against Douglas.

"We had the grandest time last night, mother!" she said, eyes shining. "After daddy came home from visiting you we took a Temple car and went way out to the end of the line. It was sort of brisk and crisp, just a little frosty, and the moon shone so it was almost like day. Daddy'd

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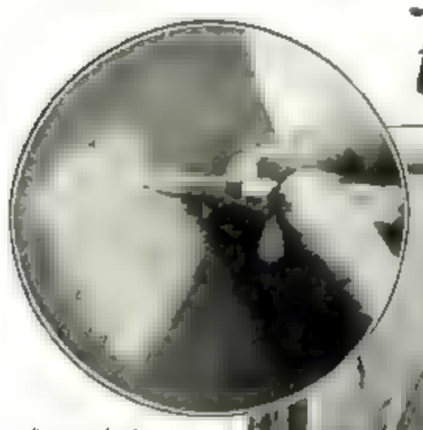
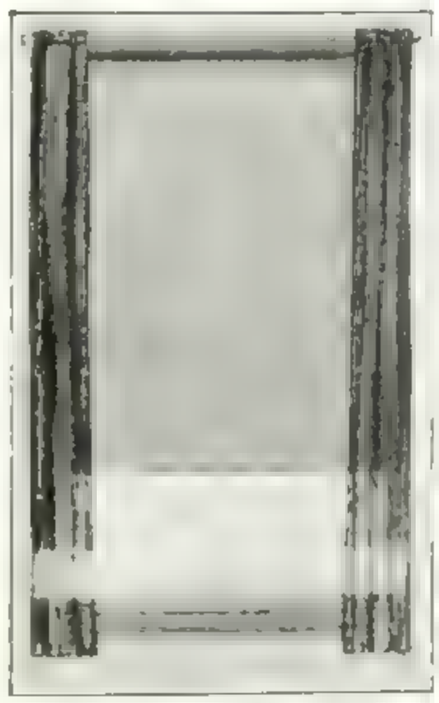


Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade materials. Tiny particles fall out, leaving crumbly pinhole effect like that of chalk or clay

Ordinary shade—made with "filling"



A Brenlin—made without "filling"

Brenlin has no "filling"

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The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely-woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

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bought a steak, and we broiled it over the fire we built in the little park. We had the best time! He says after you're back home we'll take a walk every Sunday, and most of the time take our lunch to cook outdoors."

"After all, they're my children as well as his," she said to herself stonily after Pauline had gone. "He's seizing this opportunity to turn them against me."

The next moment she acknowledged this was untrue—that he was simply giving them the time and attention that she had been too busy to give. But his success rankled just the same and strengthened her determination to keep that steel mesh between them. He came every day to see her, and she was determinedly cheerful, determinedly casual, determinedly friendly. There was a perverse satisfaction in her heart as she noted the hurt look when she turned skillfully his efforts at a better understanding.

On the day she was permitted to sit up for the first time in a great comfortable chair her nurse said: "Mrs. Callendar, there has been a man calling here to see you every day almost since the accident. I didn't feel justified in speaking of it to you before. But Doctor Arnold said he might come in to-day if you cared to see him."

"Who is it?" asked the patient curiously.

"A Mr. Rogers, the man who was driving the truck that collided with your car."

Mrs. Callendar's face brightened.

"He has been coming nearly every day, you say, Miss Barry?" she queried eagerly. "Then he's sorry he caused the accident. How does he get away from his work?"

"He says he finishes a delivery trip about one o'clock, and doesn't start out again until three," explained the nurse. "So he takes a cross-town car and walks a mile besides. I rather suspect it cuts badly into his lunch hour, but he comes."

Mrs. Callendar felt a pleasing thrill. She was immensely pleased. She was rehabilitated in her own estimation. In thinking back over the accident—and it was frequently in her thoughts—it was humiliating to feel that for once her charm had failed. It had failed, and perhaps here was the reason: That driver might have responded to the wish of a younger and prettier woman. Of course the man was of the lower classes. But in the past she had always found them as responsive to her smile, to her most trifling unexpressed desire, as the men of Douglas' type.

But his efforts to atone for the mishap which his unresponsiveness had caused—efforts made at a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort and convenience—suggested that perhaps there was some other explanation than a boorish disregard for her and her wishes. Perhaps it was not that her attractiveness and her good looks were on the wane. Perhaps it did not mean that hereafter she would receive only the cold and grudging courtesy measured out to older women instead of the universal deference and acquiescence to which she was accustomed. She was warmed as if by strong wine.

"Are you sure he wants to see me, Miss Barry?" she questioned eagerly. "Or is it that he simply wishes to inquire of my recovery?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Callendar!" returned the pleasant-faced nurse positively. "He has said several times that he wants to see you, to talk to you. He says there is something he wishes to say."

Mrs. Callendar smiled gently and contentedly.

"He wants to apologize," she declared with conviction. "You know, Miss Barry, I have always found the men of the working classes heretofore to have the instincts of gentlemen. They are rough and uncouth, but they are really chivalrous. That's why I couldn't understand why this man deliberately ran me down as he did. There must be some other explanation than mere brutal disregard of a woman's wishes. Why, his coming here so persistently proves it! Don't you think so?"

"It's entirely probable," agreed the nurse, who, soft-footed, had been smoothing the bed, arranging the great masses of flowers that were in every nook—Douglas was responsible for many of them—and otherwise setting the room to rights. "He seems a nice sort of man."

"You know," mused her patient, "it's quite pathetic to me—his desire, one might say his profound desire, to right his wrong. I suppose he should be given a talking to, but I confess I'm rather touched. I can't give it to him."

She smiled prettily, and the nurse smiled in sympathy.

"Shall I have him come in, Mrs. Callendar?"

"Just a moment."

The patient raised her hand glass from the table at her elbow and took a satisfying peep into it. By some miracle the flying glass had not cut her face or arms. The bandages that still crossed and recrossed her head were almost completely hidden by a becoming, dainty little cap, a jaunty, inconsequential, youthful thing of lace and pink silk. Her negligee was becoming. Her face was rather pale, but her eyes were bright, and a single deep red rose at her breast gave an effective touch of color.

"You may have him come now, Miss Barry," she directed when a few light but sure pats had arranged every detail of dress and hair to her satisfaction. Surely it was worth while to look one's best when one was about to receive an apology.

"I feel quite thrilled! I wish you'd stay and hear it. It will be rather like a scene from a play, don't you think?"

The nurse smiled and nodded, and opened the door noiselessly, as was her wont. She disappeared, to return in a few moments with the truck driver. Barney Rogers dwarfed them by his size. He seemed to loom. His shoulders, under a shoddy gray coat, were broad and startlingly square. His dark red hair was closely clipped. His cheek bones were prominent. His jaws were as protuberantly square as his shoulders. His lips were rather thin and wide. The upper lip was long, the sign of a fluent talker. His nose was inconsequential. It started out well, but quit in discouragement before it projected itself beyond the dead level of a profile which was mostly massive but slightly retreating forehead and battleship chin. Mr. Rogers had not shaved that morning, and one unerringly adduced that his beard was a lighter shade of red than his hair. Under the gray coat was a black sateen shirt with white pearl buttons. He wore no tie, but really it was scarcely missed, since a voluminous pair of blue bib overalls all but engulfed his shirt collar. Those overalls were cut for a giant of greater girth even than the wearer. They fell in folds about him and rolled down almost to the toes of his large shoes. His hat, to which he clung with two broad tanned hands, was a faded and dented derby.

Mr. Rogers, was Mrs. Callendar's first swift decision, did not appear either frightened or embarrassed. He ignored the fragile-appearing chair which Miss Barry placed for him, and stood on uncompromising flat feet in the center of the floor facing the patient.

"You are Mr. Rogers?" began Mrs. Callendar by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, lady," he conceded.

His eyes roamed over the room, taking in every detail. Mrs. Callendar looked up at him, throbbingly eager for the apology to begin. Miss Barry, in the background, invented trivial duties so that she might not appear too patently as an invited guest at an entertainment.

"Say, you got a slew of nice flowers," pronounced Mr. Rogers, as one who regards his statement as both just and generous. "And," he added, looking suddenly and keenly at Mrs. Callendar for the first time, "you'd ought to be glad you're here to enjoy 'em. They might be here, you know, and you ——"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Callendar, puzzled.

He loosened his two-handed grip on the derby which he held in front of him long enough to flap five thick red fingers in a nonchalant, sidewise motion.

"Well," he grinned, "they might be follow'n' the hearse. You couldn't enjoy 'em then, could you?"

This was assuredly an oblique way of approaching a heartfelt and humble apology. A ghost of a smile trembled on Miss Barry's lips. The caller favored Mrs. Callendar with another intent look.

"You know, lady, if I'd ha' knew you were so pretty we'd never come together. But I didn't. You see, your wind shield was all blurred up. It was as much as I could make out to see you were a woman. That's what fooled me."

Mrs. Callendar wrinkled her brows. She was pleased by the compliment, because it was so offhand and sincere, but she was puzzled by it too.

"I don't seem to understand you, Mr. Rogers," she smiled. "What could my

(Concluded on Page 92)

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COFFEE — *the universal drink*

(Concluded from Page 90)

personal appearance possibly have to do with your running into me?"

"With your runnin' into me," he corrected lightly, but with the air of one who wishes to keep the record straight. "It has all in the world to do with it.

"When I began drivin' truck two years ago I supposed that looks or age, man or woman, rich or poor, didn't cut no figger. I supposed all I had to do was keep an eye out and observe the rules o' the road—stick out my hand when I was turnin' a corner, honk the horn when I come to a blind place, and give the car on my right pre—preceedence over me as we approached one another. I supposed everybody knew them rules that's drivin' a car, an' I guess they do. You do, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Callendar, wondering why she said it reluctantly.

"Sure you do! But I soon found out they didn't cut any figger at all where women—some women, I mean—was concerned. I found out that every pretty young woman that was rich or comfortable well off was just a-runnin' hog wild when they got behind a steerin' wheel. Law o' the road wasn't nuthin' in their young lives. What they wanted is all they saw. They honk-honk to go first; they cut corners; they don't put out their hand when they turn; they all but run over traffic cops.

"It took me a long time to dope it out, but I got it now. It helped when I noticed I didn't have much trouble with women in flivvers, no matter how good-lookin'. Know why?"

Mrs. Callendar did not care to speak. Miss Barry, with the inbred and instinctive tact of the good nurse, noiselessly left the room.

"I'll tell you why," resumed Mr. Rogers, shifting his weight to his thick right leg: "The flivver folks have got to get into harness and work along with their men to make ends meet. Their husbands and fathers love 'em same's rich folks do, but the load's too heavy for the men to drag alone. So the women, helpin' 'em to make ends meet, learn to play fair and take no advantages. They have to respect the other feller's rights and think of him as well as themselves and what they want. They carry what they learn with 'em when they get into a car.

"But when a girl's born rich and handsome she just thinks the world's her little red apple. All the men round her give their lives makin' money for her to spend, buyin' dresses for her to doll herself up in, givin' her seats in the street car when she has to ride in one—which ain't often, the Lord knows—and backin' her to the limit on everything she does. Sort of the queen can do no wrong—see?

"Drivin' a car's just part and parcel of it. These women expect all men to step round and let her do what she wants to when she wants to. It's so natural to have men know what a rich and pretty woman wants to do without her tellin' 'em she gets to depend on havin' her way, just by smilin' or noddin', or even by just lookin'.

"I figgered that all out after I'd had three or four close shaves with women in limousines about the size of a freight car. So now when I see a car hummin' along drove by a woman I find out as quick as I can just how good-lookin' she is, and govern myself accordin'. The prettier they are the more I watch out. If I'd had a real slant at you that day I'd gone over the curb."

It was clumsily intended as a compliment to cushion the blow, Mrs. Callendar saw, but she did not smile in acknowledgment. She was too gaspingly angry to trust herself to utter a word. There was nothing further from her thoughts than a smile just then.

"Of course all rich and handsome women ain't like that," went on the talkative Mr. Rogers. "Some of the newer generation, the younger ones—" Mrs. Callendar was not so angry but that she could wince at the unconscious thrust—"are good sports. They're the girls that scoot along in sassy roadsters, with their hats off and their sleeves rolled up. I guess they're the flyin' kind—been up in airplanes and know you can't impose on the other feller among the clouds unless you're tired o' livin'. They play golf"—he pronounced it as though the word had two syllables—"and find out they got to do their own shootin'. The men can't do it for 'em. I'd just as soon meet one of them in a bad place in the road as the best man driver. They'll give you your half every time.

"As I say, if I could ha' seen you that day we'd never met on that corner. But when you honk-honked I thinks to myself this is a cautious old lady who knows I have the right of way, and she's signalin' me to come ahead. So I come ahead, watchin' for holes in the pavement and not noticin' you till I was right on top of you. Then I looked up. Do you know what I said?"

Mrs. Callendar wet parched lips with the tip of her tongue. She was silent. Anyone but the fatuous Mr. Rogers might have gathered from her expression that she did not know what he said and didn't care.

"I said 'My God, she's pretty!' and slapped on the brakes."

He laughed heartily. When her note of mirth did not chime in he gave her another of his infrequent but intent looks, and ceased his cachinnation.

"Say, you ain't sore, are you, lady?" he inquired, concerned. "I didn't come here to rub it into you. I just came here to give you a tip so's some other feller who hasn't got the women doped out the way I have won't kill you. Why, see how close I come to it, all because of a little rain on the wind shield, and I understand your kind of women perfect! I thought I was doin' you a favor. It's the honest truth, lady. You'll die under your car some day if you don't give the other feller a fifty-fifty break."

Mrs. Callendar's delicate white fingers buried themselves in the upholstery of the arms of her chair. Her thin nostrils were distended and her eyes impaled Rogers with jagged lightnings.

"You admit you were criminally negligent," she said in a voice that trembled with contemptuous wrath, "and you come here to read me a lecture on motor manners! You admit your truck wasn't under control; that you weren't watching, and you—you patronize me. How dare you?"

Mr. Rogers did not tremble or sway beneath the blast. He distributed his considerable weight anew, and detached his right hand from his hat to raise it in remonstrance. His blue eyes took on a belligerency, and his jaw, slack with good humor and amazement, tightened.

"Hold on, lady," he remonstrated. "I ain't admittin' I was criminally negligent or any other kind of negligent, because I wasn't. You was the one who was negligent. You hogged the whole road when you didn't have any right to it. You ought to be thankful you're alive instead of sittin' there squawkin'."

Margaret Callendar was not accustomed to being spoken to in this cavalier manner, and she reacted as a mettlesome horse reacts to the spur.

"How dare you?" she said again. "I shall have you arrested—your company sued. You deliberately ran into me—you have admitted it."

"Oh, no, I ain't! And if you was in the right, as you claim you were, why did your husband pay my company two hundred dollars for repairs to my rig?"

Amazement and confusion allayed the anger which surged through Margaret's veins.

"He—he didn't!" she gasped.

"Oh, yes, he did! In tryin' to miss you I smashed the steerin' gear, and the jolt put a hole in the trailer tank. The company was goin' to sue, for they had a witness, the best kind o' witness, that you was entirely in the wrong—Carrigan, the traffic cop, who happened to be goin' by in citizen's clothes. Guess he knows who's right and who's wrong.

"You needn't get sore at me," he went on, an absurdly childish note of injury in his voice. "I just come here to give you some good advice, and you jump all over me! I told you straight, lady, and I tell you again—you go takin' the law o' the road in your own hands, and your husband'll have something to pay for besides busted trucks. Funeral expenses—that's what!"

He glowered at her, nodding his red head vigorously, and then faced about. Before he had closed the door rather noisily behind him the dented derby was firmly in place, its brim canted decidedly over his right eye.

Margaret Callendar sat for many minutes in her chair, unmoving, after Rogers had gone out. Anger that churned within her had given way to a whirlpool of confusion. As one from whom a hoodwink has been torn, she could not see clearly at first. Partially it was due to the resultant flood of light and partially to the pain of the blow which she had been dealt by the man who had roughly removed the blindfold.

When Miss Barry came in she said with a tremulous smile: "Will you help me to bed, please, nurse?"

"Did he tire you?" was the solicitous question.

"He didn't tire me—he insulted me."

She checked the nurse's involuntary gesture of grave concern with uplifted hand.

"Oh, not that! He offered me the most bitter affront that one person can offer another. He told me the unpalatable truth about myself."

When she was settled in bed she said: "And now, please, Miss Barry, telephone my husband to come up at once."

The cold November dusk was overcoming daylight when Douglas Callendar reached the hospital. His white face, as he entered his wife's room, showed how much the unexpected message had unnerved him.

"Did I frighten you, Douglas?" she queried gently. "I'm sorry—I didn't think. But I'm all right really—much better."

"I'm glad, Margaret."

"Please sit down. I wanted to see you—to tell you. I felt it couldn't wait."

She was silent, nervous fingers toying with the counterpane fringe.

"Do you remember," she went on presently, "my telling you about that English poet, Wellton, who lectured at the Woman's Club? He said, you know, that the higher-class American women are bullies who get that to which they aren't entitled by their beauty and charm."

"He is a lying cad!" said Douglas hotly. "For one woman bully there are two men bullies of a meaner type. He was trying to create a sensation—to advertise himself. He was lying villainously."

"Oh, but he wasn't! He told just the plain, plain facts, Douglas. Not about all women, or many women, but about—me. I'm—just like that."

"Nonsense!" said her husband roughly.

He drew his chair closer to the bed and took both her hands.

"That's utterly absurd, Margaret. You're nervous—upset. Perhaps you've overdone to-day."

"Please, Douglas, let me finish. I can see it so clearly now! He was right, I tell you, that horrid, sneering man with his yellow teeth and his superior smile.

"I've been imposing on you, father, the boys—every man I ever knew, all my life! I haven't stood on my own feet and played fair. Because I know—I know I'm not—well, repulsive, I've been getting what I wanted, regardless of other people's rights, by a smile or a glance. Oh, not begging! Not even as decent as that! Just commanding—forcing!"

"Please, dear! You're exciting yourself. And it isn't so, you know—any of it."

He stroked her hands tenderly.

"But it is true, every word of it! And since Aunt Seraphine left me that miserable money I've been worse than ever. I took you away from Morningside, where we'd always been—been happy. I brought you up here and made you wear a coat, and dress for dinner, just because I wanted you like the rest of those fat, smug, Brookhurst men. Oh, yes, I did!

"And I wanted to send Pauline away from you, and build that sickening sun room when we couldn't afford it.

"How did I do it?"

She shook the hands which she held, to make sure of her husband's attention, for he was looking away from her now.

"I did it—by bullying! I used to think a bully was a big, burly, unshaven person who—who chewed tobacco and kept his fists always doubled ready to strike down and trample over anyone in his path. But there are all sorts of bullies—some like that and some like me, in silk, with powder on my—my nose.

"And, oh—oh, Douglas, I'm so f-frightened I've—I've l-lost m-my husband by it! I've f-frozen you and driven you away. I—I haven't killed your l-love, have I?"

She searched his face through streaming tears. When she saw his own eyes were wet she put her arms round his neck with a happy little gulp and had her cry out on his shoulder.

Hours after, when Douglas had telephoned the children to skirmish food for themselves from the cook, and he had—entirely contrary to hospital regulations—eaten dinner with her, they planned the future, hand in hand.

"Boy," she said, using an old name of sweethearting days that he had not heard for a long time, "I want you to take my miserable income and spend it! I don't want to touch a single penny of it!"

"Oh, no," he smiled, shaking his head. "I have a much better plan than that. I'll give you all of mine and you administer the whole thing. That's where all our troubles started, with two separate cash-books. So now you're to be cashier again."

"You can't trust me with it!"

"Oh, yes, I can! You're a better manager than I, Peggy. You saved the money for the Morningside house and for our bank account. There's an object for saving too. First thing we know Doug will be in college, and then Pauline."

"I know, I know!" Her eyes sparkled. "I believe I could save a lot. It's fascinating, cutting off a dollar here buying groceries, and half a dollar there on a cheaper piece of meat."

There was an answering sparkle in his eyes.

"A sort of sporting proposition, like when I made seven dollars a week do for carfare and luncheon. By Jove, I believe I could get away with that very same stunt again! And less luncheon would take off this overweight."

"And we'll hike Sundays in the country—if you'll let me belong to your party."

He gave the necessary assurance.

"By the way, Peggy, when you get out you better look round for a town car. Yours was reduced to junk by that oil truck. Lucky it was insured."

"No town car, boy—a five-passenger touring car for the whole family."

"Oh, no, sweetheart, you mustn't sacrifice ——"

"Touring car!"

"Town car!"

She entwined her fingers in his hair and shook his head gently.

"If I'm to be boss bully in this family, and that's what Mr. Rogers would call me, why, I'm boss bully! We get a touring car! Do you hear?"

"I hear," said her husband meekly as he kissed her.

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THE ART OF BUYING

(Continued from Page 15)

"'Good Lord!' the old man roared. 'Get soap! Bath soap, shaving soap, soft soap, laundry soap—something! Call up a soap factory and tell 'em to rush it over here to-morrow!'

"'All right, Mr. Henry. Yes, sir. But how much shall I order?'

"'Oh, you silly hoot owl, don't bother me! Order enough! Get a carload if you have to, but—get—me—soap!'

"The bookkeeper disappeared. Some time the next morning a four-horse truck appeared at the stock warehouse platform and the driver began unloading cases of yellow laundry soap. For a while the stock clerk paid no attention, but when the whole place began to be buried under soap he asked about it. The driver showed him his order—'One carload Number Four X Laundry Soap, by B. A. Henry for the Henry Crucible and Foundry Company,' so the clerk shrugged his shoulders and laid off the soap question. The carload was all delivered that afternoon."

Jerry Baker was snickering.

"What happened?" he inquired.

"The story got out before old man Henry could prevent it, and the soap people entered into the spirit of the thing and refused to take back the consignment. Henry threatened to make the clerk eat the order at one sitting, but the joke was on himself and he had a sneaking feeling that perhaps the simple bookkeeper wasn't really as simple as he seemed, so he sent the laundry soap to some charitable institutions and hired himself a purchasing agent."

Jerry Baker had his laugh, then he sobered.

"That brings up a question I've been wanting to ask you for a week," he said. "Where did he find a man? How do purchasing agents get their training? From what I have seen of your files, you and your assistant appear to know as much about the business as the man who runs it."

"I have to keep in pretty close touch—that's the truth. And it is a fact that there is at present only a limited opportunity for younger men to learn the profession. In a measure I have concluded that a professional buyer must have a special faculty for the work, because I have seen a good many careful market students and hustlers fail at the job. But given a certain instinct for buying and the willingness to work like a horse, I believe any man can make a successful purchasing agent—if he will begin to study when he takes the place and never quit until he retires."

"Study what, for instance?"

"Roughly speaking, five subjects," Wiley said, pencil in hand and a desk pad raked nearer. "Those are: His own plant and its needs; his salesmen; markets; controlling factors in prices; and his own office organization. This is going to be an impromptu lecture. Take this and prompt me if I lose the thread. There!"

After a moment's rapid writing he tossed the pad across the table. Baker read:

P. A. STUDY COURSE

1. His own plant:
   (a) Methods.
   (b) Uses of articles purchased.
   (c) Personnel.
2. Visiting salesmen:
   (a) Their methods.
   (b) Their dependability.
   (c) Their wares.
   (d) How to make them useful.
3. Markets:
   (a) Local.
   (b) District.
   (c) National.
   (d) World.
4. Controlling factors:
   (a) Economic conditions.
   (b) Labor.
   (c) Transportation.
   (d) Current events.
5. His own organization:
   (a) Office system.
   (b) Relations with executives.
   (c) Initiative in subordinates.
   (d) Himself.

Jerry Baker looked up from this outline with a rueful face.

"Is that all?" he asked. "It looks to me as though I wasted six years going to college if I need this course here."

"It isn't so bad as that," the purchasing agent assured him. "Of the points I have noted fully two-thirds can be gained only from experience. Generally speaking, I don't believe any fixed rules can be laid down for purchasing agents, unless it be rules as to what to avoid. The P. A. has to beware of cocksureness, pride, indifference to details and the sort of shrewdness that often runs very close to sharp business practice. On the positive side he has to be on his toes every minute, always willing and anxious to learn, and steadfast in cultivating whatever psychic quality he possesses."

"Psychic? That sounds highbrow."

"It isn't; it's plain business. It is the development of what was called the hunch in practical buying. After a few months in this office you will begin to feel premonitions. You will acquire a sixth sense. Your instinct will tell you to make moves that your judgment warns you against; the time will come when you will overrule judgment and follow your hunch."

"That sounds risky."

"I suppose it does. But don't be too sure. A few weeks ago I woke up one morning with a strong feeling that we ought to get abroad for sugar and do it quick. The sugar market was rising, and everyone knew that sugar would be a scarce commodity, but we hadn't begun to feel that the situation was going to be desperate. My hunch worried me. Finally, I cabled an agent in Cuba, and two days later had tied up half a shipload of cane. A week thereafter every newspaper in the country was full of the sugar-shortage scare, and we had notices from refineries that their stock of raws was so small that futures would be by allocation only. You may have noticed where prices went."

Jerry Baker shook his head doubtfully.

"There is nothing of the medium in me. Probably this is the wrong berth I'm in."

"There is nothing mediumistic about it, Baker. The fact is that I had been watching the sugar market closely and was worried about it. Probably I heard or read something that registered on my subconscious mind without making any deep impression on the rest of me. The hunch was not, in the ordinary sense, the result of an intellectual process, and yet it was traceable to the mass of information I held and the pressure I was under on the subject of sugar. It sounds complex, but it is simple when you are absolutely steeped in the business of buying in wholesale lots."

"I suppose you think altogether in terms of purchasing, don't you, Mr. Wiley? For instance, I notice that you set down as a controlling factor in market conditions the phrase 'current events.'"

"Precisely. I try not to take my work home with me, but I can never quite get away from it. Almost everything I see or hear has some bearing for me on buying. Your thesis on conditions in the Balkans is a case in point. It would have been the same in the case of a bank failure, a strike, an election, a great scientific discovery, a wheat-crop bulletin, a war scare, a piece of radical or drastic legislation.

"Take prohibition, for instance. As soon as national prohibition began to loom as an important subject in Washington business students began to speculate on its probable effect if it was finally carried. A friend of mine who is in the creamery business came to me when we could see the dry movement beginning to focus and asked me what effect I thought it would have on his line. I thought of ice cream. We talked about it for five minutes, and I soon saw that he was merely trying to get my opinion to back up his own. In fact, he was nervous, and after a while he told me why.

"'I've just ordered three complete milk-drying units for immediate installation,' he explained. 'Dry milk is the best ice-cream foundation known. It seemed to me that if we get prohibition there will be such a demand for dry milk that the creameries of the country will be swamped. But if I'm wrong my mistake is going to cost my company about one hundred times as much as they would think I was worth to them for a term of ten years—I'd be out somewhere looking for a curled-hair factory in which to light!'

"Well, I thought he was right and said so, and time proved that he was. He made his concern a cool hundred thousand in the first six months of prohibition with a by-product only, and he did it because he read his current-events magazines with one ear to the ground of buying."

"It's as fascinating as poker!" young Baker exclaimed.

"Professional buying," Wiley rejoined, "is a combination of poker, chess, ouija-board manipulation, beating the faro bank, doping horse races and juggling with high finance. But it is more or less based on determinable factors—the element of chance decreases in direct ratio to the amount of trained gray matter the P. A. is willing to work up and keep on the job. To begin with, his first obligation is to know his own plant or firm from the ground up to the lightning rod on the cupola.

"No two business enterprises in the country are operated on the same basis. You have to get the slant of your house, just as a woman buying dress materials for her children must study first their preferences, dispositions, coloring, ages and temperaments. The use to which your purchases are to be put is vital to you in buying them; a whole library could be written on that subject, and some day it may be. Hit-or-miss buying is sheer waste. I remember one lesson I got early in my experience that converted me to that viewpoint conclusively—and nearly cost me my job.

There Were Times in the Next Month When He Came Very Close to Regretting His Choice of a Place

"We had a factory superintendent in one of the plants operated by the company I was buying for who was self-assertive and disagreeable and I was timorous about crossing him, because he certainly seemed to know what he was doing, and he hated taking suggestions from me. One day he sent in a requisition for a drum of aqua ammonia. I shipped it without much question, though I will say for myself that I had my doubts that that was what he wanted. I went a day or so after the shipment was made to look it up, and when I found out what was likely to happen I rushed to the nearest telegraph office to wire him not to use the stuff.

"When I got back to my desk I found the president there raving like a maniac, because the bright factory superintendent had filled his ammonia system with the contents of that drum—twenty-nine per cent ammonia and seventy-one per cent water—and had blown a valuable plant into kingdom come. From the receiver to the compressor the ammonia had gathered heat and expanded several times; in the compressor the water content had obstinately refused to be compressed, and the result was that the compression head was blown off and shot through two or three walls, taking everything with it and narrowly missing half a dozen workmen.

"What we had required was anhydrous ammonia, which is about one-tenth of one per cent water. I had an alibi—the requisition in the handwriting of the factory superintendent; and I had a case for myself—my wire to him. But explanations don't do, and for a while it looked as though I would have to follow the superintendent out into the uncut timber. After that I wouldn't so much as let the company's consulting engineer order a paper of pins without looking the order up and checking on it. Believe me, Jerry, once was twice too many with that sort of experience!

"The third subhead is the personnel of your own house or factory. In this company I now buy for eleven different departments. Here and there I have a certain antagonism to meet—a critical spirit. I am free to confess to you that there are two or three men here who grate on me personally. But for purely business reasons I cultivate those men and try to make friends of them. I know that the best buying on earth can be made wasteful unless there is coöperation between the buyer and the man who has to use the product or article bought.

"For example, one of these men I speak of once insisted that I buy a certain type of fruit-handling machine at a cost of three thousand dollars, as against one I wanted that cost forty-one hundred dollars. The superintendent could only see the original cost of the machine. When it came to a showdown we went to your father about it. I called his attention then to the fact that the superintendent's choice required a seventy-five-horse-power motor, whereas the one I wanted could be operated with the same efficiency with a sixty. The difference in the load of electrical current alone was fifteen horse power, or twelve kilowatt hours. At two cents a kilowatt that made almost six dollars a day, or one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. Your father left the decision to me, and I bought the more expensive machine. From the day it was installed that superintendent used sabotage methods to discredit the machine, until finally he was caught at it and discharged. The man who succeeded him has never had a minute's trouble, and the machine is still good for ten years, at a conservative estimate.

"I had a laughable experience with another man—a mechanical engineer in an up-state plant. He insisted on a certain grade of cutting oil for use on a small lathe we operated in our machine shop. Nothing else would do for him. When I sent him a much better grade he lay awake nights thinking up complaints about it. Finally, I got one of the boys to bring me two empty drums of the sort used by the manufacturer of the low-grade oil, and into them I poured the Crown brand all our other engines were using. Next time my friend needed cutting oil I sent him his own drums back, all convincingly labeled 'Acme,' or whatever it was. A few weeks later I happened to be up his way.

"'How's the new Acme working?' I asked.

"'Say, lad,' he answered, 'wherever did ye get the idea that Crown cutting oil was

WALLACE Silver

"At five minutes to seven—"

". . . I turned for one last look at the table before they arrived.

"How lovely it was with the snowy cloth, the perfectly beautiful centerpiece of Killarney roses, and soft candle light glowing on the pride of my heart—my new set of Wallace Silver.

"Just looking at my wonderful silver helped to lull my nervousness at the idea of entertaining the terribly correct Huntingtons.

"But I needn't have worried at all. Mrs. Huntington was wonderful—she actually *complimented* me—said so few girls of this generation really know how to entertain, or realize the importance of correct table appointments.

"And just think—without that blessed Wallace Hostess Book I would have been utterly lost! That's a little secret triumph all my own."

THE *Wallace Hostess Book* is a remarkable new book which tells just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win admiration as a hostess. For years to come this remarkable book, written by Winnifred Fales, will be consulted by social leaders in every community as the final authority on matters of table service and social etiquette. Bound in boards and profusely illustrated with *correct table settings*. Sent post-paid for 50c. Address: Publicity Division.

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Wallingford — Connecticut

any better than Acme? The last two drums ye sent me I've ben testin' out with Frank Bell, that runs the plant over to Dinuba, and he says my oil has got Crown beat four ways from the copper-headed nail in the middle of the board!'"

Jerry Baker laughed.

"Did you spring the joke?" he asked.

"Not on your life, I didn't!" Wiley exclaimed. "He may find it out for himself some day, but if he does he won't confess it. I'm going to continue to use his empty Acme drums for cutting oil and feed him Crown in them as long as I stay on the job. It's cheaper and easier than arguing with the man.

"I am going to pass the subject of your relations with the salesmen you have to deal with, partly because the subject is a big one and partly because it will come to you mainly through experience. The principal points in that connection are: Establishing your own method of buying in their minds; bringing them sharply up to your requirements as regards prices, terms, deliveries, and so on; eliminating all of them who are in themselves or whose houses behind them are undependable, erratic, stubborn or unreliable; and, finally, the all-important point of making them your friends.

"The best single asset of the professional buyer is a staff of friendly and cordial salesmen who like him both for himself and for the business he gives them.

"The study of market conditions, beginning with those in your own city and running to those in the world at large, is too big a subject to open in one interview. You are a college graduate, and you specialized in economics. Fine! Nothing could be better as a foundation. There are some things you have been taught probably that you will have to forget. But, speaking broadly, you have learned something of those vague and peculiar laws, only half formed as yet, which govern and control the world's markets. Your salesmen will keep you fairly closely in touch with the local situation. Jobbers and wholesalers, and their agents and trade bulletins and so on, can be depended upon as a fairly accurate barometer of conditions in the territory in which you operate. But beyond that you have to go to some established and reliable statistician, to government bureau reports, to trade papers, to stock-market sheets and to every straw of gossip, rumor, news, development or fact that will help you to determine which way the price winds are going to blow.

"Some day I am going to write something on this subject: The far-fetched and even extravagant stories I know of how professional buyers have forecast and determined big market or price movements in time to save or make their firms money. I have one case in mind—an extraordinary happening—which will indicate what I mean.

"At a recent meeting of our local purchasing agents' association the speaker of the evening was the sales manager for a big automobile house. He became enthusiastic about his line at once, and among other things quoted statistics to show how the automobile business had jumped from nothing at all in a back yard in Detroit or some place to one of the two or three greatest industries in the world in twenty years or so.

"Then he came down to the time of the war, and his figures about the industry in the last three or four years were really startling.

"When he was through the purchasing agent for a large furniture-manufacturing concern leaned in to the rest of us, thumped his fist on the table and said, 'That means don't buy plate glass now!'

"We thought it was some new vaudeville gag, but he was serious. It seemed that he had been on the eve of closing a heavy contract for mirrors, and his declaration was that after hearing the motor-car enthusiast he was going to let the signing go for a time. He refused to be joked out of his position, nor would he explain what he meant. A few days ago he came to our Friday luncheon grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"'Well,' he said complacently, 'I bought two carloads of plate-glass mirrors this week. And I paid just exactly one-third less than if I had signed up before hearing that motor-car sales agent.'

"'I don't see the connection,' I said.

"'It was perfectly simple,' said he. 'All of us know that all mushroom growths are followed by a sharp decline. The automobile business is no exception. A little while after our friend was here blowing about the growth of the automobile business the tide turned. Half a dozen big factories shut down. They gave as their reasons the shortage of raw materials and dependable labor, but, as a matter of fact, they were getting the back fire from too much prosperity.

"'With almost no building construction going on anywhere in the country, the automobile people had become the biggest single users of plate glass. Plate glass began to slump. I bought. Now do you see?'

"We saw. But a joker in the party spoke up and said, 'Have you thought about the influence of prohibition on the same commodity?'

"All of us thought that was a good one except the furniture man. He didn't crack a smile.

"'I just told you that I bought two carloads of glass. That will run us for about eighteen months. Do you want to know why I didn't buy more?'

"Of course we wanted to know.

"'Because eighty per cent of the people who now own the back-bar mirrors that used to decorate our palaces of gin are holding on to them in the hope that we will break the prohibition law. In a few months they are going to lose that hope, and then is when a shrewd friend of mine who is in the junk business is going to begin carrying out my orders to corner the Western market in back bars!'"

Jerry Baker's jaw dropped.

"I don't know whether you're kidding me or not, Mr. Wiley," he said, "but I'll confess that that yarn sounds pretty strong."

"I know it sounds that way. But what are you going to say to the fact that my friend, the buyer, saved his furniture manufacturers something like nineteen thousand dollars in the whole plate-glass deal?"

"Not a word! Go on with the novel. Fact is certainly a whole lot harder to swallow than fiction!"

"Well, the other subheads of the lecture are matters for you to get from experience. I could give you details, but they wouldn't mean much until you had run into working conditions for yourself. Transportation, labor and economic factors in buying are complex subjects. But the main thing I want to impress on you is that you can't overlook any of them in buying, whether it is for a dentist's office or for a fifty-million-dollar mining company. I shouldn't be surprised to see the time come when professional buyers will hang out their shingles like doctors or lawyers, and buy for any clients who come to them.

"The only person I know of whom a purchasing agent can't help is my wife, and she refuses to buy scientifically, because she says that takes all the joy out of shopping. But if you want to do it accurately and with the best results you must work as carefully and intelligently and take into consideration as many factors as a surgeon does in planning an operation or an architect in designing a house.

"Haphazard buying costs American business men more hundreds of millions each year than we can get any statistics to compute, and until they realize that an assassination in the Balkans may mean as much to them as it does to a statesman they will continue to that extent to be haphazard buyers. And that is the end of the lesson for to-day."

A week later young Jerry Baker, waiting until the others of the P. A.'s office force had gone for the night, draped himself across Wiley's desk, with his ears red, and asked, "Do you happen to know anything about the diamond market, Mr. Wiley?"

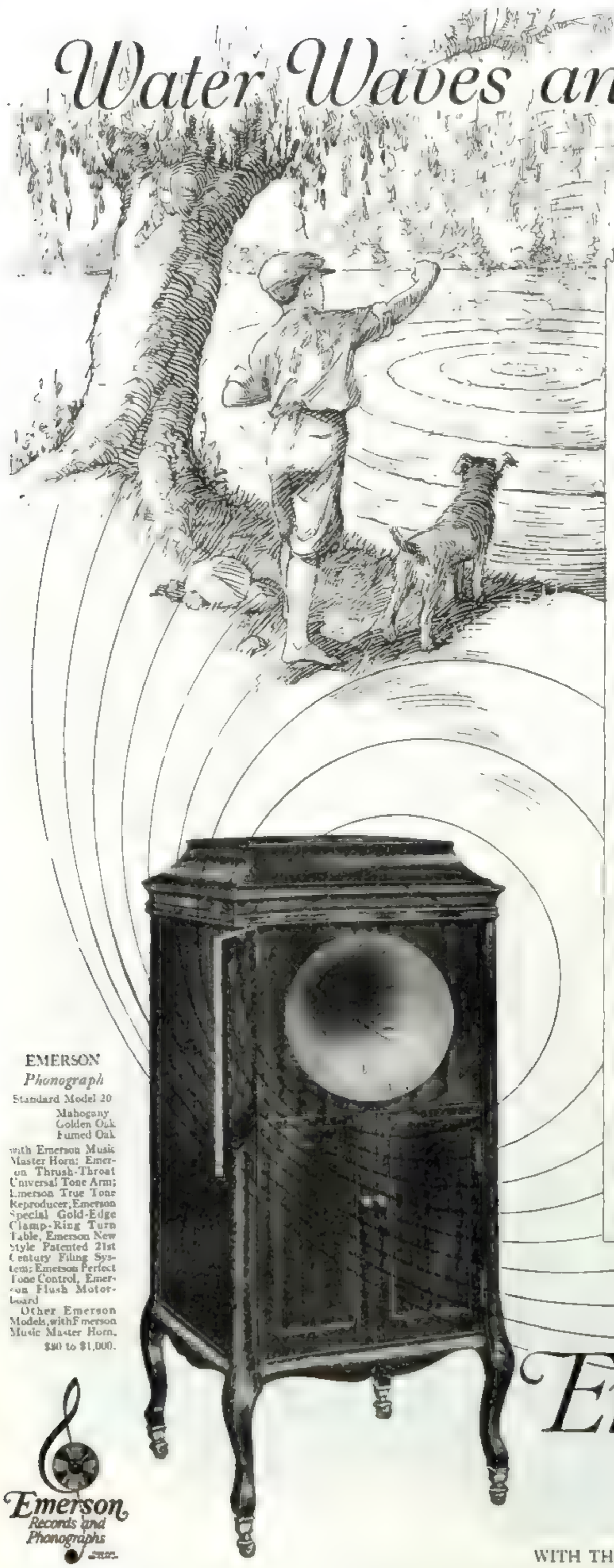
"Diamonds, eh?" Wiley laughed. "I think I remember reading something about you and one of our most popular débutantes—was it the Strong girl?"

"It was—and is," Jerry Baker replied, grinning.

"Well, if you want my advice, which I doubt, I should say that you had better put it off for a while. If this row between the Turks and the Allies keeps up and the Mohammedans succeed in stirring up trouble among the African Moslems ——"

"Oh, you go to the dickens!" young Baker cried, reaching for his hat. "Scientific buying is all right, but when it comes to the joy of shopping I string with your wife. I think, just for this once, that I'll let science and world conditions and economics go hang, and drop in at Greaves' to make a fool of myself. Good night, chief—and thanks a lot!"

Water Waves and Sound Waves



WHAT happens when you throw a stone into the water?

A series of ripples spreads out, and keeps on spreading, until the rippling circle attains its greatest circumference and fades slowly away.

Sound waves, like water waves, travel in widening circles. Great experts on acoustics testify to this.

The Emerson Music Master Horn is made *round*—to conform to this scientific principle.

The *round* trumpet construction of the Emerson Music Master Horn permits the music to flow out without interruption or impediment. There are no angles for the sound waves to strike against—no corners for them to echo in—nothing to interfere with the smooth, *round* flow of music.

Every note in every selection flows *full* and *round* from the Emerson Music Master Horn. Its perfect proportions are your guaranty of *perfectly proportioned tone*—music that is a revelation.

These latest Emerson hits, for example, are heard at their very *best* on the Emerson Phonograph. Any Emerson dealer will be glad to play them for you.

10215
The Moon Shines on the Moonshine
Comedy Song.....Ernest Hare

10211
A Young Man's Fancy. Fox Trot..Van Eps Specialty Four

10219
Bells Medley. Fox Trot.....Merry Melody Men

10218
Anytime, Anyday, Anywhere
Fox Trot.....Plantation Jazz Orchestra

10216
In Sweet September. Fox Trot...Plantation Jazz Orchestra

10223
Chili Bean. Character Song.....Irving Kaufman

10222
Pretty Kitty Kelly. Tenor Solo..Walter Scanlan

SEND for the new Emerson loose-leaf catalog. It features the first eight instruments in the new Emerson line, including Model 20, here shown. It describes the new Emerson Music Master Horn and explains why this new *round* tone can come only from this acoustically correct *round* horn, made of solid, seasoned, *rounded*, vibrant spruce.

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO., INC.

NEW YORK
206 Fifth Ave.

CHICAGO
315 So. Wabash Ave.

Makers of
Standard Emerson 10-inch Gold Seal Records

EMERSON
Phonograph
Standard Model 20
Mahogany
Golden Oak
Fumed Oak
with Emerson Music Master Horn; Emerson Thrush-Throat Universal Tone Arm; Emerson True Tone Reproducer; Emerson Special Gold-Edge Clamp-Ring Turn Table, Emerson New Style Patented 21st Century Filing System; Emerson Perfect Tone Control, Emerson Flush Motor-Board

Other Emerson Models, with Emerson Music Master Horn, $80 to $1,000.

Emerson Records and Phonographs

The Emerson Phonograph

WITH THE EMERSON MUSIC MASTER HORN

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

(Continued from Page 25)

"All right. I ought to see your style of work, because I don't want you to waste time if you aren't doing this kind of thing. Still I might as well explain, now that you're here. We've just succeeded in persuading Beatrice Brownley, the celebrated authority on cooking, to make us up a lot of things with Uncle Rastus Self-Leavening Muffin Flour. She's consented to be photographed in the act of mixing up a batch of muffins or something, and sign a testimonial. Besides the studies with Miss Brownley, we want a lot of straight still-life pictures too. How soon can you get busy?"

"Right away, Mr. Budd."

"Any day this week?"

"I think so. When I get back to the studio I'll check up my appointments and let you know."

"Telephone me, will you?"

"Yes—er—that is, I haven't any phone, but I'll see that you get word through Marj—Miss Paul's brother."

"Let me know right away, will you?"

Ben immediately felt that Budd was wondering what sort of photographer it was that didn't have a telephone. He squirmed in his chair. Budd, whose face was round and pleasant, looked at Ben shrewdly.

"See here," he said, grinning, "I wonder if that boy—say, Merriweather, do you think you're up to this sort of thing? Have you really had experience?"

"Sure, I've had experience. I won the ——"

Ben stopped. What good would it do him to advance as a selling argument his winning of the fifty-dollar prize for a portrait of a young lady. That wasn't what Budd wanted.

"Won the what?" demanded Budd.

"I guess you wouldn't be interested in that—just a small prize for some special studies. But don't you worry, Mr. Budd. I'll make good."

"What other houses have you worked for?"

"Why, there's one concern you'd know about—only the stuff hasn't been delivered yet, and I hardly think I'm at liberty to tell you."

"H'm! I've an idea you're a beginner—new, aren't you?"

"Chap has to begin sometime, doesn't he?"

"If it wasn't for what young Paul said about you I'd be inclined to think I couldn't use you. Now, if it's all the same to you, I'm coming over to your place and have a talk with you and look at whatever you have that will show me your style. You don't seem like a four-flusher to me, Merriweather, and still—you mustn't try to get this job on bluff, because if you fall down you only disappoint us and put yourself to a lot of trouble and expense. I wouldn't ask you to make a single negative on speculation, provided I thought you knew something about the game. But if you're only trying to get a start I can assure you I can't let you make a lot of experiments at our expense. We don't want anyone to work for nothing, but there's a limit ——"

"I'm willing to gamble, Mr. Budd."

"More fool you. The wise ones aren't doing it any more. There's too much profitable work begging to be done."

"Is there really?"

Budd smiled.

"Don't you know it?" he asked. "Now tell me, have you really produced the goods? I mean in the commercial line—not in portraiture. I don't really care how new you are to the game, of course, provided you have the ability. We need new blood. We need it bad. If you've got the picture instinct we can do a lot of business with you. Only you must show me. There's Boggs, for instance. We're absolutely desperate for something for Boggs. You know who I mean?"

"Yes, I know."

"Ever hear of Miss Angela Boggs?"

Ben nodded.

"Hardest client to suit on our books. Sore at the other photographers because she thinks they're robbers. They're not. They simply duck her work because she wants 'em to do it subject to approval, and ten to one she'll turn down the best things they submit. If I thought you'd make good on this Uncle Rastus order I'd let you go ahead at our expense, and then I'd try you with Angela's work. I wouldn't ask you to speculate either. We've got to give Boggs some service or we'll lose the account, and it's a big one."

Budd could hardly explain why he went into this detail with Merriweather. He was usually more cautious. Now he hastened to add: "By George, I shouldn't have told you all this. You'll keep it under your hat of course."

"Sure I will," Ben promised, and Budd knew that the promise was dependable. Somehow he felt this rather odd, picturesque-looking fellow was honest. Budd dealt with too many artists of all sorts to doubt his own judgment.

"You come on over to Eighth Avenue, Mr. Budd," went on Ben, "and if you don't mind climbin' about a million stairs I'll show you something that'll open your eyes. I'll convince you—don't worry."

"All right, Merriweather. I guess I'm safe to go ahead and fix up a date for Miss Brownley. Let's make it Friday—you plan to give us all day. Going to be in this afternoon?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'll run over right after lunch—say two o'clock."

"Fine, Mr. Budd. I'll expect you."

Ben went back to the studio as fast as he could travel. He wanted to talk with Marjie Paul. By George, that Budd was a smart one! He'd said he must be shown. But Ben was in a quandary. He had a decision to make, and only one person in the world could help him make it.

"Say, Marjie," he said as soon as he set foot in his small gallery, "Budd's coming here."

Marjie looked up from her retouching desk, displaying but a mild interest.

"Is he going to do business?" she asked, but the inquiry showed no undue curiosity. It was as if Marjie was merely being polite.

"Yes, he is; but he wants to see a lot of samples. What shall I show him?"

"You've been in the photographin' business quite some time, Ben. You must have plenty of ——"

"But I haven't—not what he wants to see—unless ——"

Ben waited for Marjie to say "Unless what?" But she went on with her stippling with provoking indifference. Ben finished the sentence himself:

"Unless I show him what I've been doing for Miss Boggs."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Huh!" returned Merry. "Do you think I ought to?"

"You'll have to use your own judgment, I guess," said Miss Paul.

She was having a little fun with Ben, but being on the other end of the joke didn't suit her employer.

"Budd doesn't know I've been making Miss Boggs' studies, and she's a client of Bond & Bent. I suppose you warned your brother not to let on about her coming here?"

"I didn't think you cared to have me spread your affairs round town," declared Marjie primly.

"Well, that's right—I didn't. I guessed Miss Boggs would be as well satisfied if I didn't."

"Did she tell you not to?"

"Well, I don't know as she did. I have kept it to myself without being told. But darn it, Marje, what else have I got to convince Budd that we can deliver the goods?"

"Not much of anything, I guess."

"You know blame well. Say, what kind of a guy is this Budd?"

"Ted says he's a prince."

"Can I trust him?"

"That's for you to decide."

"Oh, for the sweet love of cinnamon, Marje, come off your high horse, will you? My Lord! What's the use of acting so? You going to hold that grudge against me the rest of your life? Can't you see I'm in a hole? I need help."

Over the retouching desk was a hood of thin boards. In its shadow Marjie Paul permitted herself a smile. It was a mean little smile, and she knew it. Poor Ben, she certainly had rubbed it in. But he deserved it. He had it coming, the big gump!

"But you've already made up your mind what to do, haven't you, Benuel? All you want is for me to say you did right. People that ask advice don't want advice, they want approval. I read that in a book."

She had not called him Benuel for weeks. Now she turned and grinned, and the grin was good to see.

"Well—golly, Marje, old girl, I'm tickled to see you shake that grouch! Darn it, you know I'm lost without you crabbing at me."

(Continued on Page 104)

"You Come on Over to Eighth Avenue, Mr. Budd, and if You Don't Mind Climbin' About a Million Stairs I'll Show You Something That'll Open Your Eyes"

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Learn Well the Lessons of Nature

Style No. F93

Nature's teachings are helpful and healthful—Nature's ways are grateful and graceful—Nature is sensible and practical. Nature develops children's feet slowly and systematically.

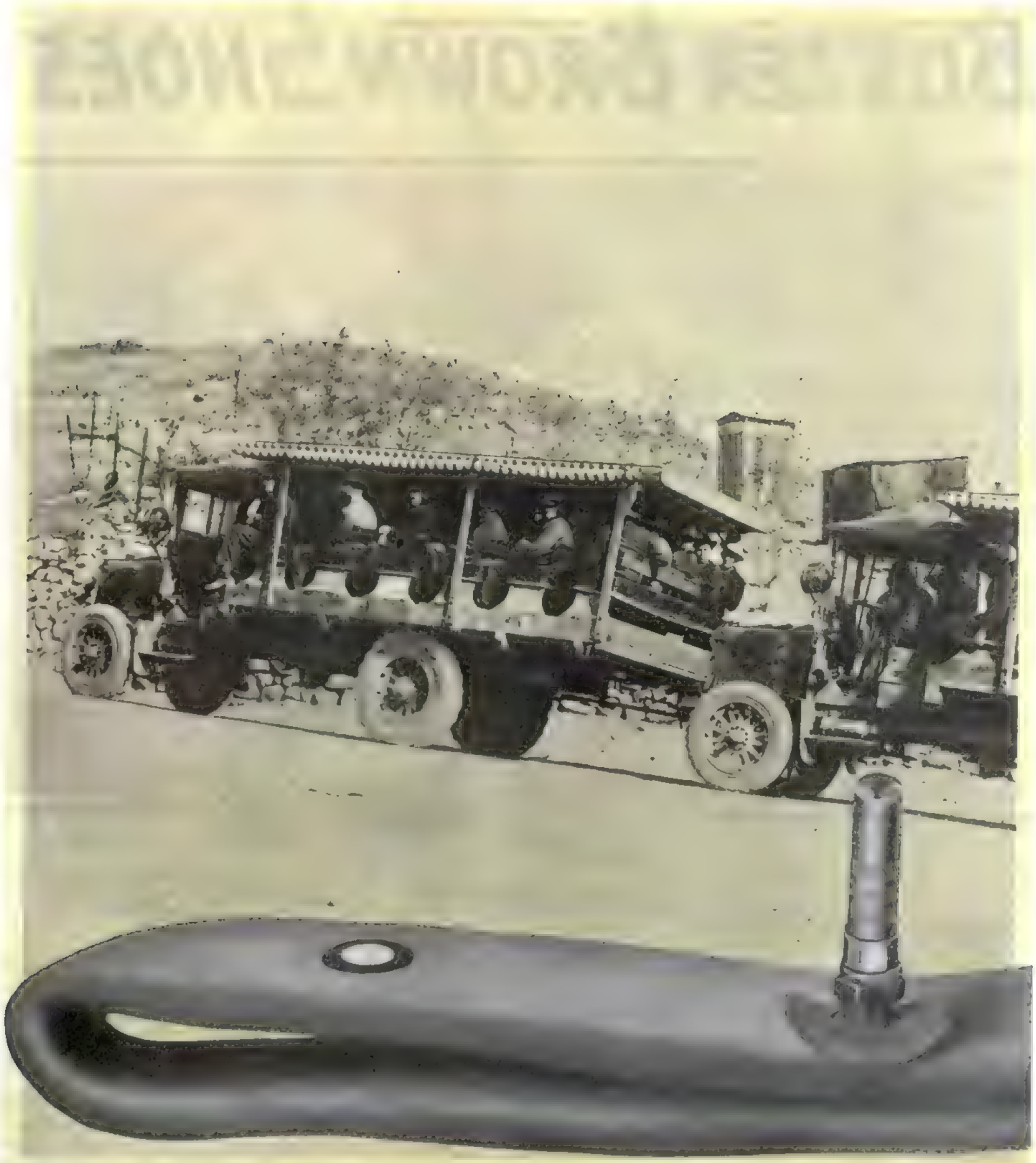
Lasts are wooden forms that give shape to the inside of shoes. The Brown Shaping Lasts reproduce the gradual shaping processes of Nature and transmit them to Buster Brown Shoes, together with Nature's lines of strength and beauty.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up—genuine Goodyear welts—all styles and leathers—separate lasts for boys and for girls.

Write today for the free book on "Training the Growing Feet," which explains Nature's methods and tells why Buster Brown Shoes will save your boy or girl the torture of corns, bunions, twisted toes, broken arches, etc.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.



Photograph of giant busses operating between Globe, Arizona, and the mines

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

They Make Such Records Possible

Two large Goodyear Pneumatic-shod busses, operated by the Miners' Transportation Company, shuttle the miners of Globe, Arizona, to and from their work.

With a fixed schedule of three round trips daily, since they went into service November last, these carry-alls have not once been late or missed a single trip.

The busses *must* arrive on time. Even a slight delay when labor shifts are being made would mean considerable loss to the operators of the mines.

The dependability of the Goodyear Cords on all wheels is therefore of unusual value here. All four front wheel tires are original equipment, still in service.

One of the rears has gone over 10,000 miles and is still in use, while two others yielded 8,900 and 7,000 miles, respectively.

This, of course, is fine tribute to Goodyear Tires, but, when you think of it, isn't it even greater endorsement for Goodyear Tubes?

Their staunch performance made such mileage possible.

Concealed within the casing wall they must hold air unfailingly, no matter what the punishment inflicted by temperature and road.

Built up *layer-upon-layer* to protect our good name, Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes for passenger cars, like these heavy truck tire tubes, are thick and strong and their valve-patch is firmly vulcanized in.

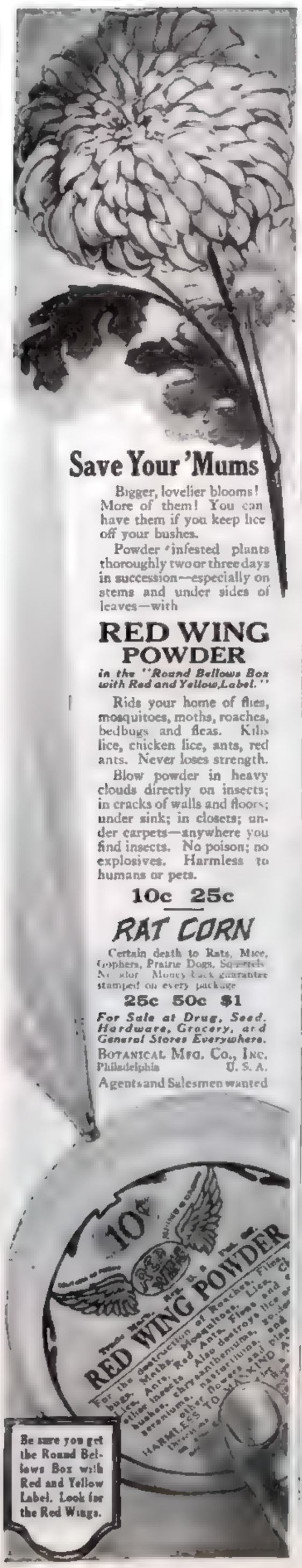
Their initial cost, moreover, is not greater than the price of tubes of less merit. Why, then, risk costly casings when such sure protection is available?

All Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are sold in heavy waterproof bags. More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Offices Throughout the World

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES


Save Your 'Mums
Bigger, lovelier blooms! More of them! You can have them if you keep lice off your bushes.
Powder infested plants thoroughly two or three days in succession—especially on stems and under sides of leaves—with
RED WING POWDER
in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label."
Rids your home of flies, mosquitoes, moths, roaches, bedbugs and fleas. Kills lice, chicken lice, ants, red ants. Never loses strength.
Blow powder in heavy clouds directly on insects; in cracks of walls and floors; under sink; in closets; under carpets—anywhere you find insects. No poison; no explosives. Harmless to humans or pets.
10c 25c
RAT CORN
Certain death to Rats, Mice, Gophers, Prairie Dogs, Squirrels No odor Money back guarantee stamped on every package
25c 50c $1
For Sale at Drug, Seed, Hardware, Grocery, and General Stores Everywhere.
BOTANICAL MFG. CO., INC.
Philadelphia U. S. A.
Agents and Salesmen wanted
10¢
RED WING POWDER
Be sure you get the Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label. Look for the Red Wings.

(Continued from Page 100)

"Ben Merriweather, I never crabbed at you in my life!"

"Aw, well, you know what I mean. Anyhow, whatever you call it, I like it. I was a big chump, the way I called you down that day. Say, I'm awful sorry, kid. You know it. Didn't I apologize the very next morning?"

"Forget it!" said Marjie.

Something inside reacted and made a small lump in Marjie's throat. Poor old Ben—the big calf! Marjie blinked.

"Well, what am I goin' to do?" pleaded Merry.

"Oh, go on and show him the stuff—if you think it's good enough. He'll keep it to himself. All you want is for him not to let Angela know. You can trust that fellow all right."

"He'll be in soon after lunch."

Ben's load of perplexity fell away. Marjie was a great comfort when she was herself.

"It's twelve o'clock," said Miss Paul. "I have to grab my eats."

She rose and unpinned the cones of paper from her sleeves, smoothed her skirt and started for the dark room to wash her hands.

"Say, Marjie, you're a brick. Honest, you're not sore at me any more, are you?"

"Aw, shut up!" snapped Miss Paul. "You give me a pain."

She brushed past the photographer and disappeared in the dark room.

"That's the stuff!" grinned Ben. "That's the way to talk! You haven't bawled me out for weeks. Now hustle back so I can run out a few minutes myself before Budd shows up."

"I guess there's time enough," called Marjie from the shadows. "I got to run round to the flat and see if pa's all right. He's just climbin' on the remorse wagon and his appetite's great."

"He ought to have a hole kicked in him, that skate," remarked Ben, already busy sorting out prints to show Budd.

XV

BEN'S series of advertising photographs for Angela Boggs made the art director's eyes pop with surprise and admiration. "Well, say, Merriweather, those are immense! They're simply immense! No use talking. But how the—who—look here, I didn't suspect for a minute you were doing any work for Boggs. You must have been dealing with the fair Angela. Has she seen these?"

"Nope. She's away on a trip. She expects to see 'em when she gets back. You like 'em?"

"Like 'em? I'm knocked clear off my pins."

"Will Miss Boggs like 'em?"

Budd shrugged.

"You won't know until she tells you herself. Mighty difficult lady to please, I can assure you. They're hardly what you'd call conservative. She prides herself on being conservative, you know."

"So she said, but I don't see how she can help falling for this stuff. I know it's good."

"You bet it's good! What had you ever done before of this kind? You must have had a heap more experience than you gave me to understand."

"No, I never did any merchandise before. This is my first attempt."

"Then how'd Miss Boggs happen to ——"

"Oh, she saw something I'd done in a trade paper. Here."

Ben exhibited Mystery.

"H'm," grunted Budd. "That's a bizarre sort of thing. Who's the chick——"

He checked himself and turned a violent red, glancing apprehensively across his shoulder at the busy young lady at the retouching desk.

"Oh, I say now," he stammered. "I didn't mean ——"

Ben grinned. Marjie had admitted Budd to the gallery, and the subtlety of the picture had tricked him into an inelegance. He was beginning to perspire.

"You better apologize to Mr. Budd for embarrassin' him this way," said Ben maliciously. Marjie popped up from her chair and turned to the art director

"Never you mind, Mr. Budd," she said heartily. "If no one ever calls me anything worse'n a chicken I should worry. That freaky old cubic thing has fooled lots of people. Came near getting me a job in the movies once."

"The movies would be lucky," agonized Budd, trying to make good and overdoing the part. Still he began to feel a little easier because Marjie hadn't seen fit to pull any "Sir, how-dare-you!" speech on him.

"Mr. Budd's some little kidder," she observed obliquely to Ben, but she was plainly far from offended.

"As a matter of fact," said Merriweather, "I want to tell you, Mr. Budd, if it wasn't for Miss Paul you'd never have heard of me. She's the one who's responsible for me pulling myself out of the old rut by my boot straps. She kept after me until I woke up and got wise to myself. You've noticed the kind of work I've always done—until I found out I could do the better kind. Well, she bullied me into it."

Marjie had been angry with Ben for commending her to Angela Boggs. Curiously she felt quite differently now.

"Mr. Merriweather could have done plenty of good work any time," she said, "if he'd realized the demand for it. My brother Ted, over at your place, was telling me what a need there was for the right kind of pictures—the kind with some pep in 'em. All I did was to let Ben—Mr. Merriweather—know what I heard. He did the rest. He could eat this stuff if he had the kind of equipment he needs, but you know it costs a lot of money—all them—those funny lights and everything. You know what's really responsible for showin' photographers what was what in lighting effects and all up-to-date ideas they got in the last few years?"

"Why, I—er—suppose it was—er ——"

Budd was interested in observing Marjie's reactions.

"The movies," said Marjie. "Gettin' outdoor effects with indoor lighting—sunshine in Mary Pitworth's hair, and them—those dizzy silhouette things; and backgrounds that's got some character—the movies. Those folks have the ordinary gallery bulb squeezers beat a whole city block. Am I right?"

Bond & Bent's startled art director stared incredulously at Ben Merriweather's assistant. She was a snappy one! Ignorant and pretty fresh, and—he had almost said tough. But just the same, she was a wonder.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," he agreed. "I know the fellows who are doing the best work are using artificial lighting very cleverly these days. I dare say they learned much of it from the motion-picture chaps."

Oh, he dare say, eh? Suddenly Marjie Paul became very much confused. She had been speaking up to one of the best-known art directors in New York, a man of reputation and prestige. He was looking at her, too, as if he didn't know what to make of her.

Why shouldn't he wonder? Doubtless she had been committing about nine grammatical blunders to the inch. She'd been talking too much—butting in!

"Excuse me," she said. "I didn't mean to seem to know it all."

"Oh, not a bit of it, I assure you, Miss Paul. You've said some very interesting things. All the more so because you've apparently given the matter a lot of thought. People have to think for themselves these days if they expect to get ahead. I'm sure you'll get ahead, and I'm sorry I didn't recognize you in that picture at first, and—and ——"

"Called me a chicken? I guess I am—only chickens shouldn't ought to cackle so as to disturb the neighbors."

She smiled a trifle wanly and returned to her work.

"You're all right, Marjie," said Ben clumsily.

He sensed hazily the cause of the girl's embarrassment, though he was so used to her ways he had not been in the least surprised at anything she had said. It had hardly occurred to him that Budd would view her in any different light. Marjie wisely held her tongue. Her impulse was to say something sharp to Ben, the poor simp. Oh, well, maybe he'd learn one of these days; and she registered a vow that she'd never allow herself to be led into conversational indiscretion again so long as she lived.

XVI

BUDD and Merriweather continued to discuss the business in hand. The former was thoroughly convinced that Ben could handle the Uncle Rastus subjects satisfactorily. He congratulated himself on having made a real find, with the single disturbing reservation that the astute Angela had beaten him to it. That was too bad. The situation was all in Miss Boggs' favor, because she was now in a position to belittle Bond & Bent's service. Hadn't she been obliged to go out and dig up a photographer herself, when it was most decidedly the business of the agency handling the Boggs account to save her all that trouble?

Budd knew Angela well enough to realize how skillfully she would use such a weapon as that. She was perfectly capable of roughing things when the time came, and Budd's principals would be very much annoyed. Still it hadn't been in the least his fault.

He began thinking of ways in which he could redeem the situation.

"Merriweather," he said when most of the details of the Uncle Rastus work had been arranged, "what are you going to charge us for this stuff?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Budd. What do you think it will be worth?"

Budd pondered.

"If it's a fair question," he said, "what price have you made Miss Boggs for hers?"

"I was going to ask her—er—well, I—to tell the truth, Mr. Budd, we haven't fixed a price yet."

"H'm! Is that so? I hope you're not going to let her tell you what she's to pay. If you do I'm afraid ——"

"Afraid? Why, I was sort of figuring I could almost afford to do those studies of hers for nothing, for the privilege of signing them. It'd certainly be a feather in ——"

Budd smiled slyly and said, "I see. Well, perhaps you're right, Merriweather. A chap in your position does need to get a reputation. Now this Uncle Rastus job, for instance. That's a nationally advertised product, and every family in the land knows the name. Millions of people will see your illustrations and your signature tucked snugly down in the corner. We'd even be willing to print a little phrase in very small type right under each picture. 'Photograph by Merriweather, Eighth Avenue, New York.' Some publicity!"

Merry looked doubtfully at the art director, and his eyes began to narrow with suspicion. Budd, still with that slow, half-scornful smile, went on:

"I suppose you'd be perfectly willing to make the Bond & Bent agency a proposition on that basis."

"Oh, but this is different," said Merry, beginning to flounder. "I can't afford to do it for all comers. I'd soon be bankrupt."

"But the Uncle Rastus pictures would bring you nearly if not quite as much fame as the Boggs' Biscuit ones."

"Well, of course I haven't made any definite arrangement with Miss Boggs—not along those lines. I expect she'll pay me something, only as long as it's my first job, and it would kind of give me a nice start ——"

"That isn't your reasoning, Merriweather; that's Angela's. I've heard it all before—old stuff, to be vulgarly frank."

"Now, Mr. Budd, you're not fair to Miss Boggs, or to me either. Besides, I don't see what my arrangement with her has to do with what I charge you."

"Oh, you don't? Well, if you'll take what I say in the spirit in which I mean it I'll just tell you. In the first place, she's our client, and we have the devil's own time with her. She's a regular lady Shylock at driving a bargain. She wants not only a pound of flesh; she demands the whole animal—hide, hair, horns and tallow. Often she gets it. She intends to grab everything you are willing to give for as little as she is obliged to pay."

"Aw, now, Mr. Budd ——"

"Wait! In a sense, what you charge her is no one's business but yours. In another sense, it's my business. I am in a position to put a good deal of work into your hands, provided we can reach an equable understanding. We should expect to pay you good prices, and we should ask you to do little if any speculative stuff. You would be a string to our bow, don't you see? However, I find you already dealing with a client of our office."

"But I didn't know ——"

"Surely not! That part's all right. But don't you see what a dev—dickens of a hole you put me in if you make Miss Boggs what amounts to a cut price? You're putting her in a position to dictate to us—accuse us of not rendering the best service, and drive very hard bargains with us in the future. Chaps like Valmar and Beveridge would charge her at least three hundred dollars for each pose made from a model. Their price for still-life studies is seventy-five to a hundred dollars each, according to circumstances, and those prices are all no

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STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

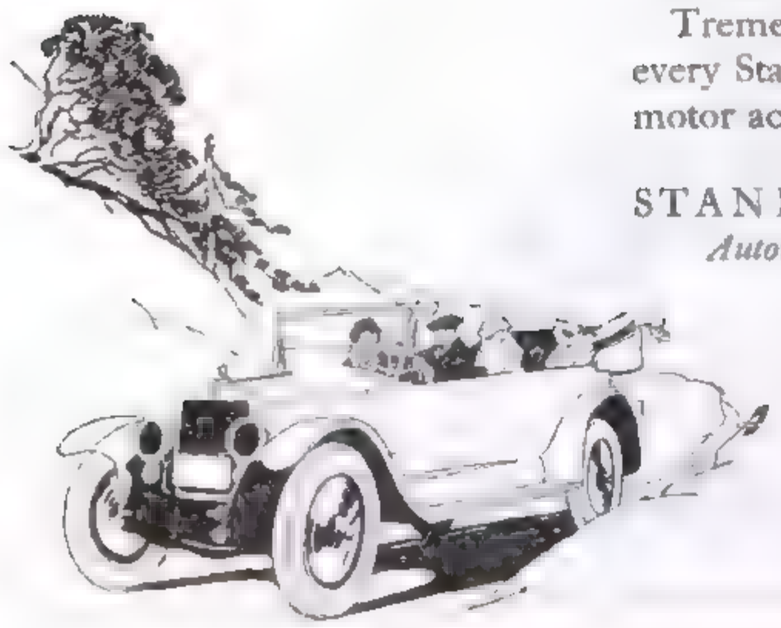
THE joy of motoring, like most of the joys of life, comes from the use of power.

To be conscious that there is no hill you need to avoid, no motor-way where your car cannot, without effort, hold your place on the road, is to realize the top joy of automobiling.

Some say that this happiness which lies in the sense of Power is just plain vanity. Call it whatever you will, every car owner likes the sensation which comes from the control of Power.

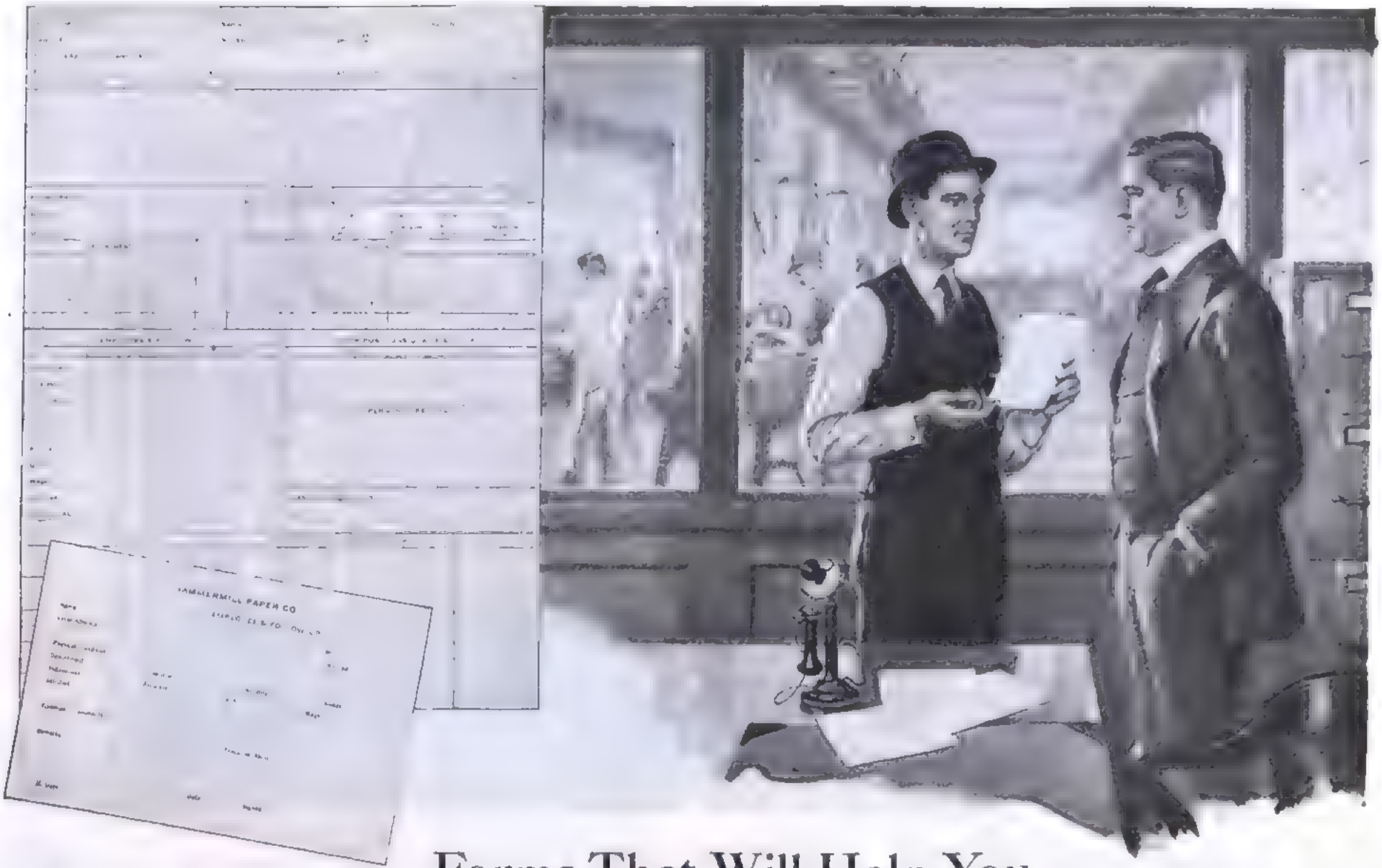
Tremendous power, under perfect control, is what every Standard Eight owner always has in his car. Its motor actually levels hills.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Dept. - - *Pittsburgh, Pa.*



Vestibule Sedan, $5000.
Sedan, $4800.
Sedanette, $4500.
Coupé, $4500.
Touring Car, $3400.
Roadster, $3400.
Chassis, $3150.

Above prices f. o. b. Hoover P



Forms That Will Help You Reduce Your Labor Turnover

THE forms shown on this page will keep you posted as to which of your employees are making good and should be advanced—which ones need help or encouragement—which ones should be replaced.

Another of the countless ways in which printed forms can take care of an important detail of your business.

Write us, and we will be glad to send you these forms. Very likely you and your printer can make changes in them which will improve them for your use.

The Hammermill portfolio which we send you will include a number of other practical employment and labor forms. These specimen forms will show you just how a job looks, and feels, when it's printed on Hammermill Bond.

Hammermill's twelve colors besides white enable you to give color distinction to your various forms, so that they may be quickly identified, correctly routed and filed. This "Signal System" is one of the reasons why so many big business houses have standardized their printing on Hammermill. Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market—and it is the most widely used bond paper in the world.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 104)

more than right, considering the quality of their work."

"But you wouldn't expect me to get as much as they do."

"Not quite. Nevertheless, if your work is as good your price ought not to be very much below theirs. And, like them, you should refuse to gamble."

"Anyone can't sell a pig in a poke, Budd."

"Can't he? Why some of the best pigs you ever heard of have been bought by blindfolded men with their hands tied behind their backs. I'm buying a pig in a poke from you when I say we don't ask you to expose a single plate for us for nothing. You'll get paid for your time, every minute you devote to Bond & Bent. That is, you will if we do business with you."

"But I thought it was all set ——"

"So did I, and I still think so; only you can't blame me if I am unwilling to give you a good price if at the same time you are making matters hard for me by undercharging one of my customers."

"H'm! Maybe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Great Scott, look at it from the selfish angle! These big, known fellows have established certain standards of value for this class of work. They've created a vogue for it, and consequently the market is wide enough for several chaps with your cleverness. Do you think it's good business to break those values just because you haven't a proper conception of what such photography as yours—if you do your best work—is really worth? Why don't you take advantage of the situation and cash in while the going is good?"

"Oh, I ought to, I guess; only I suppose I'm shy the necessary nerve."

"Pooh, don't be a chump! I realize I'm bidding the price up against myself. But if I get what I want I'm willing to pay well, and the Uncle Rastus people are a very different-colored horse from Boggs' Bakeries, Inc. They know good things come high. You charge Miss Angela two hundred dollars for studies containing posed figures, fifty each for still lifes, and so far as possible make her guarantee you in some way against loss through speculation. I'm perfectly willing to make a similar arrangement with you. And what is more, I believe if our first attempt proves successful I can offer you a guaranteed yearly minimum amount of business in return for your exclusive services in the production of commercial work. In that case it would be something very handsome. But unless I can have your agreement to make Miss Angela Boggs toe the scratch I shall have to think a long time before I give you any orders at all."

Ben perceived that the amiable Mr. Budd meant what he said. He liked the art director, and was wise enough to appreciate what the suggested connection would mean to him. Out of the corner of his eye he stole a glance at Marjie Paul. Marjie had ceased work and swung round in her chair. She was contemplating the pair of disputants with eagerly shining eyes. She was breathless with suspense.

Here was the thing she had been working and planning for—the very situation for which she had been putting the easy-going photographer through his course of training. Now she was all alive, lips parted, brows slightly knit with anxiety. Why didn't Ben speak up like a man? She caught his glance and nodded violently, trying to form with her lips the words she must not speak aloud.

"Tell him yes, tell him yes," she signaled frantically. For a wonder Ben caught the significance of these grimaces.

"All right, Budd, you're on. Of course she'll kick like a steer; and you realize these studies of mine were made on my own hook, at my own risk. Marjie, aren't the prices Mr. Budd mentions something like the ones we talked over a while back?"

Marjie had presence of mind enough to pronounce the few required words of assent.

"Why, it seems to me we did mention about them—those figures, Mr. Merriweather. I'm pretty sure we—you did."

In confusion she turned again to her desk. The nerve of that! She caught an incredulous grin on Budd's face. Ben had as much as confessed that he had listened with dangerously open ears to the wily Angela. He was now trying to preserve his self-respect. But she rejoiced, for Ben would keep his promise to Budd, and Angela would have to pay what the pictures were worth. Marjie thanked God for Budd and his square, common-sense jaw. In ten minutes he had beaten more gumption into Merriweather's skull than she had been able to drill into it in months.

"All right," Budd was saying, and he and Ben were shaking hands. "I feel as if this thing's going to come out fine for us both. You will surely make good. I want you to remember I am an artist, and not altogether without reputation. In any work we do together you can count on my coöperation. I want to help you, and I will if you feel that any suggestions from me would be welcome."

"Welcome? They'd be as welcome as hot coffee on an iceberg. I only wish I had better equipment, especially in the way of lights and settings."

"Don't worry about lights and settings, Merriweather. We'll see that you have means and opportunity to get what you need. By George, when I see what you've accomplished with plain daylight I can imagine the wonders you'll perform when you get to playing with artificial lights! Well, I must be going. Busier'n the dickens at the office. It isn't often I tear myself away. Goo'-by. Goo'-by. Miss—er—Paul. I'm sure we'll need your help a little later."

"Anything I can do, any time at all," said Marjie, dimpling.

When Budd was gone Marjie hopped up and did a little skipping dance step round the gallery.

"Oh, joy! Oh, joy!" she cried. "Ain't he just the dandiest fellow you ever saw? Oh, I just love him! He's there, I'll say! He's a live one!"

Ben, under the influence of a slight reaction, looked a trifle dubious.

"Gee, Marjie," he doubted, "s'pose I can get away with it?"

"What? That Uncle Rastus stuff? Surest thing in the world!"

"I didn't mean that. I was thinking of Miss Boggs."

Marjie came to an abrupt halt. She looked at Ben, her eyes clouding.

"Oh, her!" she said. Then encouragingly: "Certainly you will! No need to worry about her. All you have to do is stand up in your boots and not let her hypnotize you. You can if you only think so. You want to forget she's a woman, that's all. Besides, she'll rave over the pictures. Didn't Mr. Budd say they were swell?"

"She isn't figuring on paying any such prices, you can bet."

"No? Well, tell her to figure again. Oh, excuse me! I forgot your arrangement with her wasn't any of my business."

"Aw, shut up!" growled Ben irritably, and went into his dark room, slamming the door.

XVII

BEN MERRIWEATHER looked forward to the return of Angela with emotions composed about equally of anticipation and misgiving. He knew the work he had ready to show her was beautiful. He had literally gone the limit to make it so. He had not only finished the dozen still lifes prescribed by Miss Boggs, he had made an equal number of highly original compositions of his own devising.

Ben was really an artist. He possessed the true artist's feeling for form, color and textures. He had worked out with an almost uncanny intuition for novelty, and with infinite study and pains, a series full of warm and coaxing subtleties. He had followed no other photographer's technic, but had borrowed a suggestion here, a hint of lighting there, and adapted them to his purposes.

Marjie Paul had given him the best coöperation she knew. In spite of the restraint that had existed until to-day, she had sincerely tried to help, and had succeeded wonderfully. In the pictures she was charming, the embodiment of youth and grace. She was naturally gifted for such posing. The art of registering emotions on the sensitized surface of plate or film was hers quite as intuitively as was her employer's talent for composition. She was easy, unconscious, playful, serious, earnest, thoughtful, as the situation demanded. Whether she impersonated the dainty serving maid, the young hostess, the budding housekeeper, whatever the subject called for, she made perfect pictures.

"Gosh, Marjie, you'll be known as the Biscuit Kid when these get on the back covers of the magazines," Ben had said, trying to be pleasantly facetious. Marjie, maintaining her sweet dignity and semidistant

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Here is Duracord and this is how it is woven like a piece of fire hose instead of the usual light braid. That's why it outwears ordinary cords 4 to 6 times. It has unusual strength where the wear comes—on the outside. Compare with the illustration of Duracord above.

Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, easily reached or penetrated. Compare with the illustration of Duracord above.

Protecting the Insulation

THE real mechanical strength of any portable electric cord is in the *outside covering*. Once this covering wears through, the insulation is an easy prey to hard knocks, abrasion, oil, moisture, heat and even light—for light tends to make rubber brittle.

Duracord has a thick, heavy fabric cover *woven* like a piece of fire hose instead of the usual light braid. That's why it outwears ordinary cords 4 to 6 times. It has unusual strength where the wear comes—on the outside.

Duracord can be furnished in all sizes of portable electric cord and also in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds

DURACORD
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Essex Proofs Have Earned a Notable Confidence in Its Reliability

ESSEX

And More Than 45,000 Essex Owners Voice Its Right to That Leadership

Back of all the praise for Essex speed and power abides a quieter admiration and confidence that these abilities alone could never command.

For men yield their trust more cautiously than their applause.

No casual acquaintance could create the bond of esteem owners hold for Essex. It has grown through an intimate companionship in steadfast service. It has thrived in weeks and months that brought no disorders or disappointments—no requirements of attention.

Is it remarkable then that this friendship is so manifest it causes comment everywhere? You too have observed it. And all might covet an ownership that has so many substantial elements of satisfaction.

45,000 Share This Reliance in Essex

What they know of Essex has put all concern about the car from mind. So far as certainty of destination is involved, the Essex owner commits himself to a journey across town or across continent with equal serenity. He knows that no mechanical troubles or travel weariness will invade his enjoyment. His desire sets his frontiers. He travels to them by any road he will.

Of course, Essex owners take pride in its speed, its hill-climbing ability and its performance distinction in any situation.

And These Abilities Essex Has Proved Exclusive

Men like to know they can excel, even though thousands never approach the limit of their speed. Yet could you have witnessed the personal interest and enthusiasm with which Essex owners, almost without exception, watched its victorious week of nation-wide tests, you would understand what pride of ownership can mean.

These abilities bear weight. But we were never misled as to the true reasons for Essex rapid growth in public recognition. In 20 months since its introduction more than 45,000 have gone into service. And chiefly men turned to it for endurance, which never before so dominated among wanted car qualities.

Why Endurance Overshadows All Other Issues

Not merely because it gives assurance against disorders and annoyance. The question goes beyond that today. It stands as the chief factor in car economy. It has supplanted such matters as oil, tire and fuel mileage as the basis from which car costs are reckoned.

Essex has no desire to belittle the importance of these latter items. For it has established perhaps the most complete and convincing records in their economy ever gathered.

But the universal recognition of the automobile as an indispensable utility to 90% of owners, who must count on unfailing conveyance, has likewise revealed all other economies as secondary to endurance.

How often you must have heard Essex owners speak of their exemption from repair needs and motor troubles.

Proved Hundreds of Times By Hundreds of Cars

That sort of dependability is the characteristic of all Essex cars.

What better witness could be required than the proof scores of owner cars gave in the contests of Essex week, everywhere setting new local records for speed, hill-climbing, endurance and acceleration? Many of these cars were owner driven. Women piloted some. Among them were cars that had seen from 20,000 to 35,000 miles' service. Others were on original tires that had traveled upwards of 15,000 and 20,000 miles. And these were the cars —none specially selected or tuned—upon which Essex relied to establish the quality of Essex performance in the open lists, watched by hundreds of cities.

But Essex owners needed no such proof. They knew what to expect of it.

ESSEX MOTOR CARS

MOTORS

(Continued from Page 107)

aloofness, had made no rejoinder. She was acting a part and doing it cleverly. She might be ever so complacent as a photographer's model making food advertisements—she did not let Ben forget that he had put her definitely in her place as an employee and nothing more than an employee. But now since Budd's visit she and Ben were back on the old bickering, friendly footing. She could say anything she felt impelled to say for Merriweather's good. Ben expected it. He gloried in letting her bully him.

So the heart of Marjie Paul sang. She did not fully realize why it sang. It surely had been some task to teach that big chump his lesson. She could say with the spanking mother that the chastisement had hurt her quite as much as it had hurt the chastisee. Often she had been on the point of yielding. She had pitied Ben. He was so forlorn and helpless. He had maundered round the gallery half the time in a sullen cloud of gloom. The only thing that could cheer him up was to get to work on a Boggs-Biscuit study, with Marjie to help him and then to see it go through smoothly and yield a fine, clear negative and a satisfactory first proof.

Ben had labored with background and draperies, with dishes and glass and tables and napery. He had nearly bankrupted himself with the expense of supplies, and should have gone to the Boggs concern and demanded a substantial advance in cash. Marjie might have told him as much. Ben, however, had been too chicken-hearted. He had been afraid Angela would refuse him—as she undoubtedly would.

Angela had made a number of visits to the studio to putter among the cartons and cases and properties. Ben at once recognized her utter lack of artistic facility. Her suggestions were invariably banal. Still he went ahead and made groupings according to specifications. The compositions originated by himself he photographed at times when Angela wasn't present. He didn't want her messing about and spoiling them with a lot of punk suggestions.

And then the advertising manager of Boggs' Bakeries had started off rather unpremeditatedly on a long swing round the circle, calling on a lot of recalcitrant jobbers and big fancy grocers. Some disquieting reactions had been reported by the selling staff on account of a new schedule of prices bulletined to the trade. It was just possible the Boggs concern had gone a step too far in the matter of advancing prices.

Angela had conferred hastily with Hamilton D. She was stubbornly opposed to withdrawing the new quotations. It had been a pet idea of hers to make the prices themselves seem an argument for the exclusive quality of the Boggs goods. She had calculated the psychology of high prices and reasoned that a lot of people will buy the article which costs the most, for no other reason than its higher cost.

So away she had gone, from city to city, explaining, arguing, persuading. She learned a great deal. Some of the trade made no bones of calling a spade a spade, or a Boggs Snowdisk a soda cracker, b'gosh! You couldn't take an ordinary soda biscuit and make it round, pack it up in a lot of wax tissue and gilt pasteboard and make them believe it was worth a hundred per cent more'n ordinary bulk goods, by Jiminy! Nor expect them to pass along that kind of foolishness to their trade. Of course package goods were all right, yes indeed. They were sanitary and kept better and made nice displays. They sold better, sure they did. But you didn't want to go makin' the mistake of chargin' all get-out for 'em. Bakery goods were bakery goods, and platinum was platinum, and there was a line that had to be drawn somewhere.

Angela reasoned and pleaded and stormed. Of course the Boggs goods were very strong. There were a lot of unpleasant things Boggs could do to force unruly grocers to listen to a fair argument—things that weren't going to increase the said grocers' peace of mind.

A certain amount of staple stuff every grocer absolutely had to have. Such staples formed the backbone of his cracker trade. It was a line that did not carry a heavy profit, but under certain conditions grocers who were good little boys enjoyed a scale of extra discounts which made a rather marked difference in their earnings on these items. The discounts were a sort of bonus, a favor to the dealer which Boggs was under no obligation to grant indefinitely. Angela managed to make it plain that grocers who handled a reasonable quantity of the fine package goods at the new scale of prices would have no occasion to worry concerning the continuance of the staple discounts. Lack of enthusiasm toward the fine goods, however, might tell quite a different story. This was one of Angela's trump cards, and she played it very adroitly. Once in a while it brought a storm of objection and protest about her ears, but in the end it usually worked.

One argument in particular, however, always helped. It went further to smooth down the ruffled feelings of the irritated merchants than anything else—Angela's little talk on advertising. She certainly did know how to play up the new advertising that was going to send the biscuit-hungry public right to the grocer's counter fairly yammering for Boggs' fine package goods. Too bad she didn't have samples of the copy, but she promised to send each dealer a costly portfolio showing the beautiful pictures and the enticing text. She intended to spend double the appropriation the house had ever made in previous years. And now that the staple goods were well established much of the weight of the campaign would be on package lines.

Still, advertising wouldn't sell goods for more than they were worth. Sometimes Angela had to go over the entire ground two or three times with a single buyer. But in the long run she won the great majority. Perhaps it wasn't a victory based on sound principles, but it would serve. Angela judged that when the new items were shipped and displayed, and the new copy running in the magazines, the trade would forget its objections and get behind the merchandise with a will. She believed in the theory of overstocking. Fill up the dealer's shelves with goods and he's got to sell 'em. He simply must unload or take a loss. Let him slight other lines; let him put P. M.'s on slow-moving items; let him use the local newspapers and devote his windows to moving the merchandise; but sell him, sell him, and accept no returned goods.

Ben Merriweather had expected Angela to return a week or so after Budd's first call at the studio, but she didn't. The difficulties of her trip prolonged it fully a month beyond the date she had originally set for her arrival. When she did land in New York she was so dog tired that she went home and collapsed. So her mother took charge of her and tucked her up in bed for a week.

Ben meanwhile made Budd's Uncle Rastus studies and they went over big, both with Bond & Bent and with the client. He became very friendly with Budd, who rejoiced and was exceeding glad at having found so talented a man as Merry and signed him up on a five years' exclusive contract for advertising work. This, to be sure, didn't preclude his taking care of his portrait business. Ben was on fire with enthusiasm for the new work. He felt good. He was going to be successful. He would have folks talking about his skill and cleverness from one end of town to the other. He was already beginning to think of moving his studio to a better, more convenient part of town.

Ben had dreams of what could be done along other than commercial lines. Valmar had made a great hit with a certain style of portrait enlargement, for which he was reported to be charging seven hundred and fifty dollars for a single copy, guaranteeing that to be the only copy extant and destroying all negatives and records. Ben thought there was no reason why he couldn't approximate that sort of thing. All he needed was a chance.

Ben didn't reckon into the equation that queer Valmar personality, the eccentric garb, the big, uncanny head, the odd slanting eyes. Ben did not take into consideration the graceful gestures of Valmar, the soft, carefully modulated voice, the silky foreign accent. Valmar had been born within a block of Canal Street, but few knew that. Ben did know, however, that Valmar's studio was a coldly exotic, gray monastery of a place, displaying an expensive austerity of furnishing and appointment, so that women who went there shivered deliciously with a fascinating kind of fear and let their imaginations riot.

Ben considered Valmar a clever faker, and the famous photographer was all that. But he was something far more. He was a genius, an abnormality. Even his fakery was a manifestation of his genius. Not knowing Valmar personally, Merriweather could not be expected to read him aright through hearsay and gossip. And if he had met him he would still have failed to fathom him. Most people failed.

In this exalted frame of mind Merriweather ventured out at the end of a big day's work at the studio. He walked briskly eastward and turned into Fifth Avenue. It was a habit he had borrowed from Marjie. When his mind was employed with a problem he almost invariably headed for the stimulating atmosphere of the greatly advertised thoroughfare. He had proceeded but a couple of blocks, however, walking north on the right-hand side, when a big closed car glided up beside him and a voice called his name. He turned—to confront Angela Boggs. Plainly she was desirous of his society.

Ben raised his hat and stepped across the curb into the car. He had never been inside a limousine—a real, razmataz limousine—except a battered specimen in which he had once ridden to a funeral. This limousine of Angela's was a different proposition, and it fitted Ben's mood. It was just the thing to which he felt entitled at this moment.

"Well, Miss Boggs," he said, "why don't you surprise a fellow and kidnap him right in broad daylight? Gracious! I thought you'd deserted New York and forgotten you ever saw a photograph."

"I don't wonder," returned Angela.

She looked tired. Her big black eyes were, it seemed to Ben, rather pathetic. Darn it, she was a nice girl! They could say what they liked, they were jealous of her success.

"I've been on a dreadfully long business trip," went on Miss Boggs. "I got back nearly a month late. I was a wreck when I came home, though I'm all right now. At first I didn't feel like thinking about business or photographs or anything but resting. How is the work coming on?"

"Fine, Miss Boggs, fine! It's all ready for you to see. I know you're going to be delighted with it. When are you coming over?"

"In a few days. I've heaps of work to catch up with. Then I may ask you to bring the studies to our office so that my father and I can inspect them together. Father is rather difficult, but he has to be sold, so perhaps you may as well face him now as later."

Ben's heart gave a little spasmodic flop. He hadn't expected to be obliged to face the redoubtable H. D. He remembered the impression he had made on that irascible gentleman on the occasion of their first interview.

"When do you think that will be?"

"Four or five days from now. Have you any engagement for this evening?"

"Why, not that I can think of just now."

"Then," purred Angela, smiling a captivating and ingenuous smile, "I'm going to do just what you said—kidnap you."

"You don't mean it!" replied the delighted Ben. "It's my first experience being abducted. Pretty nice, I should say. What're you going to do? Take me to some mountain cave and hold me for ransom?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you thought it a cave," said Angela. "But it's a very agreeable cave, and with some pleasant cave dwellers whom you will like to know. They will be glad to know you, too, I am sure—one of New York's rising fashionable photographers."

Ben's head began to spin. Hadn't he just fallen into luck? To go in a limousine and meet a lot of Miss Boggs' friends—heavy society folks, no doubt, Vanderbincks and Stuyvernecks and Asterburys and so forth. He held a tight grip on the cushions to keep himself from falling out of a dream so enchanting.

And beside him sat the rich and powerful Miss Boggs, beaming with a sad good humor, as if he were a noble knight who had rescued her from the dragon of boredom. By George, she was a nice girl! She was a regular peach, with a heart as big as a hatbox. He leaned back and looked negligently out through the plate-glass window at the home-going crowds. He didn't belong in any such throng as that—he belonged right where he was now, in a large, heavily upholstered automobile of expensive make. Gee!

And Miss Boggs glanced at the man she had kidnaped, observing anew his boyish good looks and rather picturesque and naïvely interested attitude toward everything. She might reasonably hope to tame so complacent a lion. She, too, leaned back and sighed comfortably. Business was an awful bore, and so was most every other phase of life—when one was as tired as Angela.

It was pleasant to be still and think about practically nothing. So in silence this oddly assorted pair rode for something like thirty blocks due north.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Daily Dependable Delivery

Via THE BIG NEW BETHLEHEM

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORPORATION, ALLENTOWN, PA.

FACING FACTS

(Continued from Page 7)

a blue-and-white awning, at an inconspicuous doorway that Cupid had never entered before. No sign defaced it, but this was Anatole's.

"My dear, I am not worth it," said Cupid solemnly.

"Maybe not, but that's my affair," said Cynthia with a quick look over her shoulder as he followed her in.

Anatole's had set a new fashion in eating, and still led it. It was the first of the crop of small, smart restaurants that have sprung up in the wake of the big, begilded hotels now vanishing so fast; irreproachable little places, like correct and tailored daughters of florid mothers—a sedater but a lesser generation. It was where you ate if you were anybody and had the price, and the glamour hung about it that only the restaurant of the hour and only in New York can know. It was—Anatole's. Cupid passed through a hall, dimly lit and vaguely blue, and through two small, crowded rooms to a smaller room beyond, which was also too full of people—much too full. It did not stretch itself hospitably to receive them, as graciously conceived rooms always seem to do. It shut tight round them, and the rainbow-colored birds and beasts, strange hybrid creatures painted on the blue walls, all looked as if they could bite and would.

Cynthia established him at a corner table and made him sit facing the room, and the head waiter did the superfluous and elaborate things to the lights and the table silver that head waiters always did for Cynthia.

"So this," said Cupid, slightly disappointed, "is Paris."

"Don't you like it?"

"I like you."

"How much?"

"I forget," Cupid said.

"Look and see."

Cynthia threw back her furs and sat looking straight up at him across the little table, waiting gravely for his verdict. This was an old game of theirs, but as Cupid leaned close and looked it seemed for one queer, long minute like a new game to-night. And how much, how very much he did like her—this Cynthia, who could wear a half-worn suit and hard-earned furs and walk into this place and own it; this small, sweet Cynthia, with her cheeks so pale from the cold and her eyes so wistful and dark and white magic in her smile.

"Look!" she said.

"I'm looking."

"So much?" She measured off a modest but adequate segment of tablecloth.

"More."

"More than Mac?"

"Yes."

"And the golden-gowned girl?"

"Yes."

"And all the other girls in the world?" A plaintive note which was not part of the game crept into Cynthia's voice. "Oh, do you mean it?"

"I"—Cupid choked—"I ——"

"Anyway, you'll like this."

Their waiter adjusted a crimson rose on the table between them—a fine, upstanding flower that just spoiled Cupid's view of Cynthia—and then with an air of having prepared the dish himself brought a platter and raised a cover. Cynthia had ordered dinner in advance, and now it was here and a dangerous minute had passed. But Cupid knew now what this evening was. It was the end of his fight to be free from Cynthia. He must get through it safe and not make love to her, but give her a perfect evening with no sense of anything wrong; that was the last thing he could do for her, poor little Cynthia. At the end he must tell her about his letter. And Cynthia had never been so pretty, never so sweet, and no evening had been like this, with the strange excitement about it, the lurking danger. It was the end of his fight, and it was the worst of his fight. Cupid put both elbows on the table and faced it and tried to smile at Cynthia.

"On with the dance!" he said.

Cynthia did not hear. The waiter was carving a big planked steak—Cupid's favorite food, and he liked to get straight at it and not take up space with soup or hors d'œuvres—and Cynthia was directing the serving earnestly, giving him all the mushrooms and keeping carrots and artichoke hearts and other extraneous matter off his plate. There was green salad, dressed on the table, French fashion, but served with the steak in the comfortable American fashion they had adopted. She sent for a bigger bowl and two condiments the waiter had never heard of but loyally produced with increased respect for her. There was coffee in big cups, with cream, meant to take the place of real drinks and smelling so good that it almost did. Cynthia poured it, breaking the sugar daintily to make just his prescribed lump and a half.

He Did Not Feel Very Free—Not Yet. The Great Moment Had Crept Up on Him. He Did Not Get It. It Carried No Thrill

Then and not till then she gave him her full attention, smiling the sweet, vague smile of an artist who has created a perfect thing and returns to earth again and likes it.

"We strive to please," she said.

"This is the only food I have had for a week," said Cupid.

"Why?"

"You're why. I've missed you."

"Don't be polite, Pobbles. You never have been and it's too late to begin."

"Meals without you," he decided, "are like meals without salt enough. No home should be without you. You know when to talk and when not to talk. You are probably the only person not of Latin extraction who ever understood the use of garlic in salad."

"Pobbles, you sound a little, just a little, like a woman recommending a maid she is going to fire."

"What do you mean, fire?"

Cupid was blushing, he knew, and he looked suspiciously at Cynthia, but she had spoken quite carelessly. She was tossing the salad in the bowl again, with the quick, sure turn of the wrist that was hers and only hers. She gave him a second serving, choosing it leaf by leaf, manipulating it delicately, like the perfect thing it was.

"Where do we go from here?" he said.

"You're not happy here?"

"I expect to pass this way but once," he said modestly.

He looked rather coldly about him at the select clientele of Anatole's, a very young younger set and a very smart smart set were in evidence to-night.

"Squab vamps and stuffed shirts!" he said. "We don't spend your entire raise here? We could easily—I know that," he added, trying to make out the figures on the check, which the waiter had just brought. Cynthia dropped a bill on the tray and waved it away before he could see the denomination.

"No fair," she said.

"All right," said Cupid absently. A plan for depositing a check to cover the evening's expenses anonymously in Cynthia's name at her bank occurred to him. "Of course," he admitted, "the best is none too good for me."

"No, Pobbles dear. Well, we're doing three things to-night. I couldn't buy you the town, though I'd like to—remember that—so I got it down to three. One new thing, one old thing and one other thing. This is the new. The old comes next."

"'Something old, something new ——'"

He was not quite sure what he was quoting, but Cynthia was.

"'Something old, something new, something borrowed,'" she said, "yes, that's what brides have to wear for luck. There's a rime about it. And I did borrow something to-night. You'll see what. This evening is like that rime, but it's more like telling fortunes with cards—'What you expect, what you don't expect and what's sure to come true.' But it's none of it very exciting or different or strange. I didn't want it to be. Just one of our own evenings. The best."

"That's good enough for me."

"And me," said Cynthia very low.

"Do we smoke here?"

Cynthia produced a small package from her bag and gave it to him. It had a label he knew and had not seen for months—the one perfect cigarette he had ever discovered; now obsolete like so many perfect and prewar things.

"No!" said Cupid.

"Yes. Just this box, and I saved it for an occasion—this occasion. We smoke one here and then go on," she said.

He smoked it almost in silence. She did not smoke, but sat waiting, elbows on the table, chin in her clasped hands, eyes on him. There was no lure in them now. They were cool and kind and far away through the smoke. They had a look of thinking about things that were far from him, but always of him. He knew that look, and knew too the feeling that always came to him with it. It came now, warming and resting him. He was taken care of, comforted, fed. Anatole's little room, crumby and disarrayed now as it began to empty, was home. And nothing would ever make him feel like this but dining with Cynthia. After to-night he would never see her face across the table again. He would never in all his life feel like this again. Cupid stirred and shifted his chair—Anatole's impressive imitation of a Chinese Chippendale chair.

"Better now, son?" said Cynthia.

"Some party!" Cupid said unsteadily, and, "I could stay here forever."

Cynthia laughed softly and rose.

"Then it's time to go," she said.

They let Anatole's blue door close behind them without regret. Under the blue-and-white awning they plunged into a chaos of annoyed and thinly cloaked ladies and apologetic and inefficient gentlemen with useless carriage checks and out again to a weather-beaten taxi that hovered beyond the line. The small, shrewd boy who had piloted them took Cynthia's tip and vanished; and Cupid, who had himself taught Cynthia how to get a cab on stormy nights, sank back in it gratefully.

"Guess what's next! You can," said Cynthia. "Something old. What's the best thing?"

"I don't know. I have ceased to struggle," Cupid said. "Buy me violets if you want to—I'll wear them. Go as far as you like."

They did not go very far—a few blocks west and not ten blocks down Broadway, but they stepped out of the cab into a different world from Anatole's. Big, overgrown, clumsy looking even at night, but bravely lit, a famous old hotel twinkled its ancient welcome before them: a little ridiculous always, but gallant too, like an elderly lady rashly trying to wink. Cupid grasped Cynthia's elbow—that was etiquette here—and helped her through the crowd round the door—a different crowd from Anatole's. It jostled you harder and hurt you less. A superfluous but kindly voice called Cynthia sister and advised her to watch her step. A plump door man, who did not know them, grinned at them as if he did. They went through the overdecorated lobby and down the stairs to the floor below. Their favorite captain greeted them and gave them the table they liked, gave the waiter their order and left them with a paternal smile. Cynthia had chosen well. They were in their favorite grill.

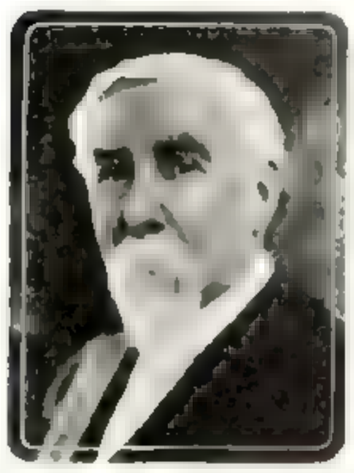
Cupid tilted his chair into the angle of the wall and sighed with deep content. Their table was the one in the corner at the left of the stairs and up on the narrow dais that circled the room. It was little and safe and high, like a nest. They could slip down through the rings of tables below to the dancing floor or hide up here and eat in peace. Cynthia could watch all the strangely assorted ladies sweep down the shallow staircase and Cupid could watch Cynthia.

It was here that she had dined with him first and oftenest and taught him the double Boston and learned to carve squabs correctly. Cupid knew every line of this big dim room by heart—columns and

(Continued on Page 116)

Henry M. Leland's own Story of

After the armistice was signed and the Lincoln Motor Co. was completing its contracts with the government for the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors, we called a conference of our engineering force.



Henry M. Leland
President

We have always been strong advocates of the conference idea. Nothing of vital importance, particularly to car owners, is left to the judgment of one man, no matter how competent he may be.

"Boys," I said—I still call them boys because most of them were not much more than that when they first came with us some 20 years or more ago. "Boys, you have been telling us of your ideas and we are ready for you to go ahead with them.

"You know our ideas as to quality, ruggedness and stability. You have an opportunity now such as you have never had before, to make a thoroughly roadable car, a car that will not only go anywhere but that will go there with ease to the driver and with comfort to the passengers; a car with which it will not be so necessary to pick out only the good roads, a car that will enable people to travel unfrequented highways and to go places they have not been able comfortably to go heretofore.

"Do the job as you have always been accustomed to doing, only do it better. After the experimental cars are finished, we want to figure on at least a year to prove them out, so as to leave no shortcoming for the car owner to discover."

In about six months they had designed several different types and had actually constructed two different types. They were both truly wonderful cars, but we adopted the better of the two. Four engines were built; three of them were installed in chassis and the fourth was assigned for testing on the dynamometer. That was about a year ago.

Then followed the refining process and ferreting out deficiencies. The cars have been subjected to the most severe and the most practical punishment we could prescribe and have successfully withstood endurance tests equal to about five years' service in the hands of the average user.

I believe motorists will agree that the ideal car should possess, primarily, six important virtues—good appearance, trustworthiness, long life, power, economy and comfort. The order of their importance is largely a matter of individual opinion.

Appearance and Stability

In appearance, the cars are substantial, well-proportioned and graceful. There is nothing extreme or overdone in any of the eight body types—just thoroughly dignified; they are cars such as the best citizens, persons of good judgment and refined taste, will be proud to own. Their beauty is a type dictated, not by passing fancy but by a desire for permanent attractiveness. The cars are replete with those many little conveniences which contribute so much to real pleasure and enjoyment.

Some twenty years ago we had an organization that built during the few following years about 20,000 motors. Some of these are on the road today and many of them are still doing duty in stationary power work.

The principal members of that early organization are with us now. They are working upon the same principles that make for trustworthiness and endurance—plus many things in the way of greater precision in manufacture and more suitable metal alloys which have been developed since then.

This in itself would make it reasonable to expect that the new car will possess elements of marked stability—elements which in themselves mean true economy over a period of years. And there is the added assurance that comes from the long proving-out period through which the car has been evolved.

The Engine

Our new engine, which embodies a number of unique and distinctive features but which cannot well be treated in detail here, I regard as the most efficient piece of motor car mechanism I have ever seen.

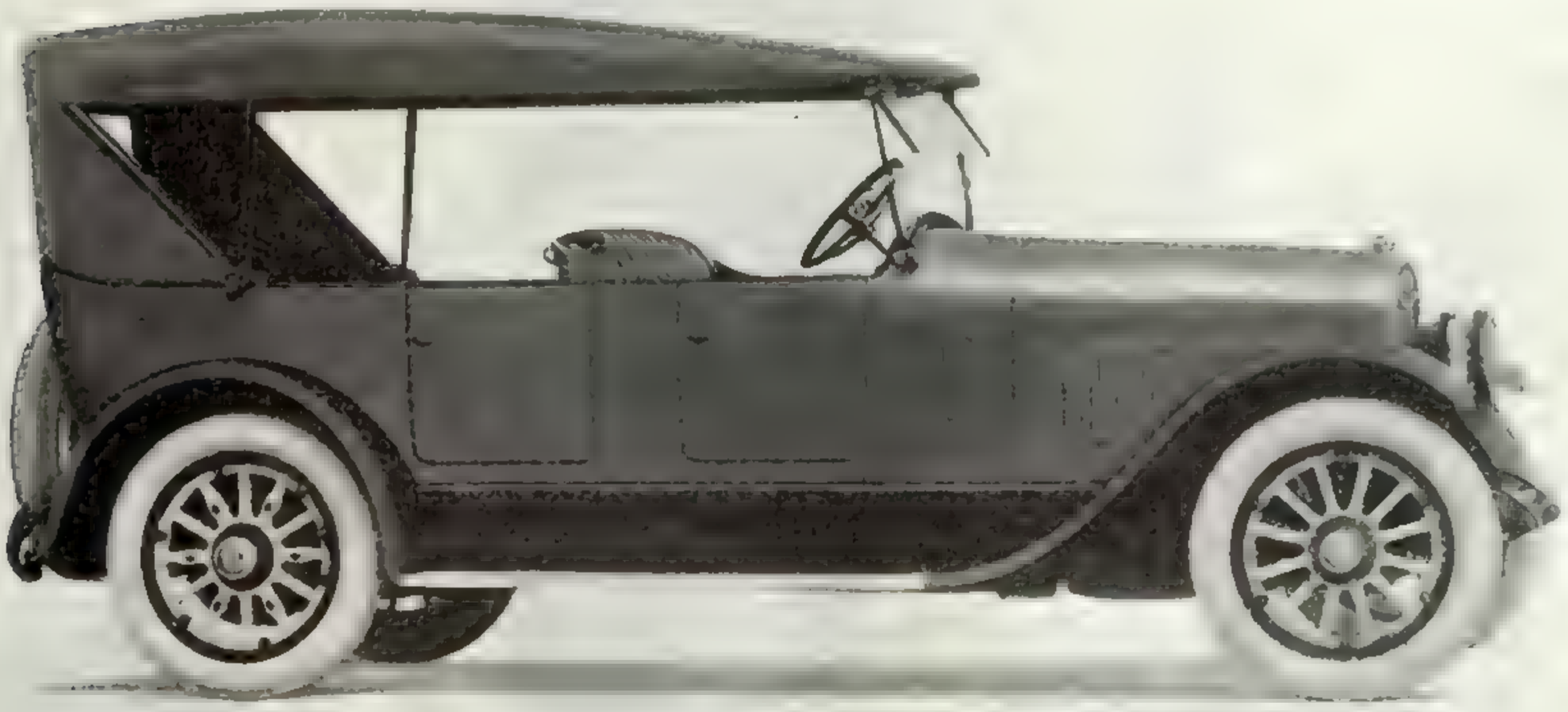
Its piston displacement is 357.8 cubic inches. Its power seems almost limitless; I can hardly conceive of any call to which this engine will not respond.

The wheelbase is 130" except of the Limousine and Town Cars of which it is 136". The tires are 33" x 5" cords.

Comfort and Performance

In this day of fine cars, it is not easy to imagine a more enchanting way of abridging distance, but let me cite my own experience:

Our engineers and experimental drivers had been telling us what an unusual car they had; but frankly, I was a little inclined to discount their enthusiasm.



The Seven-Passenger Touring Car

(Leland-built Lincoln Cars will

the new Leland-built Lincoln Car

However, I had occasion to go to Defiance, Ohio, some 125 miles from Detroit—according to the Blue Book. I thought here would be a good opportunity to see for myself just what the car was. There were five of us. The top was up.

We were on a fine stretch with no other vehicles or cross-roads in sight, bowling along serenely at about 40 miles per hour *so I judged*

I am constitutionally opposed to speeding, but my interest and curiosity, I suppose it was, got the better of me.

"Step on it and let's see what she can do," I said to Harry, the driver.

"She's doing her best now," he answered.

Doing her best at 40! I was keenly disappointed. My hopes were fast fading when Fred, who sat beside the driver, called back:

"Why, she's hitting 76, Mr. Leland," and, laughingly, "You know this isn't an airplane with a Lincoln Liberty Motor."

Perhaps I should have known better had I observed how swiftly the scenery was passing.

My hopes rose. There that car was running just as sweetly and with as little fuss and vibration and with as little apparent effort at 76 as it did at 30—and there was none you could notice at 30.

Periodic vibration, which is something that engineers have tried for years to overcome, was at last absolutely unapparent to me, *at any speed*. There seemed to be an unusual harmonizing of the various functions. And the car was so steady; it seemed to hold the road as if it were in a groove.

I might add in passing that this elimination of the vibration period was not an accidental accomplishment. On the contrary, it was achieved only after much research, experimentation and money outlay.

Elimination of engine vibration, practically to the zero point, is without question a great stride toward prolonging the life, not only of the engine itself but of the entire car.

As I said before, I am opposed to speeding; but when a car is made to possess the many other essentials to a real performer—power, acceleration, facile control, etc.—speed is a natural consequence. You might call it a by-product, the use of which is entirely at the option of the driver.

A little further on the trip we came to another stretch; it was pretty rough; several miles of what you might call de-macadamized road. It was a stretch that ordinarily you would not want to take faster than at about 15 miles per hour; but at 41 we were not uncomfortable. The sensation was more like sailing in a yacht as compared to a canoe on a choppy surface.

There was a most agreeable absence of sidesway and violent bouncing—no tendency to throw the passengers up and about.

From a standstill, the car seemed to get away with the grace and ease but with the swiftness of a thrush rather than with the flutter of a partridge.

I believe I have ridden in or on almost every kind of conveyance, from the ox-cart to the airplane, but even with all my fond hopes and anticipations never did I expect to ride in anything which comes so near to what I imagine would be the sensation of flying through space without mechanical means.

The prices are based upon the highest class of materials and workmanship, and upon scientific and economical manufacturing methods, made possible by tremendous preparation in labor-saving machinery, tools and devices—plus knowing how to use them.

While these involve a vast initial expenditure of time and capital, they lend themselves to minimum production cost in large volume. There will be a legitimate margin of profit—no more. There will be nothing added just because we anticipate that motordom will recognize a superior car, nor because we anticipate that the car will afford a degree of satisfaction and comfort heretofore unknown.

Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

We are obliged to send this story to the publishers some weeks in advance of its appearance. It is expected that cars will be in the hands of Distributors by the date of this publication. Should something unavoidable occur, there may be a little delay in deliveries, but we can foresee nothing now.

I have tried not to be over-enthusiastic, but the car *really is* such an innovation that it is not easy to exercise restraint, and I feel confident that your own observations of the car and its performance will abundantly confirm my own impressions.

Henry M. Leland

President Lincoln Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

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The Five-Passenger Sedan

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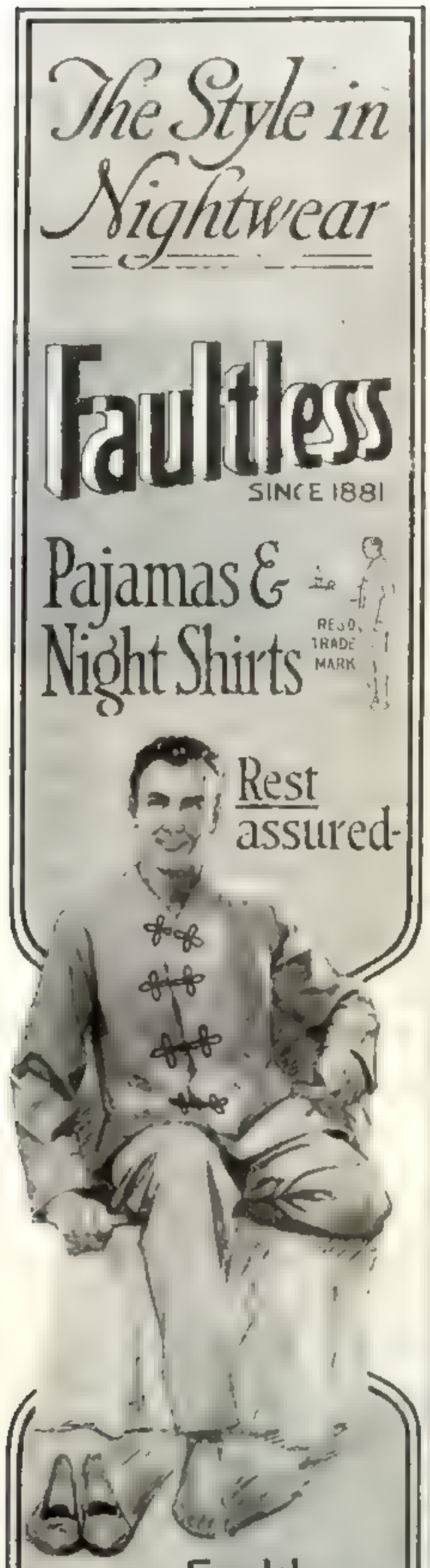

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Comfort Cut
Variety in design
Colorful tested fabrics.

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BALTIMORE NEW YORK
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 113)

rafters, silvery-gray walls, and the far shadowed corners that looked as if you could dance away into them forever and not come back, the gleam of brass and copper, the low, sheltering ceiling, where faint fairy-tale figures, shepherds and princes and wild things of the woods lived and breathed behind drifting veils of smoke and looked down at the dancers below, who never looked up to see.

It was a wonderful place, this old-time hotel grill, and it was the heart of a wonderful world; the splendid, vanishing world of the old Broadway, where you could pay your money and get your money's worth and play. A world a little tarnished, a little cheap, but if you danced through it untouched, amused, with a playmate like Cynthia, it was a good world. He had loved it.

"Lots of room on the floor," he said.

There was, though the waltz of the year was starting its jaded but sweet appeal. A practiced eye could discern that a third of the tables were empty. A year ago there would not have been an empty table in the whole grillroom on a Saturday night, but the old hotel was losing money and the building had been sold. In another year there would be no grillroom here. The haunting charm of lost but unforgotten things hung about the place already. It was in the air to-night.

"I wish they'd give me the littlest reindeer," said Cynthia wistfully.

"We'll come here the last night it's open—stay with the ship," Cupid said, and remembered that they could not.

"I shall never come here again," said Cynthia.

She pulled off the little green hat, fluffed out her short, soft hair with the careless gesture he liked, stepped down and held out her arms to him, big-eyed and unsmiling.

"Twice round the room before the booze comes," she said. "We can just make it."

They did—in double-quick time—and when they stopped, found booze—a ginger-ale base, with the only three entirely palatable soft drinks now in circulation added in careful proportions. The formula was their own. The color was truly beautiful, even to uncritical eyes—ashes of roses and gold. And the accepted and official name they had given this drink was booze. It waited in tall, cool glasses designed for less subtle things.

"We don't eat here?" said Cupid.

"No, we have another engagement later."

"Where?" he asked, really curious.

Their favorite cabarets did not open until twelve.

"'Something borrowed,'" said Cynthia. "I've borrowed the place where we eat next. You like it though. I know. Wait and see. Don't you trust me?"

"To the death," said Cupid politely. "Do you deserve it?"

"No."

Cynthia fanned herself with the little green hat, powdered her nose in the thorough and unaffected fashion which prevailed in their favorite grill, and then faced him sedately, touching her glass to his.

"I give you—the world," she said. It was their favorite toast.

"Who started that—you or I?"

"I don't know. We just got saying it. It's very silly."

"Yes," said Cupid contentedly.

"That's a tango they're playing. How funny! I haven't seen one for months. Somebody must have asked for it. I can get you through it if you like. It's slow."

"No, we'll just stop, look and listen," Cupid said.

The old hotel grill and the girl before him were both well worth the attention, and he tried not to think that he was looking his last at them both. He just sat there and drank his long pink drink and looked and looked. Down below, on what would still for a few short months be the best dance floor in town, two long limp couples who understood the passing art of the tango and one who did not dipped and glided and bowed and swayed to a tune that was old as only dance tunes grow old, worn thin by feet that have danced until they are too tired to stop dancing and must dance on—with the brave youth spent, the lilt and melody fading and little left but the magic of time and rhythm, working into the brain beat by beat and possessing it.

"Music's gone off here, but it sounds better after you've listened to it a while," Cupid said.

"Yes. Look at that hat! The black one. Pobbles, the lady's the head of the Bolshevist spy system."

"Sure!"

Cynthia began to invent a lurid biography for the lady. Cupid's eyes found her face, other faces, and came back to Cynthia's. All round him a pretty miracle was happening. Table by table, face by face, the old grillroom was coming alive. The crowd was only the regular Saturday-night crowd, all in its flimsy best in spite of the storm. He saw premature straw hats, plumed and flowered; women with silly and tired faces; men with cruel and tired eyes; but he saw more: he saw figures of romance, centers of drama, creatures of infinite dreams. Any one of these people might at this minute be doing anything—dying, plotting murder, falling in love; anybody might come in at that door at which Cynthia was looking or down those stairs.

For he saw all this with Cynthia's eyes. He would never see it without her. The miracle was just Cynthia—always Cynthia. The famous grill, the whole laughing, dancing town that they had found together were only settings for her. This big gray room was the frame for one small white face. It was very lovely now; faint color touched her cheeks as she looked up at him and something laughed and danced in the depths of her eyes.

"One waltz affects you just about like one cocktail," he said. "A detective will come along and stick a thermometer in your glass and pinch us if you go on looking like that, dear."

Would she go on looking like that when he could not see? Live on in a world that laughed and danced like this? He could never find it without her. Nothing would ever be very much fun without her. He would have to grow very old and very tired. He felt old already—to-night.

"Oh, Cynthia!" he said softly. "Oh, Cynthia!"

"Have you heard anything I have said for the last five minutes, Pobbles?"

"No. I—I was looking at you."

"Then my party is a success."

"Your party is not over yet," said Cupid. "You are so sweet—so sweet—I don't want to hurt you."

"Then don't hurt me. You don't have to, Pobbles."

"Why are you so sweet to-night? What have you done to yourself? What are you doing to me?"

"Vamping you," answered Cynthia promptly—"getting away with it too."

"If it could all be like this—just dining and dancing—dancing with you ——"

"It can't. Things don't just stay the same. They get better or worse."

"Nothing could be better than this."

"Don't say that, dear!" said Cynthia suddenly. "Don't say things like that! I can't let you. I thought I could, but I can't. I can't!"

"You can't stop me!" said Cupid. "Cynthia——"

"Very well," she interrupted quickly, "we'll stay here always. After it's sold and turned into offices and stupid stores upstairs they can leave this room alone and shut us up and let us stay on down here, and we'll be forever fair and kind and young—and dance."

"That's not the idea."

"Maybe we could climb up on the ceiling into the forest and live there. In a little house—there must be one in among the trees. And you could go out and shoot things—elephants and reindeer—and I'd cook them."

"Not practical. But we could be practical."

"I am going upstairs to write a letter," said Cynthia.

"What do Billy and Nora Delano do it on? Five thousand a year?"

"In Bronxville. In department-store suits. With stews and Hamburger steaks," said Cynthia incoherently.

"Stews are all right. They can be works of art. Nora can't cook, that's all. Bronxville's all right too—and it doesn't have to be Bronxville. There are places still to live in this town, if you use your brains and go far enough east or west to look for them and paint the walls yourself."

"You don't mean this, Pobbles."

"Suppose I did?"

"You don't."

"No," said Cupid, "no, I—I don't."

Cynthia sat quite still and looked at him, and some of the lovely light went out of her face while she looked, and he saw that she looked paler and very tired and felt suddenly a little tired too.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry, Cynthia."

"Please! I'll go and write my letter. I really have one to write. It's important. It can't wait."

"You're the best friend I've got, and you're the dearest—the sweetest ——"

"No. You don't know why I brought you here. You don't know what this party is for."

"I don't care."

"You will—I'm going."

Cynthia rose a little unsteadily and stood looking down at him, one hand on her chair, touching it lightly but held there as if she could not move it. Her eyes were turned from him, searching the far corners of the room, but her sad little smile was for him.

"It's hard to be good," she said. "It's hard to give things up. Please be sorry for me, Pobbles.

"Look!" she said presently.

She laughed a hard little laugh, which hurt him, like early-morning sounds heard through dreams. Cupid looked and saw in the corner where she was looking a man and girl at a table alone. He did not know how long they had been there, but they were very much there now. The girl wore the reddest of rose-wreathed hats and a make-up of the kind that only looks brighter in the distance, and she was scolding a waiter. The man had just seen Cupid and he waved his hand and rose. It was Mac.

"He's coming over here," said Cynthia. "We can't have even this evening in peace. I—I wanted it. It was not much to want."

"Hell!" said Cupid simply.

"No, it's all right, dear. Everything's all right. I can't see him, though. Get rid of him. I won't be long."

Cynthia let her ungloved hand touch him lightly in passing, brushed by him and up the stairs and was gone.

"Little Bright Eyes!" Cupid said with forced cheerfulness as Mac appeared and dropped into Cynthia's empty chair.

"The same."

Mac looked very sure of his welcome and very groomed and gay, every sleek black hair of his head in place. He looked curiously after Cynthia.

"Why the startled-fawn stuff?"

"Why not?" said Cupid sulkily. He looked doubtfully at the lady in the red hat. "Join us?" he invited. Mac shook his head.

"That's Lulu," he explained.

"Oh!"

Lulu was the latest addition to Mac's large and changing staff of dinner guests. He found safety in numbers. Lulu worked in a secondhand bookstore.

"She's a nice little girl of course," Mac added loyally. "Not in Cynthia's class though." Mac leaned across the table earnestly. "Son," he said, "you don't appreciate Cynthia."

"No?"

"No. She's a mighty fine little girl—a regular girl, a girl any man would be proud of. She is too good for you."

"Did you leave your lady friend on purpose to tell me that?"

"No, I want to borrow ten dollars," said Mac simply. "I started to show Lulu the Village, but that's poor economy. You can't tell the genuine joints from the ones where you get stung. And Lulu's slow fire"—he threw a respectful look at the scarlet hat—"the kind that if you'd start them at a hash house they'd end up at the Ritz, and you wouldn't know how you got there. I don't know where she's going next, but she's restless already. That's all right." This was part of Mac's creed. "When a girl starts saving your money she means to marry you."

"Mac, what do you get out of this," asked Cupid suddenly—"this cabaret stuff? When your money's gone and your girl's gone, what have you got?" Mac stared at him. "You don't ever think you could cut it out and settle down and save your money ——"

Mac's face cleared.

"Oh, you don't want to lend me the ten!" he said. "I see. I can hock my watch."

"Take twenty and get out," said Cupid wearily.

Mac took the twenty and got out very promptly, hurrying Lulu up the stairs, with much wafting of heavy perfume and rustling of hidden silk. She flashed conquering smiles at Cupid, who was uncheered

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by them. If Mac had walked out of his life when he walked up those stairs Cupid would not have cared just then.

So this was victory! He was safe! If he had not lost his head and lost his fight in those wonderful, breathless minutes before Mac came, when all the charm he had ever felt in Cynthia or any girl had gathered itself into one terrible weapon and hit him between the eyes, he would never lose it. He had fought a good fight and won. The fight was over, and the evening was almost over too. Where was Cynthia? She was wasting time, and he had so much to do in the little time that was left: To make her happy, this funny little Cynthia, with her menus and mysteries; play out this game to the end; and at the end tell her about his letter, and tell her right, in words that were brave and kind and would not hurt. What was she doing upstairs? She had not run away? He started to his feet in a panic. He could do without her all his life, but not for the next half hour—that was his. He wanted Cynthia.

He saw her then coming slowly down the stairs. He came to meet her, and she saw him and smiled and waited. She was not pale now and she had not been crying. Her eyes were very bright.

"All gone?" she said, glancing at Mac's table.

"All gone." The old grillroom was still fairly full for a stormy night of that year and a one step was crowding the floor, but he ignored that. "Just you and me. Are you all right? Can't I do something? Buy one drink? I—I want to do something for you, Cynthia."

"Dance with me. It's getting late. Just dance," she said.

It was the strangest dance, like a dance in a dream. He saw the room he loved through a kind of mist, but very vividly, like faces on a dock when a ship sails out, seen once and never forgotten. Cynthia felt very little and light and cool in his arms and did not once look up, and her small, smooth head did not touch his shoulder. She was not Cynthia, but a dream Cynthia, deep in some dream world of her own. But he was not dreaming; he was only dancing—dancing with Cynthia. Once, twice they circled the gray dream room, then she stopped.

"Come," she said, and they climbed the stairs together. "Say good-by to it, but don't look back. Pretend it's just any evening, not—not this evening at all. You can find this taxi. I'm tired, dear."

Cupid chased an ancient, converted limousine two blocks, caught it, brought it back and stood politely one side while she gave a whispered direction, then helped her in. She leaned back in her corner and closed her eyes and let him keep her hand. Cupid held it stiffly, as if he had never held this or any girl's hand before.

"You're all in. We're not going far?" he said.

"No—and this is the end. Am I the perfect hostess, Pobbles?"

"Perfect? Yes, that's what you are," Cupid said.

He did not try to see where they were going. He must play Cynthia's game and play fair. The cab had turned south. It went farther and farther south—very far, it seemed to him. It turned a corner on two wheels, or one, jerked Cynthia into his arms and stopped.

"Swell joint, this must be," Cupid said. "Forty-five minutes from Broadway?"

"Not quite. Wait, we must do this thing right. Sit still."

"Why," said Cupid, "what ——"

Cynthia had laid sudden and deft hands upon him in the dark of the cab, before he could open the door. He smelled her perfume of wood violets and felt something soft touch his face.

He knew the feel of it. It was a scarf of Cynthia's. She drew it round his eyes, pulled it tight and knotted it. She had blindfolded him.

"What's this -assault and battery or blindman's buff?" he asked with some interest.

Cynthia did not answer. She helped him out and paid the taxi. He heard it rattle away. Then she took his arm.

"In here," she said.

"In where?" he protested. "What sort of joint can I walk into with this thing on my eyes and not get pinched for disorderly conduct? What do I have to wear it for? It cramps my style."

"You can take it off soon. Pobbles, you promised. Won't you mind me just five minutes more? You won't ever have to again. Are you afraid?"

Cupid pushed her hand from his arm. Afraid? Yes, he was afraid. He was ashamed of it. He could not understand it at all, but he was. All in one dreadful minute black panic had gripped him, like a child's fear of the dark. He did not want to go into this place, whatever it was. Something was going to happen, and he did not want it to happen. It was waiting for him in there.

"Please, Pobbles!" said Cynthia.

That was all she said, but there was something new in her voice. He had never heard it there before. It called to you. It sang. It hurt you when you listened, but you had to follow it if it led you to the end of the world. He followed it now, two stumbling steps forward, then she helped him.

"All right," he said—"all right, Cynthia."

"Good boy," she said.

They climbed steps, went through a door, through a hall, up stairs and then more stairs. He heard no voices. This was a queer restaurant.

"Rented the Singer Building for the evening?" he asked.

She led him up more stairs to another door, which she opened and then closed behind them.

"Stand still!" she said.

Cupid stood still. He was in darkness here, but the darkness was somehow not unfamiliar. Soft lights came on. Through the scarf he could hardly see them. There were thick rugs under his feet. He felt the heat of a fire and heard dishes moved and the hiss of a percolator starting and the pleasant silk-lined sound of Cynthia moving quickly about the room. Then she came and stood beside him, watching him. He could not hear her, but he knew she was there.

"This," she said, "is the last of my party, Pobbles. I wish it was better. I wish I could give you the world. But I hope you'll soon get it without me and—and always be happy. Oh, Pobbles!"

She came very close. He could hear her breathing and smell wood violets, warm and very sweet, like flowers before they die.

"Don't speak! Don't move! Take this!" Her hands thrust something into his—paper—then very softly touched his head, his forehead, his bandaged eyes. "Count ten, then uncover your eyes and read this letter, and oh, Pobbles, my dear, forgive me and—and that's all!"

Cupid stood still in the dark, with her letter in his hands. He crushed it tight. The smell of her violets was all about him. It was lovely and tender, like the new note in her voice. He was not afraid now. He was happy. He knew now that he had never been happy before. Far away in some other world, where other people lived, unfortunate people who were not Cupid and Cynthia, he heard a clock strike twelve. He laughed.

"Dear," he said, "I had something to tell you at twelve. It's this. I wrote you a letter to-day ——"

He stopped, pulling at the soft silk of the scarf, which clung to his fingers. He wanted to see her face.

He pulled off the scarf and stood looking round him. He looked and looked again, though he saw nothing new. The room he was in was his own. His own wood fire burned brightly on the squat black andirons that Cynthia had given him. His own writing table was cleared, spread with a white cloth and set for two. Coffee, a salad, something in a chafing dish, cooked and ready to heat, all the preparations for a tête-à-tête meal that would have been the perfect end to Cynthia's perfect evening were complete, but Cynthia was not there. He had not heard the door open or steps go down the stairs, but he was alone in the room. The scent of violets came only from her scarf, and in his hands was the letter he had written to Cynthia.

His letter, and Cynthia had opened it and read it, and on the envelope, penciled but clear, with the childish, copy-book clearness of her pretty handwriting, she had written a message to him. She had gone upstairs in the old hotel to write it. He sat in the wing chair beside the dainty, deserted supper table she had arranged and read it by the light of the unshaded candles which she had taught him to like:

"I didn't get any raise. I am spending my Christmas money. I wanted just one more evening. I wanted to make you say you loved me. I wanted you to make love to me. I could make you, but I don't want to. I don't want to trick you. I love you too much. I shall take you home and leave you. Take your letter. I hate it. But you had to write it. I am not angry now. If you don't want me you can't help it. You had to tell me. You are right; we have to face facts. I love you! I love you! Good-by."

In the corner, scrawled in a hand that was smaller and not quite so steady, was a postscript—"Eat your supper. Mac helped me fix it. It's good."

For some minutes—he did not know how many—Cupid sat with this letter in his hand. He did not read it again. He did not need to. There was not a word in it that he would ever forget. When he rose from his chair at last he knew what to do, and it seemed to him that life could not go on, nothing could go on, until he had done it, though the things that he had to do first were little things. He went about them methodically. He took from the envelope his letter to Cynthia and, holding it delicately between two fingers, as if it were not quite clean, he dropped it into the heart of the fire. The envelope on which she had written he folded, kissed once and slipped neatly into his pocket. Then he opened the door and called softly into the dark.

"Come back!" he said.

There was no answer at first, but he waited, holding the door open on the warmly lit room behind him. In a corner of the stairs was a little dark heap that was Cynthia. She stirred and got up and came toward him. She stepped just inside his door and stood there in the shadow. He could not see her eyes.

"How did you know I hadn't gone?" she said.

"I knew."

"I couldn't go out on the street like this. I—I can't stop crying."

"You don't have to," said Cupid gently. "But you have to listen to me. I wrote you a letter to-day. It was every word of it true."

Cynthia drew away from him, leaning against the wall, hiding her face with her hands. He let her. He did not try to touch her. He talked steadily on:

"We can't play God. We can't pick one fact out of life and set it up and face it: we've got to look at them all. Only a few of them count; but we can't pick the ones that count; they pick themselves. Only one fact counts for me. I have known it just five minutes, but it was always true. Do you know what it is?"

"No," whispered Cynthia.

"I love you," Cupid said—"nothing else matters in the world. I love you, and you are going to marry me."

"But your letter ——"

"Every word of the letter was true, but not one word of it mattered. It was the letter of a cad. You will have to forgive me. You do, dear?"

"It was awful—awful! And that thing you said at the end of it—that one thing—it stuck in my mind. I can't ever forget it. Oh!"

"I know," Cupid said, "but you must forget it. I'll make you."

Very gently he pulled her hands from her face and drew her closer into the light. He looked at her long, till her eyes met his—till they drooped and closed—then he kissed her. Once only. There was a little sigh that was only half consent, but her lips met his.

"Do you know what we're doing now, dear?" he whispered. "Say it."

Cynthia's face was hidden against his breast, but he could see the little head that he loved and the short soft hair. He had heard that your first kiss always made you laugh or cry. It was true, for suddenly Cynthia lifted her head and looked straight up into his eyes, and Cynthia's eyes, all changed and soft with a new and wonderful light, were laughing. He laughed too, and they said it together: "Facing facts!"

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THE WEDDING OF QUESADA

(Continued from Page 13)

Pepe, face to the cement, smiled a lean bare-fanged smile. He had ever been a coward at heart; but strangely now he felt no qualms, only a fierce winging of pride. He had saved Jacinto Quesada!

The two Civil Guards padded up, one behind the other, breathing heavily. They yanked him roughly to his feet. They had thrown into the gutter the carbines, which were quite useless now at close quarters, and were covering him with nervously jumping revolvers. Their faces beneath the patent-leather hats were pale and drawn with excitement, and yet there was the addition of a certain dumb respect in the way they eyed him from dusty head to foot.

"At last, Jacinto Quesada!" exclaimed one in a hoarse bellow of triumph.

"What luck!" from the other. "What luck that I should be in at the end of your dance, you Wolf Cub!"

Perez stood to his loftiest inches. He was heedless of those shaking pistols that were ready, at the slightest twitch of his muscles, to deal out death. He arched his chest, threw back his head proudly. But his eyes were sharp with a burning hope.

"What would you with me, gentlemen of the police?" he asked. "Are you sure I am the man you want?"

Answered one of the Civil Guards humbly: "We have never been this close to you before. Heart of God! Who of the police ever was this close to you before? But we know what we know, and you are not the kind of man to try to fool us with lies. You do not deny that you are Jacinto Quesada, do you?"

It was an ingenuous question; but the man was a Spaniard and intensely sincere.

Pepe Perez gazed long into each worried face. As he did, his own sallow upraised face became suffused as with a holy light. It was almost a sainted look he wore then, and yet there was that about it which seemed satanic. So Lucifer must have looked when he forced God to give him complete sway of a separate kingdom.

"It is I, Jacinto Quesada!" said Pepe in throbbing tones. "Gentlemen of the police, you have done yourselves proud in thus being the two chosen hounds to run down the Wolf Cub!"

It was martyrdom, but a defiant, selfish martyrdom. He held out his two bared wrists for the manacles.

The two policemen bowed respectfully, even a little sorrowfully. It was not personal desire, only duty, that caused them to make such a popular hero prisoner. But they snapped on the bracelets and led Pepe between them down the street.

IV

WHEN he heard of the capture of Jacinto Quesada, Capt. Adolpho Herrera, head of the Civil Guard in both the city and province of Seville, was engaged in the delicate operation of shaving himself for the second time that day. He laid down the razor in trembling capitulation to his astonishment and blew lather from his lips in a prolonged whistle.

"Who would believe it!" he exclaimed. "The Wolf Cub of the mountains captured here in Seville like an alley cat! So the dear public will not get the chance to stick their tongues in their cheeks at us. There will be no wedding of our brave Jacinto and his gypsy wench right under the nose of the despised police! It is our turn to laugh." And he proceeded to do so with heartiness.

On a sudden he quieted and looked, round-eyed, at his informant, the chief clerk of his office, as if he saw him for the first time.

"Capital!" he ejaculated. "It is a capital idea. Francisco, send me that brace of policemen, Garcia Posadas and Juan Drake."

The clerk bowed and let himself out of the private office. As he dabbed fresh lather about the edges of the iron-gray imperial on his chin Captain Herrera murmured: "It is the only way. We can expect no justice from the courts when such a popular idol as Quesada is brought to bar. We must mete out our own justice, swift and salutary, a warning to all Spaniards. Posadas is just the man. And it should prove a lesson in police ethics to that new trooper, this American."

When John Hutchins Drake and his Spanish *compañero* appeared they had to wait in the anteroom while the chief clerk went into the private office to inquire when the captain would see them. It was odd, but to look at the tanned American and the bronzed Spaniard one might judge them sons of the same mother. Garcia Posadas was a few inches the taller; he had the high-stepping gait and the lordly carriage of a mountaineer of Aragon, from which province we have culled the descriptive adjective "arrogant"; and he was, besides, coal black of hair, while Drake showed the premature grizzle of the student. But both had the same type of face, lean and saturnine, with lofty, narrow brow, high nose and thin, dry, sardonic lips. And both had strong long jaws, in one the absolute jaw of the Conquistadores, in the other the absolute jaw of the Puritans.

Perez Realized the Moment He Entered the Side Street That He Had Done Wrong. The Policemen Were Turning the Corner Behind Him

Drake had been a special student at the University of Madrid when the breaking down of his health had forced him to seek an outdoor life. Through the aid of the American Ambassador in Madrid, a friend of his Bostonian family, he had been able to secure the chance to recruit with that crack constabulary, the Civil Guard. He had been paired off with Posadas, with whom he had ridden patrol for the past six months through all the length and breadth of tawny, haggard Spain.

Captain Herrera himself came to the door and ushered them into his private office. He was wearing the black polished boots and white breeches of full dress, but his coat was off and in the hands of a striker, who was industriously wielding a whisk broom.

"You may go, Manuel," he dismissed the striker. "Leave the jacket there on the back of the chair; I will ring for you when I'm ready. And you, Francisco"—he turned to the chief clerk—"see that no one bothers me for the next few moments." He himself closed the door behind the two.

He turned then to the waiting policemen and, his voice noticeably unsteady as if with restrained excitement, asked:

"Which of you is Garcia Posadas?"

The mountaineer stepped forward and, though within doors, saluted gravely.

"You are the one?" said Herrera. "Well, Posadas, how long is it since you recruited with the Guardia Civil?"

"Three years, my captain."

"H'm, three years. How many comrades have ridden with you during that time?"

"But one, sir, before Juan Drake here."

"And who was he, this other *compañero*?"

"Trinidad Avila, sir."

"But why does he no longer ride with you? Has he finished his term of service?"

"No, my captain; he is dead."

"Oh!" exclaimed Herrera; but there was no expression of surprise on his face, and Drake, watching him, began to sense from this that all these questions and answers were but an illuminating catechism toward some definite end. "Dead?" repeated Herrera.

"Murdered, sir," said Posadas somberly. "He was shot through the head as we rode, one behind the other, through the wild Sierra Nevada."

"Bad, that is bad! But who was to blame for this crime?"

"I did not see the murderer's face, my captain; but we were chasing at the time a notorious bandit. There were two men ahead of us in the cañon: I am sure it was this *bandolero* and a young companion. We hollered the order, 'Mouth to the ground!' One of them turned and fired. Avila, who was in the lead as provided for in the regulations, toppled from his saddle."

"But was the man who killed your comrade this notorious bandit?"

"I believe so, though, as I said, I did not see his face. It was dark, you know, down there in the cañon."

"I understand. I only wish you had seen the murderer's face so that I might aid you to identify——"

"But I know who he is," began Posadas, forgetting in his eagerness that he should not interrupt his officer.

The captain halted him with upflung hand. He had noted the unsoldierly interruption.

As though he were afraid that his own familiarity had caused the man thus to forget himself, he said a trifle severely: "Enough; I did not send for you merely to propound questions. There is business at hand, and a need for two good men. Here is an order, Posadas, signed with my private *rubrica*. You and Drake will take it down to the sergeant in charge of the jail. He will turn over to your keeping the only prisoner he has there."

Posadas took the paper with the captain's monogram upon it and stood waiting at attention for further instructions. But none seemed forthcoming. Herrera remained looking at him with strange intentness.

"But this prisoner, my captain; what shall we do with him?" asked the mountaineer at last.

"You have orders to report back to headquarters at Getafe. You will deliver this prisoner at headquarters to the captain general of the Guardia Civil himself."

"It shall be done, sir." Posadas saluted, his heels clicking together.

"One moment," said the captain as Posadas made to leave. "The prisoner, I forgot to say, is the bandit called Jacinto Quesada."

Posadas went pale and gasping, as if the captain had dealt him a treacherous blow. He cried out: "*Por los Clavos de Cristo!*"

Then in a strained hoarse voice he said: "Your pardon, my captain; but this Jacinto Quesada is the very bandit who murdered my comrade, Avila. I have sworn to kill him."

Captain Herrera again flung up his hand for silence. His gray eyes were cold as agates. It was as if he were sure now that his former benign attitude had caused the man to forget all soldierly proprieties.

"You have your orders," he clipped his words. "Do not entrain to Getafe, but return there in the same manner as you came here, on horseback. It will take several days for the trip; you will be out of touch with the world except through the telegraph; if anything should happen on the way, if this Quesada should seek to escape—shoot him down like a dog in the road. You will not be liable to any disciplinary action. It is regrettable, but such misfortunes are constantly happening to prisoners of the Civil Guard. Now, go. I am in a hurry to prepare myself for the wedding to-night of Estaban Murietta, the greatest matador since Frascuelo, and I cannot tell you more than: Obey your orders."

Posadas' face brightened, as if the captain had granted him some boon; but the face of John Hutchins Drake drew long and somber as a mule's as they both saluted in unison and left the office.

▼

POSADAS and Drake made camp that night among the foothills of the Sierra Morena. As they hugged their meager fire Posadas looked across at the handcuffed prisoner and said: "Another policeman and myself chased you in the Sierra Nevada six months ago. It was in the moaning dark gorge below the village of Minas de la Sierra. That is your home village, is it not?"

"That is my hamlet of home, señor," said Pepe Perez. It was the first word he had spoken on the trip. He was playing with arrogance the rôle of Jacinto Quesada, that famous bandit and popular idol. He spoke now only because directly addressed, and there lurked in his voice a weary and royal disdain.

"Do you remember the adventure?" probed the policeman. "You were riding with a young companion. We surprised you near that wayside shrine called The Christ of the Pass. We did not call 'Halt!' because we knew you were the Wolf Cub and we were determined to get you. We yelled 'Mouth to the ground!' and dashed out of the growths."

"And I replied with a rifle bullet, of course!" ended Pepe for him, a valiant fire in his eyes.

"I did not see your face. It was dark near that shrine of the pass. I never knew who it was fired the shot, whether you or the young mountaineer ——"

"To be sure, it was I."

"You! Are you certain?"

"*Hola*, man, who else! At the hail of the Guardia Civil it has ever been my habit to turn and fire. Have I earned the respect of all Spaniards for no reason? My companion was a lad from the same village as myself, a good upstanding boy and a sure hand with a cordite repeater; but he

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(Concluded from Page 121)

was utterly unused to encounters with the police and he was confused by the suddenness with which you two popped out of the bushes. You see, I remember the incident perfectly. So I do not think I err in saying it was I who fired the shot. It is my custom to retort to all police commands with rifle bullets."

García Posadas said nothing, but, whether with the dulling of the fire or the rush of blood to his head, his face seemed to grow dark. When the fire at last was only a gray hillock of embers he got to his feet and approached the prisoner.

"That was one unlucky shot for you, Jacinto Quesada," he said—"that shot of yours which killed my *compañero*, Trinidad Avila. I have waited for six months to meet up with you, but at last my vengeance is at hand. To-night pray well, you murderer, for to-morrow your soul goes up to God!"

The supposed Quesada received the sentence with admirable stoicism. He raised his eyebrows in sheer amazement, then grunted and allowed no further emotion to display itself upon his face. He was calm as a red Indian.

Not so John Hutchins Drake. His long New England face went pale beneath its tan, as if he and not Perez were the one doomed.

He looked at his riding mate with a challenge in his eyes. Presently he called Posadas aside.

"What do you plan to do?" he asked.

"To turn in immediately. You will stand the first watch. Wake me after two hours. We must be on our way by dawn."

"It is not that which I wish to know, man; it is about this Quesada. Do you mean to shoot him?"

"Yes; at dawn."

"In cold blood?"

"What would you? He killed my old *compañero*, Avila."

"But snuffing him off here on the hillside will not bring back your friend."

"That is sadly true; but it will be payment exacted for the loss of that friend. There is in that a certain satisfaction."

"It sounds like murder to me." The other shrugged his shoulders. Drake persisted: "You do not even give him the chance of a fair trial."

"Has he not had sufficient hearing tonight?" snapped Posadas. "I asked him did he fire the shot which killed Avila. You heard his answer. He recalled the tragedy in detail. It is trial enough."

"But you should not take the law into your own hands in this way, Posadas. You were intrusted by Captain Herrera with the safe delivery of this man to the big chief at Getafe."

Posadas smiled, a grim widening of the lips.

"That was the letter of the orders, but it was not the spirit. You are new to the police, Juan Drake, and you do not understand. But we of the Civil Guard know from past experience that it will gain us little to bring such a popular hero as Quesada to the bar. The people worship him for a brave man, as if he were a bull fighter, and they will influence the court to give him a mild sentence, or even, perhaps, a full pardon. It has happened before. Therefore, my friend, it is only by resorting to the law of flight that we of the police ever gain justice, our own kind of justice, speedy and drastic. When I arrive at Getafe I shall say that Quesada attempted to escape and that I shot him down, even as Captain Herrera instructed me to do. You recall, do you not, the captain's words: 'Shoot him down like a dog in the road'?"

Drake nodded; he remembered vividly; but still he continued to argue in a calm dispassionate voice. It seemed a reversal of natural positions, a revolution of accepted standards—the Spaniard apparently the flinty New Englander, and the New Englander enacting the rôle of the idealistic Latin.

In the end they reached a sort of compromise. Posadas agreed not to kill the prisoner at the dawn. They would ride on through the next day and await some overt move to escape upon the part of the bandit. Then might they have recourse to *ley fuga*, the old Spanish law of flight, and feel justified in shooting down their man.

VI

THAT same evening, a few hours earlier, a varnished carriage was brought to an abrupt stop near the Cathedral of Seville by a tall man in bull fighter's hat and Sherry mantle, who leaped before the two magnificent white horses and jerked them by the reins to a standstill.

"What's this!" exclaimed the coachman from his high box. "Do you know you are halting the wedding party of the greatest matador in the two Spains, Señor Estaban Murietta? Out of the way, you fly of the midden, before I run you down!"

The youthful interloper showed a nickeled revolver in his hand and smiled up at the coachman, exposing his even white teeth.

"You will await my orders, *cochero!*" was all he said.

He sprang to the door of the carriage, swung it open and intruded his boyish sun-browned face inside.

"Your pardon, Señor Estaban Murietta," he apologized, "but you and your little party must get down here and journey the rest of the way to the cathedral on foot. I am to have a wedding of my own this evening and I find a need for your carriage. Allow me to introduce myself as Jacinto Quesada."

Several treble cries came from within the coach, and a man's booming ejaculation: "The Wolf Cub!" But readily enough the matador and his bride-to-be, her maid of honor and his best man got down from the carriage.

Estaban Murietta, the bull fighter, was a youngish, smooth-faced, sun-tanned fellow, obviously a man of the open and, by the same token, as like Quesada himself as one bean of Tarragona is like another. From his experience in the bloody arena he was used to unexpected sorties, quick with his wits, and he was quite naturally the first to recover from the ruffling surprise. He bowed with formal politeness to the bandit.

"I have heard much of you, Don Jacinto," he said. "We are both sons of the soil, you and I, and heroes of the people, because we deal in red death. I will deem it a very great honor to have you use my carriage!"

"Spoken like the brave and big-hearted man I judged you to be, Don Estaban! It was only because I believed you one of my own kind, who would fall in readily with my plan, that I chose thus to inconvenience you. There is little more I would ask of you. Only do not notify my friends of the Civil Guard, and please do not hasten to reach the cathedral. I wish for a few minutes' respite in which to marry there before the eyes of the public gathered to witness your own wedding."

Murietta smiled, his eyes firing with a certain admiration.

"Ah, you do not mention the police who will also be on hand to preserve order. You are modest, Don Jacinto. It will be the wedding of Quesada under the very nose of the police, even as you promised them. It is a joy to be able to assist you. I shall obey your instructions as if I were some *peón* of a cuadrilla, and you, the matador, had commanded me. I wish you all success and happiness, Wolf Cub. *Cochero*, obey the señor, the most daring man in Spain!"

"After you, Don Estaban of my heart!" qualified Quesada. "But thank you a thousand times. You will laugh when you read the details in to-morrow's paper. And the people will sense your connivance and appreciate it hugely. Your pardon, ladies!" He bowed to the two white-clad girls. Then he turned to the coachman.

"To the house of the American consular agent, *cochero!*" he shouted, and leaped into the vehicle, swinging shut the door.

A few minutes later the varnished coach of Estaban Murietta, lurching behind its brace of white horses, came to a stop along the curbing before the west front of the church of Santa Maria de la Sede, that enormous pile known as the Cathedral of Seville. Quesada sprang out and assisted down from the carriage two nut-brown girls dressed in white—one the gypsy lass, Paquita, the other her maid of honor selected from among the girls of her clan. There was no other man with Quesada to act as best man at the wedding ceremony.

"Remain here, *cochero*, and be ready to get away fast," instructed the bandit.

The coachman nodded, placing the butt of his perpendicular whip upon his fat knee in an attitude of watchful waiting. Quesada assisted the two girls up the high wide flight of stairs.

Within, the pews of the major chapel were filled with an expectant throng and the whole nave was lighted in anticipation of the wedding of Estaban Murietta, the popular matador; but so high were the bronze candelabra and so great the arch of the nave that only a nebulous illumination reached the center aisle. Escorting the white-clad girls, Quesada walked boldly down the aisle.

There was a flutter of sound and heads began turning to eye the unique wedding procession. Well up among the front pews and colorful in white breeches and blue red-faced uniform sat Adolpho Herrera, captain of the Civil Guard.

Quesada paused beside the pew of the policeman and, leaning over, whispered: "Your pardon, Captain Herrera, but my best man has failed me; some sudden illness. Could I borrow one of your police about the doors to act in his stead?"

Captain Herrera made to rise, his face flushing scarlet with the rush of blood. He knew he was the center of all eyes; he was confused, hardly able to see the man leaning over him. But he thought that man to be, naturally enough, the expected matador, Estaban Murietta, whom he had often watched perform down in the sunny, sandy immensity of the bull ring.

He had never been this close to the celebrity before. Whenever he had seen Murietta the matador had looked like some flea leaping about the sand or, better, like a red-caped puppet answering to the jerking of an invisible string. Certainly it never entered his mind to connect this man with the bandit, Quesada, whom he believed en route to Getafe, if not already lying dead upon some hillside as food for the buzzards.

"One of my policemen, Don Estaban!" he remonstrated in soft tone. "Why, I should be proud to act myself, if you will only have me."

"It is too much honor," breathed the bandit, but he smiled as if to show how very pleased he would be to gain the captain's services.

They stood, those four, before the wonderful metal railing, done, centuries prior, by the artist, Sancho Nuñoz. The priest, in gold-worked alb, recited the ritual. When he came to that portion which incorporated the first names of the couple he paused dubiously, his eyes sparkling on Quesada. He was in the know of the bandit's strategy.

"Jacinto," prompted Quesada boldly. Captain Herrera alongside started perceptibly.

The priest began again: "Do you, Jacinto, take this woman ——"

Quesada leaned over toward Herrera. "Jacinto is my first given name, Don Adolpho," he explained in a whisper. "I do," he answered the priest, then continued aside to the captain: "I have dropped the Jacinto, and for professional purposes merely use the middle name, Estaban."

Captain Herrera nodded several times. The whispering in his ear had caused him to fail to catch the name of the gypsy girl, Paquita, and when he did hear it mumbled later everything important seemed explained and he did not think to suspect that aught was amiss.

In a trice the knot was tied according to religious ritual. Quesada and his bride, followed by the maid of honor on the arm of Captain Herrera, walked slowly down the aisle. As they went by, the crowd got softly to their feet, pew by pew, and swung into procession at their heels.

Before the eyes of the throng, gathered, tier upon tier, on the many stone stairs, Quesada shook hands with Herrera, thanking him profusely for the services he had rendered. The bandit was assisting the girls into the waiting carriage when, down the street, he sighted Estaban Murietta and his small entourage approaching at a leisurely pace. Quesada realized that the facts of his wedding would be exposed the moment this new bridal party made to enter the cathedral.

"*Adios!*" he waved his hand to the watching public and police. He winked significantly at the expectant coachman. But calmly he said: "Drive on, *cochero*."

The following day, when the policemen, Drake and Posadas, with their prisoner riding between them, reached the railroad town of Villafranca, in the province of Badajoz, they found an official blue telegram awaiting them. It read:

> Return to Seville at once. The prisoner is not Quesada, but an impostor. Quesada was married here in the cathedral last night. The laugh is on us and we are getting it. I acted best man. HERRERA.

García Posadas looked long at the message, then longer at Perez, the supposed bandit. Heread the telegram aloud to Drake. The American laughed with strange relief and so heartily that his riding mate eyed him askance.

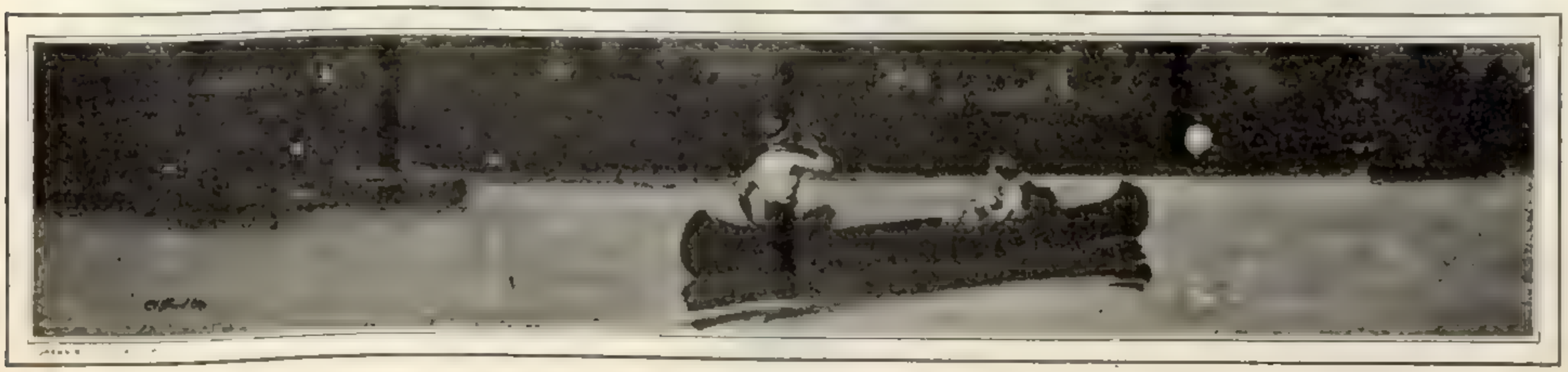
"It is a joke, eh?" snarled the mountaineer. "Well, wait until you are longer with the Civil Guard, Juan Drake, and you will laugh at such jokes out of the other side of your mouth. These brigands are the very curse of Spain!"

He handed the telegram to Perez.

"Here, my fine *bandolero*," he said tauntingly. "What do you say to that?"

Pepe laughed even more boisterously than had Drake, then abruptly sobered.

"What do I say? Only that this message is wrong. Captain Herrera was not the best man at this wedding; he only thinks so because he was there in the gross flesh. But I," he ended proudly, "I, Pepe Perez, a common *guapo* of Seville, will always be known in the ballads of the people as the best man at the wedding of Jacinto Quesada."



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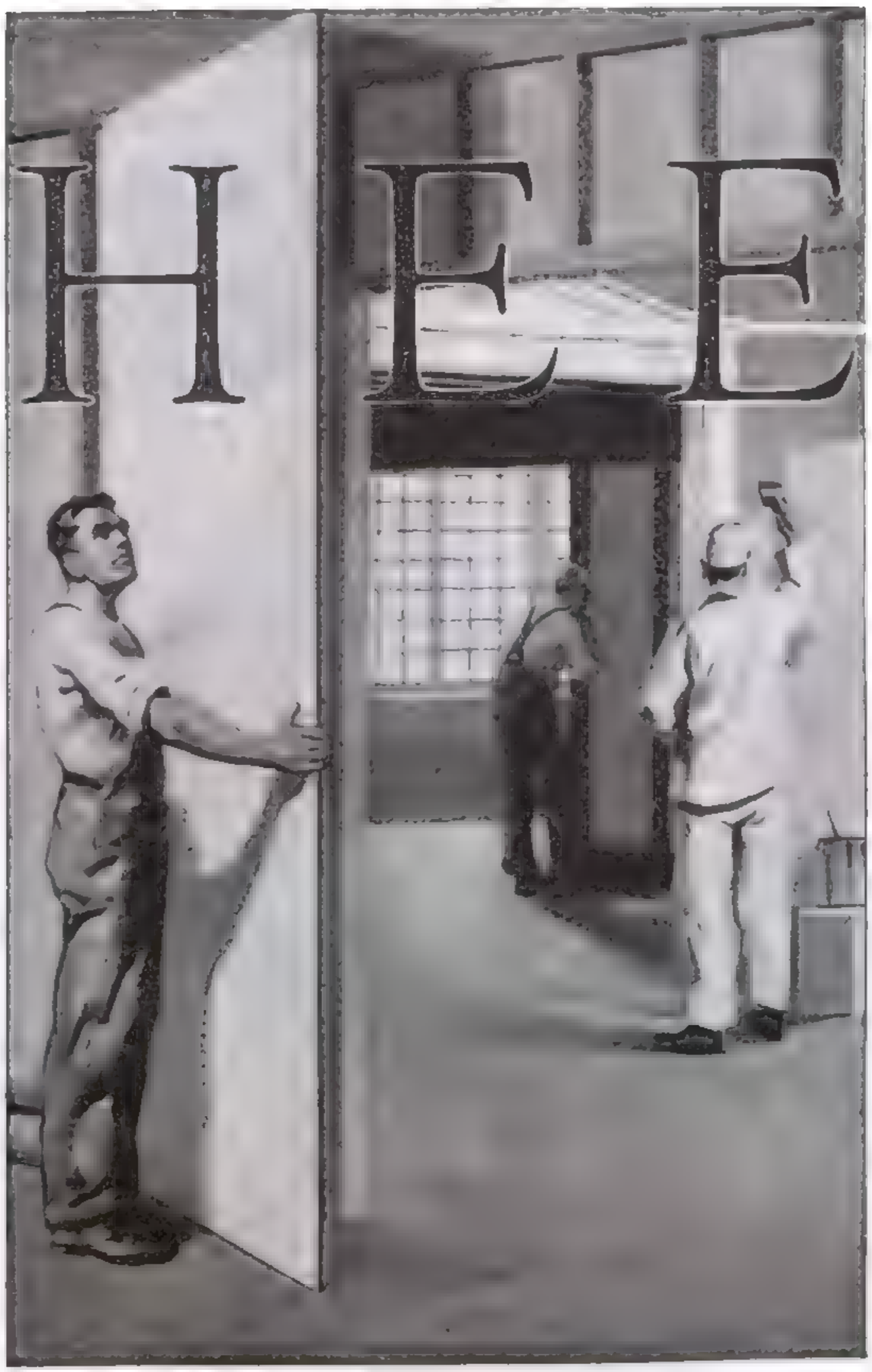

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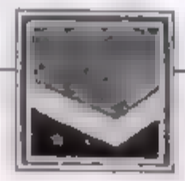

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THE FOUL FANCIER

(Continued from Page 19)

When the mastiff charged him Jeff acted on pure instinct. Having shown his resentment at the effort to chew him up he was now quite content to let the quarrel rest where it was. But apparently this dog mountain who had attacked him would not have it so. In fact, the mastiff had cornered him. And the only road to safety was to go through a foe nearly twice as big as himself. This looked like an impossible task, yet Jeff tackled it. His hind quarters were wedged between the open door and the street wall. In front was the mastiff. The big dog was not charging now. No need to waste speed and rashness on a helplessly cornered victim. Head down, legs crouched, the mastiff crept on his waiting prey. There was a hideous menace in the crawlingly savage advance.

Up went Dan Rorke's stick again. Dan had gripped the weapon by the ferrule and he was measuring the distance between its clubbed handle and the giant mongrel's head. But as before, he did not strike, for there was no need.

The mastiff gathered himself for a death spring. But Jeff sprang without waiting to gather himself. Jeff did not spring aloft, as did the other. He dived under the rearing forelegs, slashing one of them to the bone as he sped.

The mastiff snapped murderously at his whizzing foe as Jeff passed under him. His ravening teeth closed on nothing but a bunch of golden ruff hair instead of reaching their goal in the collie's vertebræ, and the mouthful of fur was his sole asset from the encounter.

Roaring aloud with rage and with the pain of his flesh wounds, the mongrel bounded out of the corner and made for his escaped victim. Now Jeff had fought his way out of the trap at no worse loss than a bunch of neck hair. The whole world lay before him as an avenue of retreat. No domestic animal but the greyhound can pass a strong young collie in a footrace. And assuredly this unwieldy mastiff could never have hoped to overhaul him.

But a queer change had come to the friendly youngster during that ugly moment in the corner. He, who had always been on jolly terms with everyone, had been set upon in unprovoked fashion while he was minding his own business. He had been threatened with death; for a less clever dog than Jeff could not have failed to read red murder in the mastiff's bloodshot eyes. More, a wad of his fur had been yanked out in most painful fashion. And for the first time in his eighteen pleasant months of life hot wrath surged up in the collie's friendly heart. This giant was not going to treat him so and get away with it scot-free. The battle yell of his wolf ancestors burst from Jeff's furry throat.

As the mastiff turned he faced a wholly different antagonist from the astonished puppy he had set upon in the corner. Ruff abristle, head down, snowy fangs glinting from under his upwrithing lip, young Jeff flew to meet him like a fluffy catapult. And a truly epochal fight was on.

The mastiff went at his work with veteran ferocity and method, born of fifty death fights. But he had run up against something unique in his long experience. Jeff was not there. Or rather, Jeff was everywhere at once and nowhere in particular. He was in and out and over and under; never wasting time in seeking for a permanent hold, but nipping, tearing or slashing, and then striking at almost the same instant for some totally different part of the mongrel's big body.

The mastiff reared and thrashed about, ever striving to pin his eel-like adversary under him; to crush him down by dint of vast weight; to pinion him while the heavy foam-flecked jaws should find their death hold. But Jeff had an annoying fashion of not staying in any one place long enough to be annihilated. And at every impact his white teeth were leaving their red mark.

"It's—it's Corbett and Sullivan, all over again!" blithered Dan Rorke, his expert eye following each move, his soul afire with prideful ecstasy at his untried chum's marvelous war genius. "Will you look at that footwork!" he exhorted high heaven and the fast-gathering knot of spectators.

Then his triumph song became a grunt. The mastiff, in one of his mad lunges, had found his mark. His jaws closed on Jeff's fur-padded shoulder; and he hung on. With one wrench of his bull head he bore the slighter dog to earth and began to grind his jaws into the shoulder he had seized.

For a moment Jeff writhed and flung himself about impotently in the fearsome grip. In that instant of futile heaving his eyes sought and met Rorke's, and in the flashing gaze there was no tinge of fear or of appeal. It was as though he tried to assure the man that he had fought his best and that he was sorry he could do no better.

But before Dan's stick could go up there was a new flurry of fur and flesh, and Jeff's sharp teeth had sunk in agonizing style deep into one of the mongrel's thick pads. The pain was so sudden and acute that the mastiff loosed his merciless shoulder grip, to lunge for the collie's head. And in that brief instant Jeff was not only on his feet and free, but was back at the assault with all his primal zest.

The mastiff, bleeding and almost breathless, reared for another attack. His cut hind foot clawed at a film of ice on the slippery pavement. He lost his balance and fell floundering on his back in the slush. For a second he lay there, stunned, for his head had hit the edge of the open door as he fell, and his brindled throat was exposed and defenseless.

If Dan Supplied His Hard Muscles by a Ten-Mile Hike the Collie's Plumed Tail was Ever Just Ahead as Pacemaker

"Now's your chance, Jeff!" chortled Rorke deliriously. "Finish him!"

But the collie did not take the chance. As the mongrel tumbled backward Jeff had darted in at him. But when he saw the huge brute prone and helpless on the ground the collie for some innate sportsmanly reason forbore to fly at the inviting throat and rip out the jugular.

Instead, looking down in grave wonder at the sprawling and kicking mastiff, Jeff took a step backward and stood, ears cocked, head on one side, slender body still braced for action, waiting for the fallen dog to rise. Dan gasped. Then he swore aloud.

The worn-out mongrel staggered to his feet, all the fight knocked out of him by the stunning head blow and by loss of blood. Jeff danced forward afresh to the fray. But, tail between legs, the mastiff turned and limped off into the stable.

His back and the slipping hind legs offered rare chance for the victor to clinch his hard-won conquest. But Jeff only stared in mild interest after his beaten enemy. Then, limping a bit from his shoulder wound and panting fast from his fierce exertions, he trotted over to Dan Rorke and thrust his wet muzzle into his master's hand as if in quest of sympathy or praise.

He got both.

Fairly crowing with exultation Dan dropped his stick and flung both arms about his scarred pet in a breath-taking bear hug.

"Gee, but you're the real thing, Jeffie!" he caroled, fondling the inordinately happy dog. "Of all the pups that ever happened you're—you're that pup! Say"—appealing to the crowd—"did you birds ever see the like of this feller's footwork? Did you? And did you see how he wouldn't pitch into that big stiff when he was down and out? Some white man, I'll say! Come on home, Jeff! That shoulder of yourn will stand some patching. C'mon, Champ! Gee, but I sure named you after the right man! There ain't anything double your weight can lay a glove on you!"

Red Keegan pattered home excitedly from a morning visit to the Pitvale Hotel. In his hand he was brandishing a telegram that had been received at the hotel telegraph desk while he was there. He made his way on hurrying feet to the barn back of the bungalow, which served his fighters as a gym, and where, at this time of day, Rorke was reasonably certain to be dawdling with the punching bag.

He came upon Dan, kneeling beside his collie and washing out lovingly a deeply ragged cut in the dog's right shoulder. At sight of the manager Rorke broke forth into a gleeful recital of the bout between Jeff and the mastiff. But he had scarcely gotten through the first sentence when Keegan cut him short.

"That c'n wait!" decreed the manager, waving the telegram. "This can't. Listen! I've cinched Feltman, at last. For right here in Pitvale. Main bout for the Athaletic Carn'val, next month. Four thousand dollars! Biggest purse ever! Those carn'val guys don't seem to care how they spend it. And they count on your being a star attraction, here in Pitvale. Remember we figgered they would do that."

"Uh-huh," assented Rorke, unimpressed. "But say, Red, you'd ought to 'a' seen the way Jeff lit into him, after he'd fought his way out of that corner! He ——"

"Shut up!" commanded Keegan, with the exquisite courtesy of his kind. "Here we're landing the biggest thing we've ever pulled off, and you go gassing 'bout a measly dog fight! I tell you ——"

"Well," retorted Dan, nettled at his manager's tone and still more at his total dearth of appreciation for Jeff, "I don't see as there's anything to put on a silk shirt for in the bunch of news you've lugged home with you. When I fought Feltman, back in August, you and Bud Curly would 'a' had to carry me out'n the ring, heels forward, if we hadn't been able to swing that white-in-the-face claim of foul. I've gone ahead some since then, I know that, but I don't figger I've gone ahead far enough to stop Kid Feltman. And we can't try the same white-face stunt a second time on him. He'll be watching for it. So will the ref'ree, whoever he is. You act like you'd brang home a gold mine, Red. Looks to me like you'd carted back a hornets' nest. How's the purse going to be split? A lad like Feltman'll want to "

"Danny," interposed Keegan with weary scorn, "you talk even foolisher'n you look. And you look foolisher'n any other man the Lord ever bothered to pin a face on. I told you a month ago the way I was aiming to work this thing. If you've got more int'rest in how you're bandaging that cur's shoulder than in the way we're due to make a killing there's no use going over it all again to you. I remember, last time, you were so busy teaching Jeff to speak for bones that you didn't more'n half listen to me. And now I s'pose I got to say it all over again."

He sighed. It was the sigh of a martyr. But Dan did not answer. With worried tenderness he was twining about Jeff's hurt shoulder a festoon of witch-hazel-soaked bandage. With patience—an ostentatious and grunt-punctuated patience—Keegan waited until the first-aid task was ended and the bandaged collie was curled up at his master's feet. Then he spoke.

"Feltman's been after that return fight with us," he began with labored detail and as if talking to a mental defective, "till he's got so he'd pretty near be willing to get into the ring with you blindfold and with both hands tied behind him. Maybe you know that, if you know anything. Which you don't. He's itching to square himself for that won-on-foul of ours. And I've been letting him itch, till he wouldn't gag on terms. But, at that, it's a miracle we've landed him. Anyone with a grain of sense ought to see through it.

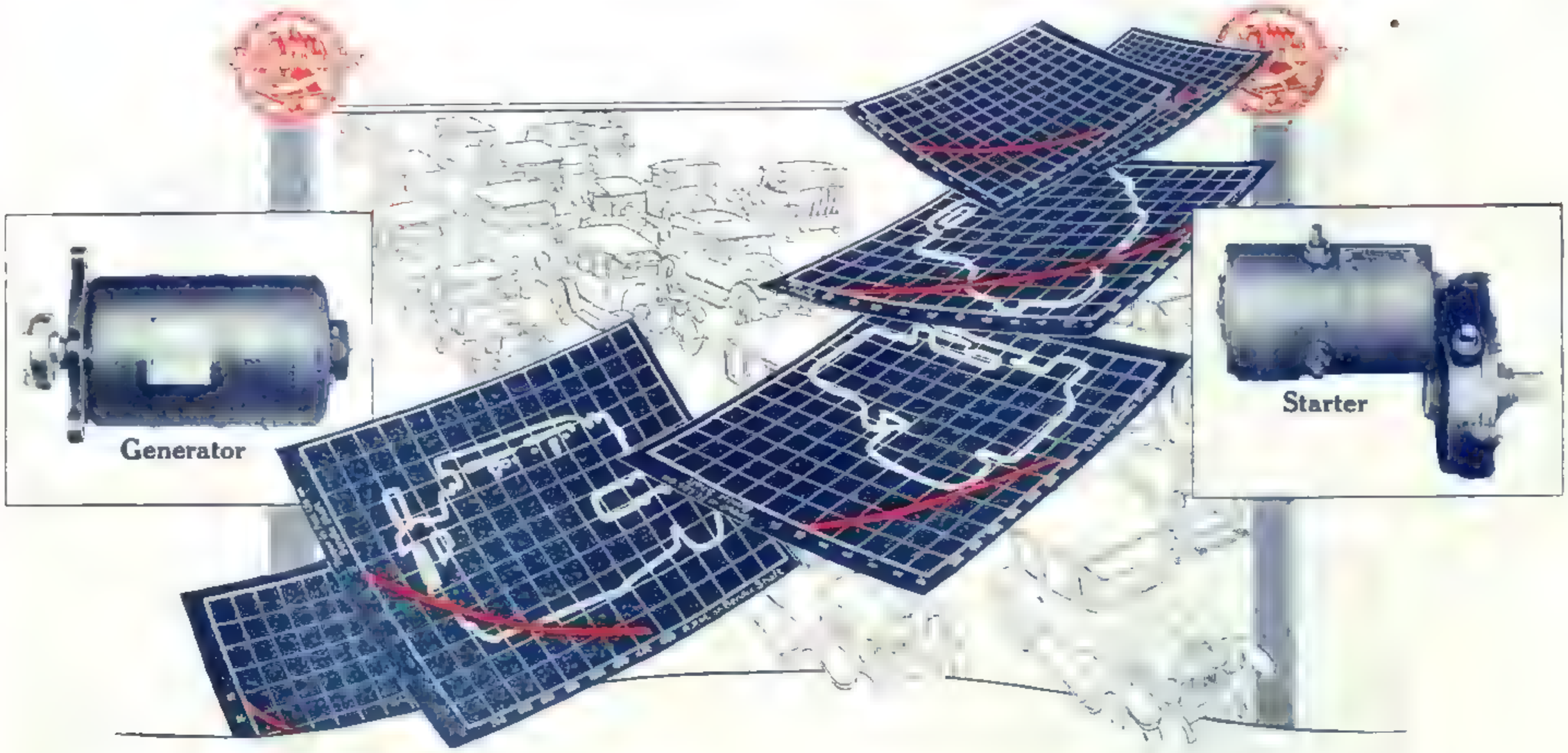
"First, I juggle the carn'val crowd into making him and his manager stand for Sol Kampfmuller as ref'ree. If there's anything Sol knows less about than ref'reeing a fight I'd like to know what it is. Being sporting ed'tor of the Chron'cle, here, he thinks he knows it all, and that what he don't know he suspects. I've seen him ref'ree two fights. Why, that poor Ocity wouldn't know a foul if it was printed out for him on a raised map! Anyone could get by with murder, with him as ref'ree. It's 'most a shame to try the real classy stunts on him. Any raw work'd do.

"Feltman's nearer a topnotcher than ever you'll get to be in fifty years, but he's a numb-wit. You could hit him with an ax, in the ring, before he'd find out he was being fouled. So there's your comb'nation—a chucklehead ref'ree and a fair-fighting guy who don't know how to watch out for fouls. And then there's you, who I've learned to be the best lad at slick fouling in the whole business.

"Why, it's too easy! It's a crime. You c'n cripple or dizzy him in the very first round if you've a mind to. And as often after that as you need. Then, keep remembering that four-thousand-dollar purse, with eighty per cent for the winner. And even a minus-brain like yours ought to be able to figger out the answer. We'll start you training to-morrow. I've a couple of corking new ones I've worked out lately. One of 'em's a killer. And both of 'em's smooth enough to get past most any ref'ree, let alone Sol Kampfmuller and that carn'val crowd. We'll work 'em out and brush up on a few of the old ones too. So ——"

"Funny thing!" spoke up Rorke, his hand on the dog's head. "Funny thing 'bout Jeffie, here! He had a dandy chance to rip the throat out of that Vining dog; and he wouldn't do it, just because the dog was down and couldn't help himself! What d'you think of that, Red?" Just because the other dog was down. No ref'ree to penalize him for fouling, either. He just stepped back, kind of politelike, and ——"

(Continued on Page 131)



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If your car is equipped with a Wagner Starting-Lighting-Ignition System you may know that it has been built-to-order for the task which it must do.

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WILL that hungry family *ever* get enough pancakes? They go so fast mother hasn't had a chance to eat any herself. No wonder, for these are *real* pancakes, made from Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, that new and delightful combination of cereals. Add only water—everything required, including milk, is in the flour.

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Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS
Pancake Flour

(Continued from Page 128)

"For the love of Mike!" groaned the irate manager, "will you stop jawing about that bum cur and ——"

"Then," pursued Rorke serenely, "when Vining's dog turned tail and sneaked away, Jeff had the chance of his life to tear in and do all sorts of damage. But he didn't. Wouldn't fight foul—the grand little cuss!"

Rorke fell silent. The manager stared at him in lofty and wordless contempt, but Dan did not see him. Still patting Jeff's head aimlessly and brooding over the couchant dog with puckered half-shut eyes, he sat there. Dan Rorke was thinking; and thought, to him, was as difficult as it was rare. Presently he spoke again—in a rumbling, ruminating mutter.

"Wouldn't fight foul, Jeff wouldn't," he repeated. "Fought like a bearcat, so long as the scrap was even. But not a foul stunt from first to last. Wouldn't win on a foul. He couldn't tell but what that big mutt would get up and tear him in half, like he'd just come plenty close to doing. But Jeff wouldn't tackle him while he was down. Wouldn't ——"

"Say!" put in Keegan. "I'm going to the house to write a letter and then send off a wire. Keep right on talking, please, all the while I'm gone. Keep on telling about that dog fight. Then, by the time I get back, maybe the most of it will have got out'n your system and you can think of real things again. So long."

Dan Rorke did not obey his manager's elephantinely sarcastic request to go on talking of the dog fight in Keegan's half-hour absence. But he did the next thing—he went on thinking about it. At least his wontedly sluggish thoughts fixed themselves on one detail of the fray, clinging to it like leeches and sending forth ramifications into the far and unused recesses of his brain.

These thoughts were not put into words but their gist may be translated roughly into English, somewhat as follows:

Jeff had fought without training or precept. He had followed his own instincts. He had fought according to his nature. Thus, he had fought fair. He had fought clean. Not only had he disdained to make use of any crooked advantage but he had risked defeat and possible death sooner than to foul.

Jeff was a dog.

Dan Rorke was a man.

How did Dan Rorke win his fights? Three out of four of them he won by clever fouling. He fought crooked. That was how he made his living—by tactics his own dog would not stoop to.

That collie looked on Dan as the greatest person under the sun. Yet the dog fought square and Dan fought foul. What was the answer?

It was a joke in fistic circles that Dan Rorke was the dirtiest fighter in that section of America; and that he managed to get away with it by sheer craftiness.

Dan had felt—still felt—a thrill of admiration for Jeff for fighting so fair. Wasn't it possible that the fight public might give that same sort of admiration to a man who was known to fight fair? Going a tottering mental step farther, wasn't it just barely possible that all reg'lar folks had that same little thrill of admiration for a fellow who was on the level in everything? It was a funny idea, of course, but ——

Then again it was great to have someone, even a dog, look up to anybody as Jeff looked up to his master; and to think that master was the best man alive. What sort of mangy hypocrite was Dan Rorke to make his living crookedly, by super fouling, while Jeff thought he was a saint?

The dog fought clean. The man fought dirty. Was the man lower than the dog? It was a rotten thought. But it had a whole lot of sense to it. If Jeff, here, could risk death sooner than fight foul, what was the reason why Dan Rorke ——

At this point in the argument Dan stopped and started all over, from the beginning. He was on the third complete review of it when Red Keegan came bustling back.

"Well," queried the manager briskly, "have you told yourself enough about the dog fight so's you c'n remember it a while without telling it again?"

"I—I guess so," mumbled Dan uncertainly.

And he made excuse to get out of the way. He was still thinking; thinking hard and with a growing unhappiness. His thoughts were not yet crystallizable into words.

But next morning, after a night of less continuous slumber than he could recall in many a year, he dressed and started down to breakfast with a brand-new and granite-hard resolve in his tired mind. For once in his life he had solved a problem—had solved it all himself.

As he opened the door of his bedroom Jeff leaped eagerly up from his nightly vigil post across the outer threshold. Stiff as he was from his shoulder hurt, the dog gamboled gleefully round his master, patting at Dan's knees with his flying white paws, wriggling himself into an ecstatic interrogation mark, and whimpering with delight at the wonderful fact that his adored demigod was once more with him after ten whole hours of absence.

Thus, the world over, do the average run of collies give morning salute to the man or woman they have accepted as their deity. And, as ever, the greeting warmed Dan Rorke's long-loveless heart. He stooped over and patted the silken head.

The collie growled in horrific menace and caught Dan's big hand between his mighty jaws as if to crush it. But the jaws did not exert the pressure of a fraction of an ounce on the firm flesh they had so playfully imprisoned. And the throaty growls were belied by a furious wagging of the plumed tail. This was Jeff's favorite game with his master. With no one else would he deign to play.

Dan rumpled the dog's soft ears, and looked with a queer new timidity into the deep-set dark eyes of his chum. At the unquestioning joyous devotion he saw there he felt a tiny twinge of relief. Something he had let himself fear in the long night's meditations had not yet begun to happen. There was still time, plenty of time.

And, his resolve firmer than ever, he ran down to the breakfast room, where Red Keegan was already seating himself at the table.

"Chron'cle's got a spread on your match with Feltman," was the manager's morning salutation. "First page; and again under Kampfmuller's sign'ture on the sporting page. We've got a good start, all right. Now ——"

"If it isn't too late," said Dan hesitantly, "I kind of wish you'd cancel the match. I don't honest think I c'n stop Kid Feltman; for all you say I've gone ahead this half year. And it's more'n an even bet he c'n stop me inside the limit. So I've been thinking it over, and I guess you'd best call it off; or get 'em to subst'toot some easier guy than Felt ——"

"Good Lord!" snorted Keegan. "Do you set there and tell me you don't even remember from yesterday the layout for that fight? Of all the ——"

"Yep," answered Rorke, sullenly playing with his food and glancing down for encouragement at the collie lying on the floor beside him. "Yep. I remember it all right, all right, Red. I remember it, but it won't work. That's why I ——"

"Won't work?" thundered Keegan, glaring across at his embarrassed star. "Why the blue hell won't it work? It's the prettiest set-up we've ever handled. There ain't a flaw to it. Won't work, hey? Why the ——"

"Because," replied Dan sheepishly, yet firm as stone as he glowered back at his manager, "because that set-up of yours calls for a heap of fancy fouling. And—and I'm—I'm off fouling. Off it for keeps. That's ——"

Red Keegan broke in on the halting announcement with a sound that a turkey might have produced had its tail feathers been pulled violently at the moment it chanced to be gobbling. The result was a noise that brought Jeff to his feet with a jump; his tulip ears cocked, his eyes aglow with excited inquiry; a series of staccato barks racketing from his furry throat.

"Lay down, Jeffie!" ordered Dan. "He ain't going to bite me. He's only ——"

"Are you plumb crazy, Dan?" sputtered the manager. "Or is it a bum little joke? Off fouling, hey? What's going to keep you from the hungry house if ——"

"If clean scrapping won't keep me fed," answered Rorke, "I'll go get back my job in the puddling gang. Anyhow, it goes like I said. I'm off fouling. Now go ahead and swear!"

But Red Keegan did not go ahead and swear. Profanity was a very present help to the nerves in the event of stepping on a tack or mashing one's thumb with a hammer or on hearing that one's wife had eloped. But this matter lay too deep for swearing.

Blusteringly, then flatteringly, then coaxingly and at last with the tremolo stop pulled far out, he pleaded with Dan. He painted in glowing colors the middleweight's comfortable rise from the ranks and the golden future that awaited him under Keegan's guidance, if only he would have the intelligence to stick to his manager's tuition and not get fool ideas that he could fight on the square well enough to keep himself warm. He foretold a future of failure and gutter poverty should the fool hold to this suicidal new plan.

To all of which Dan Rorke answered not a word but sat glumly frowning at the spotty tablecloth and occasionally letting his fidgety hand rest for a second on Jeff's head. When at last Keegan had run down and was bereft equally of breath and vocabulary and emotion Dan began to speak. He did not look at the puffingly apoplectic manager, but rambled on as if addressing the hole in his napkin.

"A feller told me once," he began, "that there's mighty little a collie dog don't know. And I've seen enough of Jeff, here, to find out that's so. Jeff c'n tell when I'm blue and when I'm tickled, just by looking at me. It—it'd be funny, wouldn't it, if he c'd get to telling, by looking at me, that I'm not on the square? A dog with Jeffie's breeding and Jeffie's sense would sure be too high-toned to pal with a crook if he knowed it. And he knows a lot of things I'd never s'posed a animal c'd know."

He looked down again at the collie as if for moral support. At the worry in his master's glance Jeff's dark eyes took on a glint of eager concern. He laid one white little forepaw on Dan's muddy boot, and whined softly, far down in his throat. Thus encouraged, Rorke went on:

"That's only one end of it. Here's another: A man's pretty low down in the list, ain't he, if he can't even fight as square as his dog c'n fight? A clean dog's sure got a right to a clean master. Them folks yesterday was all praising Jeff. They wasn't praising him so much for licking the big feller as for licking him clean; and for not fouling when he had a chance to. I c'd see that myself. Well, I sh'd think folks would feel that way about a man that fights clean. Anyhow," he finished defiantly, "no poor dog's going to have the right to say he's a whiter man than what I am. I been thinking it all over. And that's the answer. I'm off fouling. Like I said."

For the next twenty-four hours the bungalow and the gym were vibrant with the sounds of argument and vituperation. Keegan exhausted his every battery. And—like most men who think slowly and seldom—Dan Rorke grew more and more firmly set in his queer resolution, the more he discussed it. Even stolid Bud Curly, his sparring partner and general handy man round the gym, was moved to bewilderment by the once-docile fighter's firmness in resisting the all-powerful boss.

Only once in the day and night of abusive exhortation on Red's part did Dan lose for an instant his sullen calm. That was when Keegan grumbled: "It's all the damn dog's fault. It's him that's turned you loony! I've got a good mind to shoot him. Then maybe you'll ——"

"You shoot that dog," flared Rorke, striding up to the little manager, his thick fingers working convulsively, "and, by the good Lord, I swear I'll break your neck over my knee, if I go to the chair for it. That goes for you, too, Curly. If you think I'm bluffing you'd best change your mind—unless you're sick of staying alive. It goes!"

To Bud Curly's surprise the irascible Red did not retort. Instead, he stood looking long and earnestly at the raging fighter. Then he said with conciliatory calm: "Nobody wants to hurt the purp, Dan. Climb down off the ceiling. And if you're so dead set on playing the fool—well, I s'pose I'll have to trail my bets along with yours. You can't lick Feltman on the square. But it won't be my fault if you don't put up the best fight of your life agin him. It's too late to cancel the match now. All me and Curly c'n do is to train you to the minute and trust to luck for the rest."

Glad to have won his sorry point Dan settled down with grim energy to the task of training. He knew how slight were his chances of victory. Yet he was ready to meet the suddenly reconciled Keegan halfway by training at his level best.

Feltman and a little retinue came to Pitvale, in order to be on the ground, and

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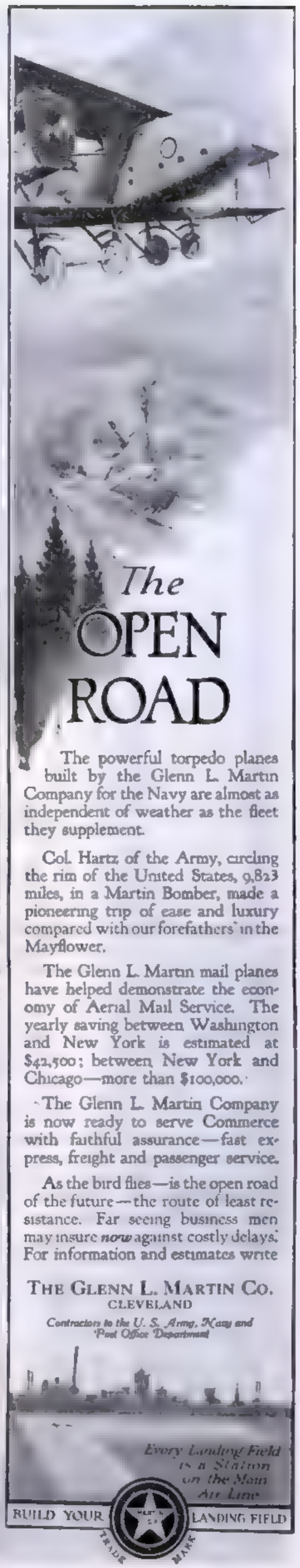

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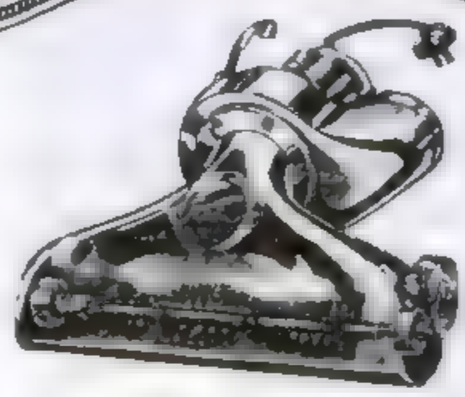

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All the electric power is in the suction, while the big brush runs naturally, like a carpet-sweeper.

This basic principle of right cleaning means two things: *First*, the air-suction is so powerful that it draws out all the ground-in, nap-cutting dirt and grit. *Second*, the big revolving brush lifts all of the surface litter, without pounding and breaking the nap of your rugs.

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If your plumbing is over ten years old, it may not be in keeping with progress. There are new and better fixtures which more truly reflect appreciation of home charm and refinement.

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(Concluded from Page 131)

to avoid travel before the fight. They set up training quarters scarce two blocks away from Keegan's bungalow.

For nearly a month the two rivals wrought at their preparations for the battle. Once or twice on hike or sprint they chanced to meet in street or highroad. And such well-rehearsed chance meetings, with their mutual scowling frigidity, served Kampfmuller as splendid "grudge-fight" copy for the Chronicle.

The fight was to be held in the Pitvale Coliseum, a vast and barnlike structure originally built for state conventions and for summer Chautauqua lectures. It was scheduled for ten o'clock on the night of April second.

On the morning of April second Dan Rorke awoke from a ten-hour sleep, ran under the shower, rubbed down, slipped into his clothes, and started for breakfast with the appetite of a longshoreman. His nerves as well as his physique had profited by his hard and wise training. If he was due to end the day in defeat, at least the thought of it had not marred his night's rest or his appetite.

Outside his bedroom door he paused as usual for his morning frolic with Jeff. But Jeff was not there.

In all their long months of chumship this was the first morning that Jeff had not been on hand to greet with noisy delight his new-awakened master, and the dog's absence perplexed Rorke.

Downstairs he went, hoping to find the collie waiting for him in the dining room. The room was empty. Whistling for the missing Jeff, Dan went out on the tiny front porch. No dog was in view. But he saw Keegan and Bud working with scrambly haste at a far end of the yard piling shovelfuls of fresh dirt into what looked like a new-dug hole under the yard's one fruit tree.

Before Dan could call out Curly happened to look up from his toil and caught sight of him as he stood on the porch steps. Curly nudged Keegan and said something out of the corner of his mouth. The two exchanged nervous whispers; then Red dropped his spade and came hurrying toward the house, a laboredly artificial smile of greeting on his bothered face.

"Seen Jeff anywhere?" asked Rorke, his puzzled eyes still on Curly, who was now patting the crumbly earth smooth over the filled excavation.

"Sure, I've seen him!" babbled Keegan with forced joviality, and looking anywhere rather than at Dan. "He was frisking round here just a minute ago. Must 'a' run down street, a ways. He'll be back soon. Come on in and eat! Sleep all right? I wasn't expecting you down for another ten minutes."

He had mounted the steps and almost forcibly was propelling Dan indoors.

"Looking for Jeff?" hollowly queried Bud Curly, coming up the steps behind them. "He's all right. Good old Jeff's all right. He was playing round in the gym just now."

Dan Rorke was the least subtle of men; and his brain was too small to hold suspicion. But a five-year-old child would have been keenly aware of the guilt and furtiveness in the manner of the two. Dan stopped short. He looked from one to the other of them; then at the fresh earth under the fruit tree.

"Red, you told me Jeff went down street!" he accused. "And now Bud says he's out in the gym. Which of you is lying? And why is either of you lying? And what were you burying out there? Speak up, one of you; or I'll go there and dig till I find out!"

He spoke with rising excitement. As he finished he made as if to start across the yard toward the tree. Both men seized him and both began speaking at once.

"Jeff's all right!" insisted Red. "And we was just spading up the earth to make that tree grow better. It's too spindly. And ——"

"Yes," declared Bud in the same breath. "Jeff's feeling fine. He'll be back pres'n'ly. We was trying to see could we bury some garbage out yonder, 'stead of bothering to burn it. We ——"

"Jeff is dead!" interrupted Dan, his voice all at once lifeless and flat. "You been burying him. You don't want me to know. He ——"

The two others fidgeted guiltily. Then, clearing his throat, Keegan said: "I wanted to keep it from you, till after to-night, Danny. I'm sorry. Sorry, right down to the ground. But since you've guessed that much of it I'd best tell you the whole thing. Buck up and take it like a he-man, son. After all, he was only just a dog. I'll buy you another one and ——"

"There ain't any other one!" denied Rorke chokingly. "There was only just Jeff! Him and me. And he was the chum I —— What happened to him?" he demanded fiercely, swallowing very hard and trying to keep his voice steady and his eyes dry. "Spill it!"

"Then take it!" cried Keegan harshly. "Take it straight, like a he-man had ought to take rotten news. This morning, when I went apast your door, there lay Jeff. He was stone-dead. I picked him up and brang him down on the porch. I knowed how it'd queer your nerve to find out he was gone. So I aimed to bury him and tell you he'd just strayed off, like; and that he would come home by and by. When I got him out on the porch I noticed he was all strained backward. And I'd seen dogs poisoned by strychnia before. There ain't any other poison that makes 'em look that way. He ——"

"Poisoned!" yelled Dan in blind fury, catching at the word. "I'll find the swine that did it if it takes every cent I got. And when I once get hold of him ——"

"I beat you to it, Danny," continued Red's sorrowing tones. "I got Curly, here, to start digging a grave; and I piked down to Reuter's drug store. I had a sneaking s'spicion, already. Reuter was just opening up for the day when I got there. I asked him who had bought strychnia of him lately. The only strychnia he's sold in the past week was what he sold to a man yesterday; a feller who had a doctor's p'scription for it and said he wanted it to poison cats that kep' him awake by yowling under his window. He got Reuter to tell him how to fix it up in a piece of meat ——"

"Who was he?" broke in Rorke, his eyeteeth showing, his deep voice a half-coherent growl. "Who ——"

"The doctor that gave the man the p'scription," said Keegan slowly, "was that old down-and-out M. D. slob that Feltman has for a handy man. The feller that bought the poison and asked Reuter how to fix it was—Kid Feltman. He ——"

The manager got no farther. Dan Rorke was out of the door and down the steps at one bound. It was only as he stopped to yank madly at the gate latch that Red and Curly overtook him and threw themselves bodily on the raging man. Even then it was a matter of minutes before their combined strength and Bud's wrestling grip, from behind, could quell him.

"Let me go!" he snarled, straining and biting at the detaining arms. "I'll settle with him before Jeff's cold! I'll ——"

"You'll settle with him a heap better'n by trying to beat him up now, with his handlers and them to keep you from doing it!" promised Keegan. "There's better ways. Lots better ways. You listen to me, Danny boy!"

Momentarily spent with his own fury Rorke suffered himself to be dragged indoors. There Keegan faced him and said: "You want to square yourself with Feltman—and more'n square yourself? Good. Then here's the way: Feltman's always hated you, ever since he lost to you, that time. He's told fifty folks he'd get even. He's seen, and he's heard, how much store you set by Jeff. So he poisoned him to get back at you. Now here's how you'll get back at him: You was going to fight him clean. And he'd 'a' most likely won. So that ain't the way to fight him if you want to settle with him for poor Jeff. The way to do is to sail in with every foul that can git past Kampfmuller. And a hay load of 'em c'n git past that ivory mine. Foul him from the start, with the murderingest set of fouls I've ever learned you. Cripple him so he'll be in the hosp'tal a month. Foul him into a dead one; and then punch his head off'n him and win as early in the fight as you want to. Git the idee? Foul him to death if you like. It's no worse'n he treated Jeff. The ring's the place to finish him. Not now, where you'd likely land up in the hoosgow before you'd more'n half hit him. Go to it!"

Dan grunted avid assent. And after breakfast careful rehearsing of old foul tactics and a study of new ones began.

As Dan Rorke, stripped and eager, sat in his hot dressing room under the auditorium that night, waiting for the summons to enter the ring, he had his first minute of solitary reflection throughout the whole Keegan-infested day. His manager was upstairs, wrangling with the carnival treasurer. Curly had gone to the ring to watch the wind-up of the second preliminary bout.

Dan was alone. In his heart still raged black hate and a craving for revenge. And he was sick with grief over his chum's murder.

While he sat there the faint challenge bark of a dog—a collie, perhaps—from nowhere in particular, drifted to him through the ill-boarded dressing-room walls. At the sound Dan started violently.

"Jeff?" he whispered under his breath.

As if in answer to his call the room all at once seemed athrob with the presence of his loved dog. In superstitious awe Dan peered about him. Then he straightened his bent body. And to an unseen Something he began to speak.

"We're going to pay up the bill in a few minutes now, Jeffie!" he promised. "Watch me!"

The foolish words started a new train of thoughts in the tormented brain. Watch him? The clean-fighting dog watch his master put up the foulest fight of his career? With the vision came sharp revulsion.

"Watch me, Jeff!" he repeated aloud. "Watch me do it! Watch me do it, square!"

While the odd exaltation was still upon him Keegan and Curly came back to the dressing room to escort him to the ring.

The Pitvale Athletic Carnival crowd, that night, witnessed the bloodiest and most spectacularly ferocious battle in the annals of the local ring.

From the sound of the gong Dan Rorke was at his antagonist, forcing the fight at every point. Never once for the fraction of a second did he abandon the aggressive. Feltman showered upon him an avalanche of scientific punishment. But it failed to slow down that homicidal attack.

To Red Keegan's goggle-eyed dismay and despite his dumfounded inter-round pleas, Rorke fought as clean as a Galahad. Not once would he make use of even the safest foul. Not once would he seek to elude the dull referee by using the easiest of Keegan's carefully taught ruses.

He fought like a wild beast, but he fought like a fair one. Buoyed up by his insane hate for his enemy and by his stark craving for vengeance he was as a man in delirium. The hideous punishment meted out to him had no visible effect on his maniac strength or speed. His madness did not preclude the use of all the skill he could muster, but it made him impervious to pain and to shock.

Round after round the fight slashed on, while the crowd screamed and pounded in delight and while Red Keegan and Curly watched their madman with anguished eyes. Willing to take the heaviest blow, if only he might land as heavy a smash in return, Dan tore away at his foe. Four times he was knocked down. Once he was unconscious for five seconds. But borne ever onward by that wild urge of revenge he came flying back to the combat with undiminished fury.

Flesh and blood could not stand the fearful tax indefinitely. Through all his mania Rorke began dimly to realize that there was a trifle less crushing vehemence in his own punches and less whirlwind speed in his onslaught. With every atom of will and of rage and of resolve in his whole cosmos he scourged himself to renewed effort. The welter of blows avalanched upon him, unfelt.

Over and over in his hot brain he was saying: "Watch me do it, Jeff! Watch me do it, square!"

And he fought on.

As Dan reeled back to his corner at the end of the hammer-and-tongs ninth round he heard, as from miles off, Keegan's voice whispering to him:

"Try out the good old stunts, Danny! 'Tain't too late, even yet. He's groggy. Try 'em. Curly tells me he's making a joke of how he killed Jeff. Says he kicked the poor purp yesterday, too, when he met him in the street. He ——"

Dan heard no more. The minute's rest was over almost before it began. His ears ringing with the tale of the kick he plunged back into the fight. Feltman met him in midring, a horribly battered and staggering Feltman, who sought to improve on his minute's rest by feinting with the left and then aiming a great right swing for the head.

The swing did not land. Disregarding the feint Rorke had bored in. The swing passed beyond him, while his two fists were greedily busy with infighting at his tired adversary's body. Across the ring and to the ropes with all his ebbing force he hammered Feltman. Against the ropes he drove him. Then, as Feltman rebounded from the impact, Dan flung every remaining sinew of strength into a cross-body right for the jaw.

It was a reckless blow except as a counter, and Feltman saw it coming in time. But his worn-out guard would not obey the dazed brain's mandate quickly enough to block the mighty punch. Rorke's rage-driven right fist caught his opponent flush on the point of the chin and Feltman sprawled prone on his face.

Quietly, nondramatically, he lay there, dead to the world while the referee counted. At the count of eight Feltman tried instinctively to get up, but he succeeded only in rolling over on his back.

Cut to ribbons, bleeding, bruised, aching and all but blinded, Dan Rorke suffered the exultant Keegan and Bud to guide him down to his dressing room. He had won. He had thrashed the man who had poisoned Jeff. This much his dizzy senses told him.

But Feltman was still alive. And Jeff was dead. Dan's heart was like cold lead beneath his bruised ribs. His sensational victory was as ashes and dust to him. He was deaf to Keegan's hysterical adulation. Nothing mattered.

Bud Curly swung open the dressing-room door. Over the threshold swept a whirlwind of gold and white, barking rapturously and flinging itself upon Rorke's bleeding chest.

Long afterward Dan listened with a foolish grin on his swollen face while Keegan confessed the truly Keeganesque trick whereby he had sought to lure back his man to an acceptance of the sure-to-win foul tactics; of the hiding of Jeff in a neighbor's cellar for the day; and the spiriting of him into the dressing room after the fight began; of the coaching of Curly into indorsing the tale of poison and of Bud's part in the mock grave digging, a digging timed nicely to coincide with Dan's appearance on the porch.

All this, much later. But for the instant, the only thing Dan Rorke knew was that his dead pet—or its ghost, it did not matter which—had come back to him; and that everything was once more tremendously worth while and that the world was a gorgeous place to do one's living in.

Forgetful of hurts and of weakness he gathered the ecstatically squirming collie into his battered bare arms and babbled sobbingly: "I did it, Jeff! I did it, square! You—you saw me do it, SQUARE!"

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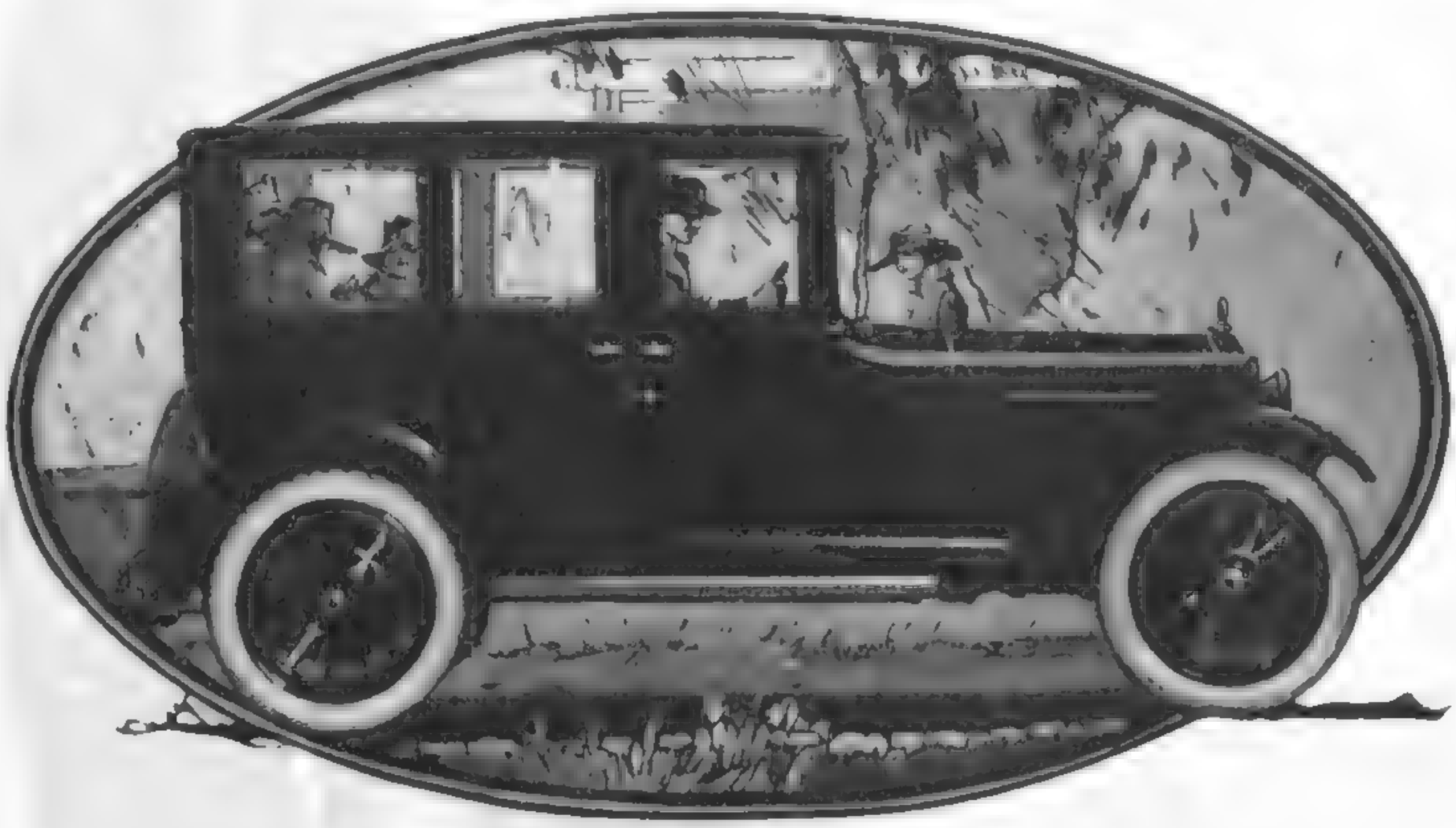

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GRANT SIX

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

"Charlie has such eloquent eyes, Hobby—don't you think?"

She raised her little curly head for a tentative peep at the court; her own eyes were shining with mischief. The court unclasped its hands.

"I ought to shake you," declared Hobby. But he did not shake her at all.

"You're the only young man in Garfield who wears his face clean-shaven," remarked Lyn reflectively a little later. "Charlie would look much better without a mustache, I think."

He pushed her away and tipped up her chin with a gentle hand so that he could look into her eyes. "Little brown lady with curly eyes and laughing hair—are you quite fair to Charlie See?"

"No," said Lyn contritely, "I'm not. I suppose we ought to tell him."

"We ought to tell everybody. So far as I am concerned, I would enjoy being a sandwich man placarded in big letters: 'Property of Miss Lyn Dyer.'"

"Why, Hobbiest—I thought it was rather nice that we had such a great big secret all our own. But you're right—I see that now. I should have met him at the door, I suppose, and said, 'You are merely wasting your time, Mr. See. I will never desert my Wilkins!' Only that might have been a little awkward, in a way, because, you see, 'Nobody asked you to,' he said—or might have said."

"He never told you, then?"

"Not a word."

"But you knew?"

"Yes," said Lyn. "I knew." She twisted a button on his coat and spoke with a little wistful catch in her voice. "I do like him, Hobby—I can't help it. Only so much." She indicated how much on the nail of a small finger. "Just a little teeny bit. But that little bit is ——"

"Strictly platonic?"

"Yes," she said, in a small meek voice. "How did you know? He makes me like him, Hobbiest. It—it scares me sometimes."

"Pretty cool, I'll say, for a girl that has only been engaged a week, if you should happen to ask me."

"Oh, but that's not the same thing—not the same thing at all! You couldn't keep me from liking you, not if you tried ever so hard. That is all settled. But Charlie makes me like him because he is such a real people; I feel like the Griffin did about the Minor Canon: 'He was brave and good and honest, and I think I should have relished him.'"

Hobby held her at arm's length and regarded her quizzically. "So young, and yet so tender?"

"'So young, my lord, and true.'"

"Well," said Hobby resignedly, "I suppose we'll have to quarrel, of course. They all do. But I don't know how to go about it. What do I say next?"

"I might as well tell you the worst, angelest pieface. You ought to know what a shocking horrid little creature your brown girl really is. You won't ever tell—honest-to-goodness, cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die?"

"Never"

"Say it, then."

"Honest-to-goodness, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die."

She buried her face on his breast. "I dreamed about him last night, Hobby. Wasn't that queer? I hadn't thought of him before for months and months—weeks anyhow."

"A week, maybe?" suggested Hobby.

"Oh, more than that! Two weeks, at the very least. I—I hate to tell you," she whispered. "I—I dreamed I liked him almost as much as I do you!"

"Why, you brazen little bigamist!"

"Yes, I am—I mean, ain't I?" she assented complacently, for his arms belied his words. "But that's not the worst, Hobbiest—that's not nearly the dreadfulest. When I woke up I—I wrote some—some verses about my dream. Are you awfully angry? We'll burn them together after you read them."

"Woman, produce those verses! I will take charge of them as 'Exhibit A.'"

"And then you'll beat me, please?"

"Oh, no," said Hobby magnanimously. "That's nothing! Pish, tush! Why, Linoleum, I feel that way about lots of girls. Molly Sullivan, now ——"

"Hobby!"

"I always like to dream of Molly. One of the best companions for a dream ——"

"Only-est! Please don't!"

"Well, then," said Hobby, "I won't—on one condition: It is to be distinctly understood under no circumstances are you ever to call me Charlie. I won't stand for it. Dig up your accursed verses!"

This is what Hobby Lull read aloud, with exaggerated fervor, while Lyn huddled by the dying fire and hid her burning face in her hands:

Last night I kissed you as you slept,
For all night long I dreamed of you;
Lower and lower the hearth fire crept,
The embers glowed and dimmed; we two
Heard the wind rave at bolt and door
With all the world shut out and fast,
Doubted, hoped, questioned, feared no more,
And all we sought was ours at last.

I do not love you, dear. I never loved you,
Grudged what I gave, a wayward tenderness;
Yet in my dreams I wooed you with white arms
And lingering soft caress.
Now for all years to come I must remember,
When fires burn dim and low,
This false dear dream of mine, that stolen hour—
Your face of long ago.

I shall awaken in some midnight lonely,
I shall remember you as one apart,
How for one hour of dream I loved you only
And held you in my heart.
And you, through all the years since first you met me
Still let my memory gleam;
Oh, my old lover! Do not quite forget me!
I loved you—in my dream!

Hobby cleared his throat impressively and assumed measured judicial accents:

"This incriminating document proves—hah—hum ——"

"To the satisfaction of the court," prompted Lyn in a muffled voice.

"To the satisfaction of the court—I thank you! To the very great satisfaction of the court, this document, together with the barefaced manner in which you have brought this evidence to the cognizance of this court—it proves, little Lady Lyn, that you are compact all of loyalty and clean honor—and the sentence of this court is, imprisonment for life!"

He held out his arms, and the culprit crept gladly to prison.

"Yes," said Lyn. "I Do Like Him, Hobby—I Can't Help It. Just a Little Teeny Bit"

VI

COLE RALSTON rose up in a red windy dawn; he cupped his hands to his mouth and called out lustily: "Beds!"

All round, men roused up in the half darkness and took up the word, laughing, as they dressed: "Beds! Beds!"

The call meant that the wagon was to be moved today; that each man was to roll bedding and tarp to a hard and tight-roped cylinder, and was then to carry it to a stack by the wagon.

The cook bent over pots and pans, an active demon by a wind-blown fire; here already the bobtail ate their private breakfast, that they might depart in haste to relieve the last guard—now slowly moving the herd from the bed ground, half a mile away.

Cole moved over where Johnny Dines was making up his bed roll.

"Needn't hurry with that bed, Johnny," he said in an undertone. "You move the wagon to Preiser Lake this mornin'. Besides, you may want to hold something out of your bed. You're to slip away after dinner and edge over toward Hillsboro. Help Hiram bring his cattle back when he gets ready. Tell him we'll be round Aleman all this week, so he might better come back through Mac Cleod's Pass. I don't know within fifty mile where the John Cross wagon is."

Johnny nodded, abandoning his bed making. "*Bueno, señor!*" He took a pair of leather chaparejos from the bed, regarded them doubtfully and threw them back.

"Guess I won't take the chaps. Don't need them much except on the river work, in the mesquite; and they're so cussed, all-fired hot."

"Say, John, you won't need your mount, I reckon. Just take one horse. Lot of our runaway horses in the John Cross pasture. You can ride them—and take your pick for your mount when you come back. That's all. Road from Upham goes straight west through the mountains. Once you pass the summit you see your own country."

"Got you," said Johnny.

He went hotfoot to the wagon, grabbed a tin washbasin, held it under the water-barrel faucet and made a spluttering toilet—first man, since he had not rolled his bed.

The bobtail rode off at a laughing gallop. Daylight grew. The horse herd drew near with a soft drumming of trotting feet in the sand. Johnny rustled tools from the stacked tin plates and cups; he stabbed a mighty beefsteak with his iron fork; he added hot sour-dough biscuit, a big spoonful of hot canned corn; he poured himself a cup of hot black coffee, sat down on one of his own feet in the sand, and became a busy man.

Others joined that business. The last guard came in; the chattering circle round the fires grew with surprising swiftness. Each, as he finished, carried cup, plate and iron cutlery to the huge dishpan by the chuck box, turned his night horse loose, and strode off to the horse herd, making a noose in his rope. They made a circle round the big horse herd, a rope from each to each by way of a corral on three sides of it; night wrangler and day wrangler, mounted, holding down the fourth side. Grumbling day-herders caught their horses, saddled with miraculous swiftness and departed to take over the herd. The bobtail were back before the roping out of horses was completed. While the botbail roped out their horses Johnny and the two wranglers lured out the four big brown mules for the chuck wagon and the two small brown mules for the bed wagon, tied them to convenient soapweeds and hung a nose bag full of corn on each willing brown head. Last of all the horse wrangler caught his horse. The night wrangler was to ride the bed wagon, so he needed no horse.

The circle of men melted away from about the horse herd; there was a swift saddling, with occasional tumult of a bucking rebel; the horse herd grazed quietly away; the wranglers went to breakfast; even as they squatted cross-legged by the fire the last horse was saddled, the Bar Cross outfit was off to eastward to begin the day's drive, half a dozen horses pitching enthusiastically, cheered by ironical encouragement and advice bestowed on their riders. The sun would not be up for half an hour yet. Forty men had dressed, rolled their beds, eaten, roped out their day's horses in the half light from a dodging mob of four hundred head, saddled and started. Fifty minutes had passed since the first call of beds. The day herd was a mile away, grazing down the long road to Preiser Lake; at the chuck box the cook made a prodigious clatter of dish washing.

The Bar Cross had shipped the north drive of steers from Engle; the wagon had then wandered southward for sixty miles to Fort Selden, there to begin the south work in a series of long zigzags across the broad plain. This was the morrow after that day on which Charlie See had ridden to Garfield.

The wagon was halfway home to Engle now; camped on the central run-off of the desert drainage system, at the northmost of the chain of shallow wet-weather lakes—known as Red Lakes—lying east and south from Point of Rocks Hills. Elsewhere these had been considerable hills; ten or fifteen miles square of steepish sugar loaves, semi-independent, with wide straits of grassy plain winding between; but here, dumped down in the center of the plain, they seemed pathetically insignificant and paltry against the background of mighty hill, Timber Mountain black in the west, San Andreas gleaming monstrous against the rising sun.

Theoretically the Jornada was fifty miles wide here; in reality it was much wider; in seeming it was twice as wide. From Red Lakes as a center you looked up an interminable dazzle of slope to the San Andreas, up and up over a broken bench country to Timber Mountain, the black base of it high above the level of Point o' Rocks at its highest summit; and toward the north looked up and up and up again along a smoother and gentler slope ending in a blank nothingness, against which the eye strained vainly.

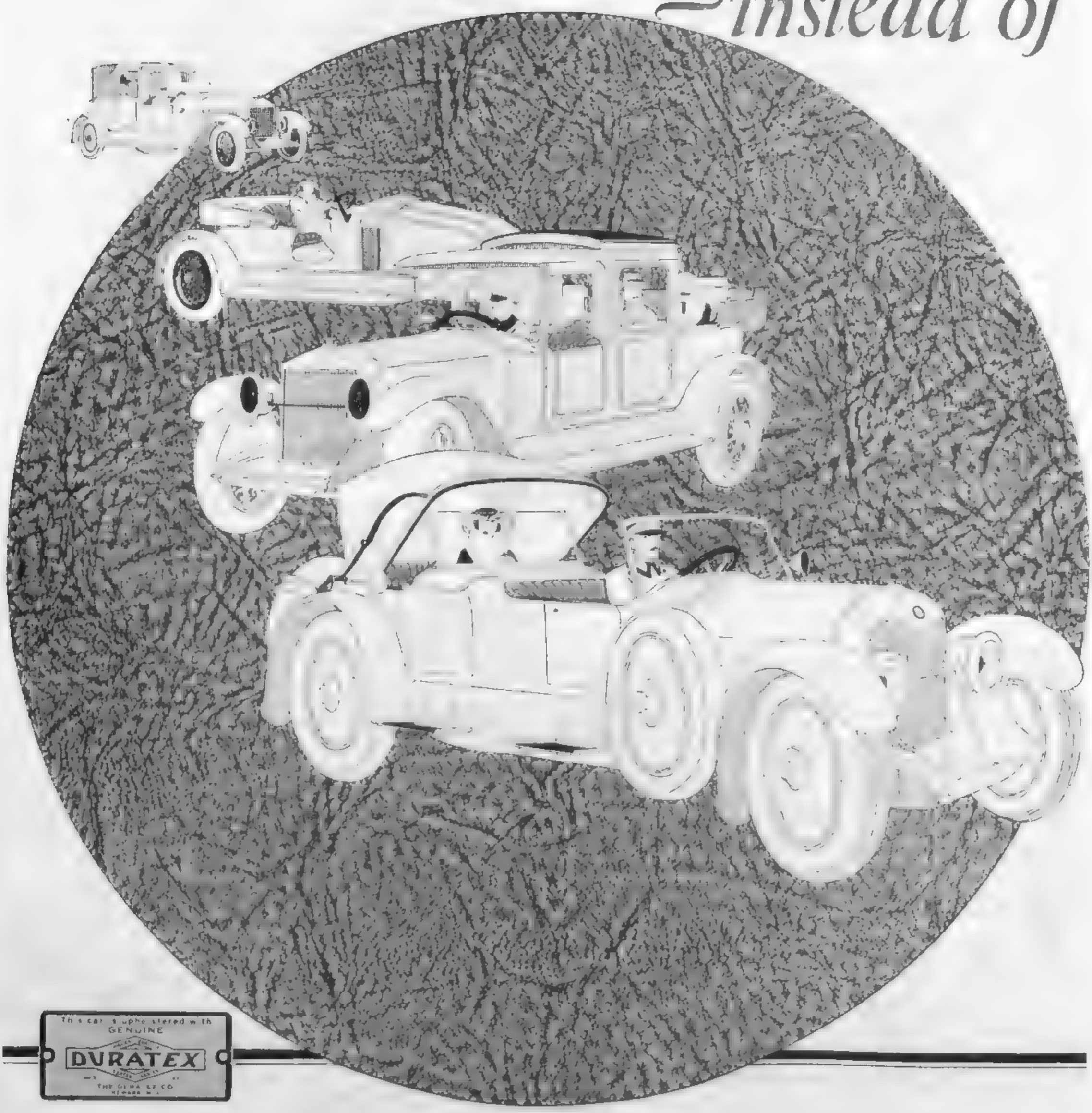
Johnny sipped another cup of coffee with the wranglers; he smoked a cigarette; he put on fresh clothing from his bed; he took his gun from his bed and buckled the belt loosely at his waist. His toilet completed, he rolled his bed. By this time the wranglers had breakfasted.

They piled the bed rolls high on the bed wagon and roped them tight for safe

(Continued on Page 142)

DURA

—instead of



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(Continued from Page 139)

riding; they harnessed and hitched the two small mules. The night wrangler tied the reins to the dashboard and climbed to the top of the stacked bedding.

"You see that these mules get started, will you, Pat? I'm going to sleep. They'll tag along after the chuck wagon if you'll start 'em once," said the night wrangler. Discipline did not allow the night wrangler a name. He stretched out luxuriously, his broad hat over his face.

Johnny and Pat—Pat was the horse wrangler—hitched the four mules to the chuck wagon, after which Pat rounded up his scattered charges and drove them down to the lake for water.

All this time the red-head cook had been stowing away his housekeeping, exactly three times as fast as you would expect three men to do it. A good cook, a clean cook, swiftest of all cooks, Enriquez—also despot and holy terror as a side line. Henry was the human hangnail. It is a curious thing that all round-up cooks are cranks; a fact which favors reflection. If it be found that cooking and ferocity stand in the relation of cause to effect, a new light is thrown on an old question.

The last Dutch oven was stowed away, the lid of the chuck box snapped shut and locked. Johnny tossed the few remaining beds up to the cook.

"Do we fill the barrel here, Henry?"

"No. Dees water muddy. Preiser Lake she am deep and clean. De company ees buil' a dam dere, yes. Han' me dees lines. You Mag! Jake! Rattle yo' hocks!"

With creaking of harness and groaning of axle the chuck wagon led off on a grass-grown road winding away to the northwest, a faint track used only by the round-up; travel kept to the old Santa Fe Trail, to the west, beyond the railroad. Johnny started the other team. Unguided, the bed wagon jounced and bumped over grassy hummocks until it reached the old road and turned in contentedly at the tail of the chuck wagon. The sleeping wrangler mumbled, rolled precariously on his high lurching bed and settled back to sleep.

Johnny laughed and rode ahead to help Pat. They drove the horses in a wide detour round the slow-grazing day herd. But the chuck wagon held the right of way over everything; when it came to pass the herd an hour or two later, it would be for the herd to swerve aside.

The sun was high and hot now; Preiser Hill, a thin long shadow, rose dim above the plain; Upham tower and tank loomed high and spectral, ahead and at the left.

"How do I get from Upham to the river, Pat? I'm new to this country."

"Wagon road due west to Mac Cleod's Pass."

"Can't see any passes from here."

"Naw. You slip into fold between the hills, and twist round like a figure three. Then you come to a big open park and Mac Cleod's Tank. Three draws run down from the park to the river. 'Pache Cañon, the biggest, runs north to nowhere; Redgate, on the left, twists round to Garfield. Wagon road goes down Redgate. And Deadman Draw, in between, bears due west and heap down, short and sweet. Riding?"

"Yep. Hillsboro. The middle draw will be the one for me, then."

By ten o'clock they watered the horse herd at Preiser Lake; the wagons toiled far behind. Half a mile away they picked the camp site, with a little ridge for windbreak, soapweeds to tie night horses to, wood handy, and a near-by valley to be a bed ground for the herd; a valley wide, open, free from brush, gully or dog holes.

They dragged up a great pile of mesquite roots and built a fire; Pat went to watch his horses and Johnny returned to the lake. Henry drove the wagon into the lake, hub deep; Johnny stood on the hub and dipped buckets of water, which he handed up for the cook to pour into the barrel.

While these two filled the barrel the grumbling night wrangler drove on to the fire; when the slow chuck wagon trundled up the nighthawk had unharnessed his span of mules, spread his roll in the cool shade under the bed wagon, and was already asleep. The cook tossed down the odd beds, handed down to Johnny certain pots, pans, ovens; he jumped down—slap, snap, clatter, flash!—the ovens were on the fire, the chuck box open, flour in the bread pan; Henry was at his profession, mixing bread on the table made by the open lid of the chuck box, upheld by a hinged leg which fell into place as the lid tilted down.

Johnny unharnessed; he unrolled a tarp which wrapped a quarter of beef, and hung the beef on the big brake; he filled the ten-gallon coffee kettle and took it to the fire.

"Henry," he said cautiously, "can you let me have some cold bread and meat—enough for night and morning? I'm for Hillsboro. Goin' to make a dry camp beyond the river somewhere. Hillsboro's too far and Garfield not far enough. So I don't want to stay at the settlements to-night. I'll lay out and stake my horse, I reckon. Got to find the John Cross wagon to-morrow, and it'll take me all my time—so I don't want to wait for dinner."

"Humph!" With a single motion Henry flirted a shovelful of glowing coals from the fire; a second motion twisted a small meat oven into place over those coals. A big spoonful of lard followed. "Rustle a can and boil you some coffee. Open can tomatoes; pour 'em in a plate. Use can. Ground coffee in box—top shelf. I'll have bread done for you when coffee boils!"

While he spoke his hands were busy. He dragged from the chuck box a dishpan full of steaks, cut the night before. With a brisk slap he spread a mighty steak on the chuck-box lid, sprinkled it with salt, swept it through the flour in his bread pan with precisely the wrist-twisting motion of a man stropping a razor, and spread the steak in the hissing lard.

"Cook you another bimeby for night," he grunted, and emptied his sour-dough sponge into the bread pan. A snappy cook, Henry; on occasion he had built dinner for thirty men in thirty minutes by the watch from the time the wagon stopped—bread, coffee, steak and fried potatoes—steak and potatoes made ready for cooking the night before, of course. Henry had not known he was being timed, either; he was that kind of a cook.

Johnny gave thanks and ate; he rolled a substantial lunch in a clean flour sack and tied it in his slicker behind the saddle. He rode to the horse herd; Pat rounded up the horses and Johnny snared his Twilight horse for the trip. Twilight was a *grullo;* that is to say, he was precisely the color of a Maltese cat—a sleek velvet slaty-blue; a graceful, half-wild creature, dainty muzzled, clean legged as a deer. Pat held Twilight by bit and bridle and made soothing statements to him while Johnny saddled. Johnny slid into the saddle, there was a brief hair-stirring session of bucking; then Twilight sneezed cheerfully and set off on a businesslike trot. Johnny waved good-by, and turned across the gray plain toward Upham. Looking back, he saw the van of the day herd just showing up, a blur in the southeast.

Six miles brought him to Upham—side track, section house, low station, windmill tower and tank; there was a deep well here. He crossed the old white scar of the Santa Fé trail, broad, deep worn, little used and half forgotten. A new and narrow road turned here at right angles to the old trail and led ruler-straight to the west. Johnny followed this climbing road, riding softly; bands of cattle stirred uneasily and made off to left or right in frantic run or shuffling trot. The road curved once only, close to the hills, to round the head of a rock-walled, deep, narrow gash, square and straight and sheer, reaching away toward Rincon, paralleling the course of the mountains. No soft water-washed curves marked that grim gash; here the earth crust had cracked and fallen apart; for twenty miles that gray crack made an impassable barrier; between here and the bare low hills was a No Man's Land.

Midway of the twisting pass Johnny came to a gate in a drift fence strung from bluff to bluff; here was a frontier of the Bar Cross country. He passed the outpost hills and came out to a rolling open park, a big square corral of cedar pickets, an earthen dam, a deep five-acre tank of water. About this tank two or three hundred head of cattle basked comfortably in the warm sun, most of them lying down. They were gentle cattle; Johnny rode slowly among them without stirring up excitement. "River cattle—nester cattle," said Johnny. There were many brands, few of which he had seen before, though he had heard of most of them.

A fresh bunch of cattle topped a riverward ridge; the leaders raised their heads, snorted, turned and fled; Twilight leaped in pursuit. "River cattle—*bosque* cattle—outlaws!" said Johnny. From the tail of his eye, as Twilight thundered across the valley, Johnny was aware of a deep gashed cañon heading in the north, of a notch in the western rim of the saucer-shaped basin, and a dark pass at the left. The cattle turned to the left. Johnny closed in on them, taking down his rope from the saddle horn. Twenty head—among them one Bar Cross cow with an unbranded calf some eight or ten months old. Johnny's noose whirled open, he drove the spurs home and plunged into a whistling wind. He drew close, he made his cast and missed it; Twilight swerved aside at the very instant of the throw, the rope dragged at his legs, he fell to frantic pitching. Johnny gathered up the rope, massaged his refractory mount with it, brought him to reason; in time to see a dust cloud of cattle drop into the leftward pass. Twilight flashed after. As they dived into the pass they came to the wagon road again.

"This is Redgate," thought Johnny.

They careened down the steep curves, the cattle were just ahead; Twilight swooped upon them, scattered the tailenders, drove ahead for the Bar Cross cow and her long-ear. A low saddleback pass appeared at the right, a winding trail led up to an overhanging promontory under the pass; below, the wagon road made a deep cut by the base of the hill. Distrusting the cut road as the work of man, the leaders took to the trail. Twilight was at their heels; at the crown of the little promontory Johnny threw again, and his rope circled the longear's neck. Johnny flipped the slack, the yearling crossed it and fell crashing; Johnny leaped off and ran down the rope, loosing the hogging string at his waist as he ran; he gathered the yearling's struggling feet and hog-tied them. Twilight looked on, panting but complacent.

"Look proud, now do, you ridiculous old fool!" said Johnny. "Ain't you never goin' to learn no sense a-tall? You old skeezicks! You've lost a shoe, too."

He coiled his rope and tied it to the saddle horn; from under the horn on the other side he took a running iron, held there by a slitted leather—an iron rod three-eighths of an inch in diameter, a foot long and shaped like a shepherd's crook. He gathered up dead branches of mahogany bush and made a small fire, cunningly built for a quick draft, close beside the yearling; he thrust the hook part of the branding iron into the hottest fire; and while it was heating he returned to give grave reprimand and instruction to Twilight. That culprit listened attentively, bright-eyed and watchful; managing in some way to bear himself so as to suggest a man who looks over the top of his spectacles while rubbing his chin with a thoughtful thumb. When the iron was hot Johnny proceeded to put the Bar Cross brand on the protesting yearling. Looking up, he became aware of a man riding soberly down the cañon toward him. Johnny waved his hand and shoved his iron into the fire for a second heating.

The newcomer rode up the trail and halted; a big red-headed man with a big square face and twinkling eyes. He fished for tobacco and rolled a cigarette.

"Thought I knew all the Bar Cross waddies. You haven't been wearin' the crop and split very long, have you?"

"They just heard of me lately," explained Johnny.

"I know that Twilight horse of yours. Saw him last spring at the round-up. Purty as a picture, ain't he?"

"Humph! Pretty is as pretty does." Johnny returned to his branding. "He made me miss my throw, and now I'm in the wrong cañon. I aimed to take the draw north of here, for Hillsboro."

The newcomer leaned on his saddle horn. "Deadman? Well, you could cross over through this pass if you was right set on it. But it's a mean place on the far side—slick, smooth rock. You might as well go on by way of Garfield now. You won't lose but a mile or two, and you'll have fine company—me. Or—say, if you're going that way, why can't you mail a letter for me? Then I won't have to go at all. I'd be much obliged to you if you would. That was all I was going for, to mail some location notices."

"Sure I will. I kind of want to see Garfield anyhow. Never been there. Crop and split the right. So that's done. I'll keep this piece of ear for tally."

The other took a large envelope from his saddle pockets and handed it over. Dines stuck it in the bosom of his flannel shirt.

"I ain't got no stamps. This letter'll need two, I guess. Here's the nickel. Will you please kindly stick 'em on for me?"

(Continued on Page 145)

One of the great Switchboards of a Metropolitan Central Power Station.

Central Power Stations—The Modern Prime Movers of Industry

SETTING a battery of boilers, putting up the steam lines and moving in the engines were the most significant operations in equipping a manufacturing plant a few years ago. For the steam plant was the heart of the works.

Today a crew of linesmen and electricians bring a feed cable in from the electric power mains and set up a switchboard—a power plant minus overhead, minus operating labor, minus everything but efficiency.

▽

Factory executives are beginning to recognize the isolated steam plant as a possible source of waste. They have learned to buy power at wholesale because they are economists. And because they are also specialists, they have come to regard the generation of power as a separate industry in which many great organizations have grown up and attained a proficiency not to be equalled by the manufacturer whose chief energies are centered upon his own specialized needs.

Central Station Service is the outgrowth of the economic trend toward centralization as a means of productive efficiency and cost restriction. Nowadays all industrial enterprises thrive in accordance with their application of this basic economic motive to their manufacturing and distributing processes.

And the central power station solves the fundamental operating problem of industry—*the economical source of power*, adding thereto the innumerable conveniences and advantages of electricity generated outside of the plant: no fuel perplexities, no shut-down contingencies, no engine room responsibilities to distract executives from their special interests.

Habirshaw has grown up with the power-generating industry. Today, in hundreds of great central stations, Habirshaw cables carry tremendous currents from whirring dynamo to industrial and community centers for light, heat and power, contributing to the prime demand of central station service—*the economical transmission of electrical power.*

▽

In Habirshaw laboratories, constant research adds new inventions and discoveries to the steady march of electrical progress, while Habirshaw plants consistently achieve new economies of cost by organization and volume production. And this in turn is augmented by the economies of distribution through the Western Electric Company whose great warehousing and sales organization reaches every active market of the United States.

Central station and traction executives, architects, electrical engineers, contractors and dealers know that anything electrical is reliably safeguarded against service failures when it is "wired with Habirshaw."

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
Yonkers, New York

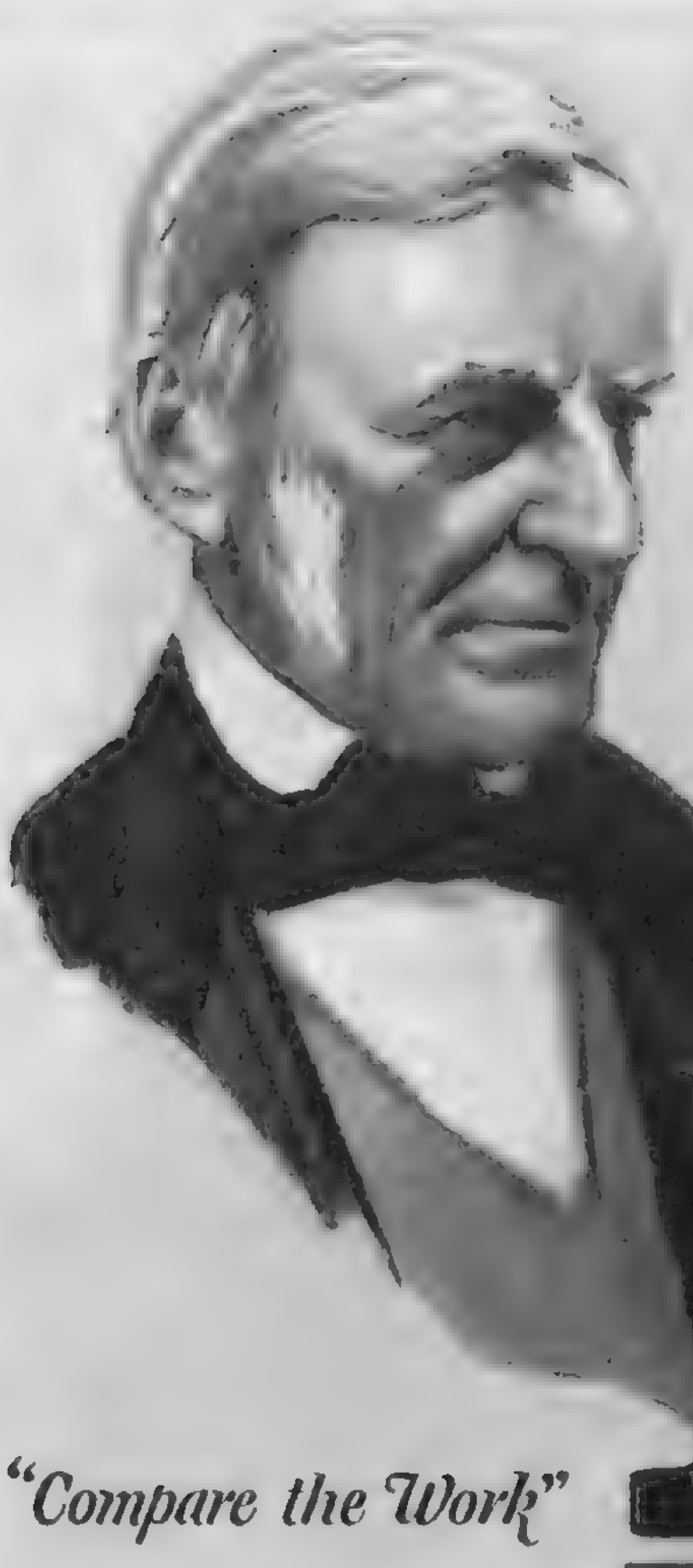
Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service



"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"

—*Emerson*

THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER could never have been produced without the enthusiasm of a great inventor. It is the direct result of a determination to design the finest machine of its kind in the world.

And its full measure of usefulness to mankind is made possible only by the equally enthusiastic ambition of every member of a great organization to realize the inventor's ideal.

Every piece of "Royal" mechanism is carefully wrought. An apparently unimportant manufacturing operation is of supreme significance to the critical eye and trained hand of a "Royal" craftsman. As a result, each Royal Typewriter is an actual "master" model of unexcelled quality. Its exclusive roller-trip escapement and accelerating typebars—its flowing carriage and automatic fractional spacer—these are some of the master mechanical achievements embodied in the Royal.

The enthusiasm that has made the Royal Typewriter possible is transmitted, in another form, to those who use it.

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ROYAL

TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 142)

"Sure," said Dines again. He undid the yearling's legs. "Now, young fellow, go find your mammy. Go a-snuffin'!"

The yearling scrambled to his feet, bellowing. Johnny jerked him round by the tail so that his nose pointed down the cañon; the newcomer jumped his horse and shook a stirrup and slapped his thigh with his hat; the yearling departed.

"Well, I'll be getting on back to camp," said the newcomer. "So long! Much obliged to you."

"So long!" said Johnny.

He waved his hand. The other waved answer as he took the trail. He jogged in leisurely fashion up the cañon. Dines paused to tread out the remaining fire, took up his branding iron by the cool end, and rode whistling down the cañon, swinging the iron to cool it before he slipped it to its appointed place below his saddle horn.

VII

"BETTER come along, and share my guilty splendor," urged Adam Forbes, toe to stirrup.

Charlie See shook his head. "Not none. Here I rest. Gold is nothing to me. I've got no time for frivolity. I want but little here below and want that little now. Say, Adam—don't you never carry a gun?"

"Naw. I take a rifle of course, for reindeer, snow dear, dear me and antelope—but I haven't packed a gun for two years. No need of it here. Well, if you won't side me you won't. I'm sorry, but you see how it is about me going right now," said Adam, swinging into the saddle. "The water in that little tank of mine won't last long, and there may not be any more rains this fall. So long! You just make yourself at home."

"Good luck, Adam. And you might wish me the same. While you're gone, I may want to make a little journey from bad to worse."

Adam gathered up his lead rope. "Good luck, Charlie." But a troubled look came to his eyes as he passed through the gate; in his heart he thought his friend rode late and vainly from Selden Hill.

The pack horse jogged alongside, his friendly head at Adam's knee. It was earliest morning and they were still in the fresh cool shadow of the low eastern hills. Farther north the enormous bulk of Timber Mountain loomed monstrous in the sky, and there the shadows were deep and dense, impenetrably black; there night lingered visible, brighter that in all the wide arc to westward benchland and mighty hill were drenched with sparkling sun.

Adam rode with a pleasant jingling of spurs. He passed through Garfield town, or town-to-be, remodeled from the old San Ysidro, the bare and grassless Mexican *plaza* changed to the square of a Kansas town by tree and hard-won turf, blacksmith shop and school, with a little store and post office, clustered for company on one side; business would fill up the three blank sides—like Columbus or Cherryvale. For there is no new thing beneath the kindly sun. Not otherwise, far from the plains of windy Troy, did Priam's son build and copy, in the wild hills of Epirus:

The little Troy, the castle Pergamus,
The river Xanthus, and the Scæan gate.

Fringing the townlet, new gristmill and new factory stood where the mother ditch was bridged. Beyond the bridge the roads forked. From the right hand a steep cañon came plunging to the valley, winding dark between red-brown hills. This cañon was Redgate; here turned the climbing road to Upham; and Adam Forbes followed the Redgate road.

At the summit he turned to the left across a corner of Mac Cleod's Park; he crossed a whorl of low ridges at the head of Apache Cañon and came to Hidden Tanks—a little limestone basin, now brimming with rainwater, perhaps a dozen barrels in all. Adam had fenced this in with a combination of stone wall and cedar brush, to keep cattle out. He now climbed to a little low cliff near by. There he had cached his outfit in a little cupboard of a cave, the floor of it shoulder high to him where he stood. Here he unpacked. He added to the cache his little store of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon and flour, all packed in five or ten pound baking-powder cans against the ravages of mice, gray squirrels and trade rats. The little deep cave gave protection against larger pests and shelter from rain. He rolled up his bedding, lifted it into the mouth of the cave and shoved it back.

Two empty five-gallon kegs were left of his pack; he had not dared to leave them in the cache, to fall apart in the dry and sun-parched air. These kegs he filled at the tanks and slung on the pack saddle; with them he made his way to the hill of his hopes. It was close by; he had hidden there his pick, shovel and the broad shallow basin used for panning gold. He hobbled the horses; by ten o'clock or a little later he was deep in the interrupted task of a month before.

Freakish chance had timed that interruption to halt him on the very brink of success. Before he had taken out a dozen pans he was in rich dirt. Noon found him shaken from the poise and mastery of years. Abandoning the patient and systematic follow-up system he pushed on up the hill, sampling at random, and finding each sample richer. The scant supply of water was nearly gone, the gold frenzy clutched at his heart. By sighting, he roughly developed the lines showing the probable limit of pay dirt, as marked by the monuments of his earlier labor; he noted the intersection of those lines, and there began a feverish panning with his remnant of water. He found gold in flakes, in scales, in millet-seed grains—in grains like rice at last! He had tracked down a pocket to make history with, to count time from. And the last of his water was used.

Adam sat down, trembling to think his find had been unprotected by the shadow of a claim for the last month; reflected then that it had lain unclaimed for some thousands of years, and with the reflection pulled himself together and managed a grin at his own folly.

He went back to his saddle. Tucked in the saddle pockets was a goodly lunch, but he did not touch that. He untied his coat and took out two printed location notices, several crumply sheets of blank paper and a pencil. He filled in the blanks as the location notice of the Goblin Gold Mine—original notice and copy. On the blank paper he wrote out four more notices, two originals and two copies, for the Nine Bucks Placer Claim and the Please Hush. For the Goblin Gold he wrote himself as locator, Charles See and Howard Lull as witnesses; he reserved this for the highest and richest claim. For the next below, Charles See was locator, Forbes and Lull were witnesses; and the third was assigned to Howard Lull, with See and Forbes to bear witness.

Adam paced off the three claims adjoining each other and built a stone monument at each corner, with a larger monument for the location papers at the center of each claim; the central monument of the Goblin Gold about where he had made the last panning. And then, even as he started to slip the first location notice in its monument, he lifted up his eyes and saw, across the tangled ridges, three men riding up from the deeps of Apache Cañon.

The cool judgment that had brought him safe through a thousand dangers was warped now by the fever and frenzy of gold lust; his canny instinct against disaster failed him in his need. There must be no shadow of irregularity on these claims, his hot brain reasoned; his find was too rich for chance-taking in the matter of mythical witnesses; yonder, by happy and unlooked-for chance, were witnesses indeed; he must have their names to his location notices, and then he would get the copies to Hillsboro for recording at the earliest; he would mail them in Garfield post office that very afternoon.

He reversed his pencil and erased the names of his fictitious witnesses; he saddled his horse and rode to intercept the three horsemen, half a mile away now, trailing slowly across the park toward Mac Cleod's Tanks. He waved them to stop. As he drew near he knew two of the men—Jody Weir, of Hillsboro, and Big Ed Caney, a deputy sheriff from Dona Ana County; two men he trusted not at all. Time was he would have deemed this conjunction sinister; to-day madness was upon him. The third was a stranger. Each man had a blanket and a bulging slicker tied behind his saddle. Evidently they carried rations for several days' camping.

"Hello, Adam!"

"You're another—three of 'em. Got any water in those canteens? If I was to do a piece of wishin', right now, I'd mention water first off. This is sure one old scorcher of a day! She's a weather breeder. Rain before morning, sure as snakes. I see thunderheads peeping up over the Black Range, right now."

(Continued on Page 149)

Corns are Folly

in these scientific days

© B & B 1929

Millions now keep free from corns

Every corn ache proves that you don't know what millions have discovered.

Corns are needless troubles. You may not prevent them, but you can end them quickly and completely.

Your friends have proved this—many of them—in this easy, gentle way.

Apply Blue-jay to it, the liquid or the plaster. It is done in a moment, by a touch.

The pain will stop then, and soon the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a day or two. It is almost as simple as removing a spot of dirt.

Anyone can prove this, quickly, on any corn. Once proved, it means the banishment of corns.

Dainty shoes become comfortable. Corn pads become needless. Joyous hours are free from pain.

Won't you find this out?

The modern way

Blue-jay was perfected by a chemist who spent 25 years in corn study.

It is made by a surgical dressing house of world-wide repute.

It is gentle but efficient, simple but sure. Harsh methods are unnecessary.

Stop paring corns, stop padding. Cease the old-time treatments. Learn by a test how Blue-jay has won millions.

Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

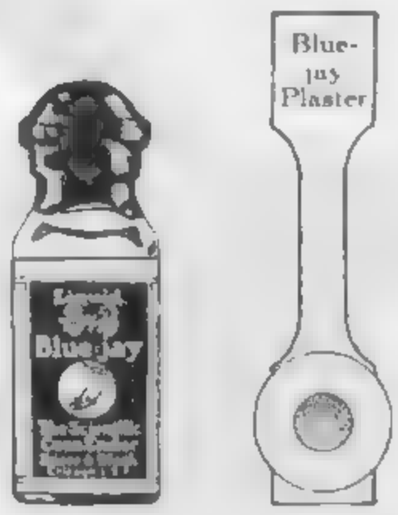
© B & B 1929

Touch the corn with Blue-jay and it goes

B&B Blue-jay

Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender



Liquid or Plaster

Blue-jay comes in both forms now. Tell your druggist which you want.

Both forms apply the same scientific method. Both are quick and easy—both are sure.

The corn pain ends and the corn comes out with either.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Meet Mr. Punch, the Hole Maker

The handiest tool you can have around the house. He's put to scores of different uses by men and boys whose sense of order makes them want to keep things around home ship-shape.

Mr. Punch is an Automatic Drill that works by a spiral twist. He puts a clean, smooth hole in any wood or plaster without fuss or bother. You push—he twists. Zip, the hole's made! Eight sizes of drill points are in the handle.

Meet Mr. Punch at your hardware dealer's. He costs $2.50.

All the Motor Tools You Need At the Time You Need Them

Serious delays, expensive repairs, often come from neglecting to take proper care of little things at the time they happen.

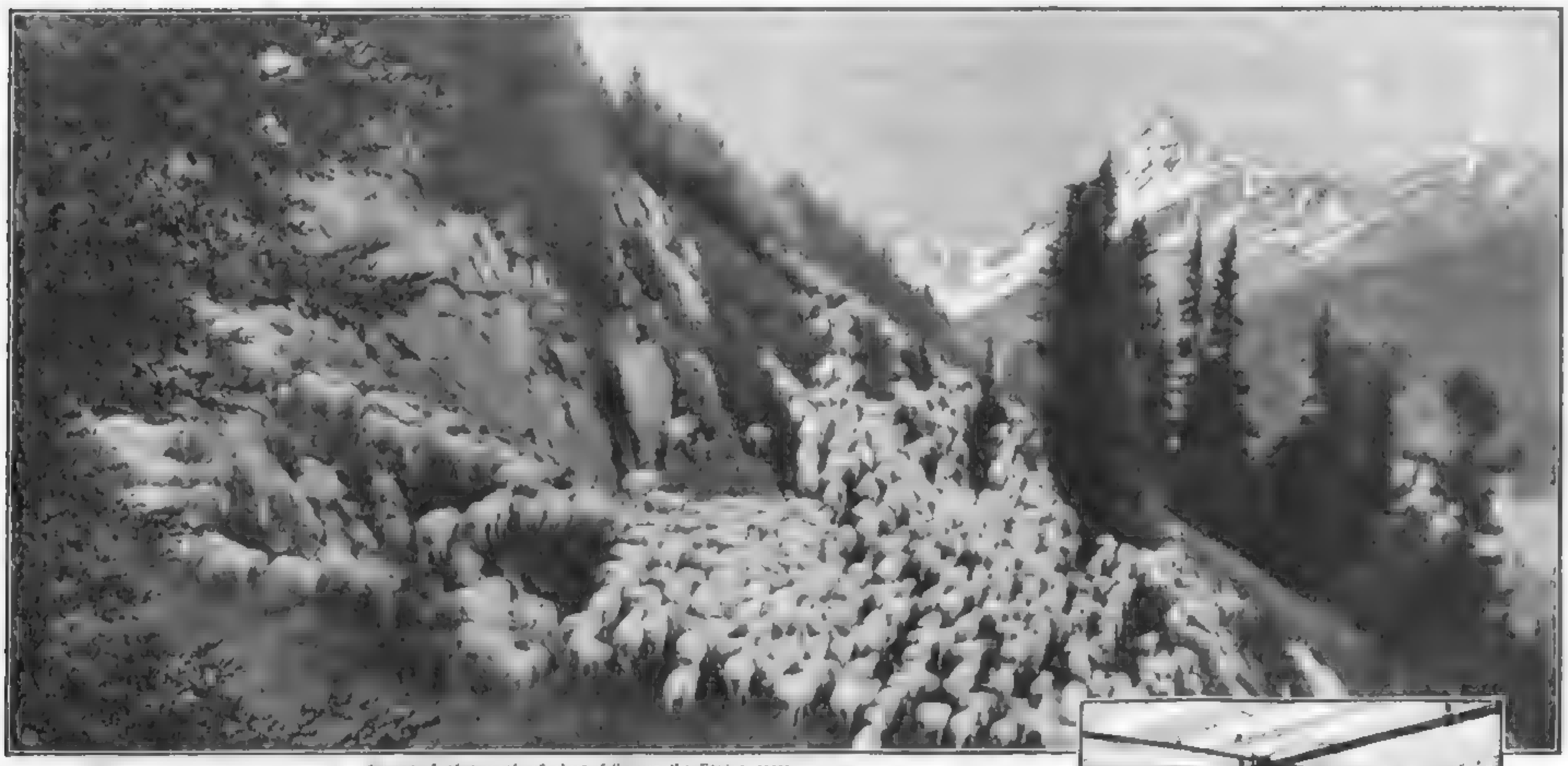
What is more exasperating than wishing to make some adjustment, slight repair, or tightening up—and then not have the right tool at the right time with which to do the job?

The various tools made by us for use on automobiles have been designed with unusual foresight to meet the requirement of every *ordinary* need for quick repairs and adjustments. The greatest care and precision have been observed in their making.

Goodell-Pratt Automobile Tools can be purchased singly as well as in kits. The advantage of buying them in kits is obvious. You *always* have *all* the tools you need at the *time* you need them.

Your dealer has Goodell-Pratt Tools in stock. If he hasn't the tool you want, he will order it for you. He knows that their excellence, their dependability, accuracy, and high quality are recognized the world over by those who know and appreciate high-grade tools.

Send for our *Free Booklet*, "Tools for the Motorist."



An actual photograph of sheep following the Spring grass—up—up—up—to the snow line in the mountains of the West

"Woven-where the Wool is grown"

WOOL that is grown on sheep in the mountains of the West, where the snow drifts high and the wind bites hard. Fleece that is thick and soft and warm—Nature's own protection against bitter cold. That is the kind of wool woven into Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens.

Overcoats, Mackinaws, Flannel Shirts, Motor Robes and Indian Blankets that bear Jacobs' Oregon City label are known for their wear-resisting qualities. The moment you feel their *heft and texture*, you realize *why they give such splendid warmth.*

Here, in the heart of the great wool country, we weave and tailor these woolens. Our designers are in constant touch with America's style centers. Jacobs' Oregon City quality goes all the way through—from the time the wool comes from the range until we sew the label in the finished product.

Many stores are featuring special departments of these Oregon City products. Men's stores from coast to coast are now showing new styles in Jacobs' Oregon City Overcoats and Mackinaws. Motor shops and blanket departments are displaying our new robes. Jacobs' Oregon City label is a guarantee of quality on woolens.

"Woven where the Wool is Grown"—an interesting booklet about Western woolens—will be sent to you upon request

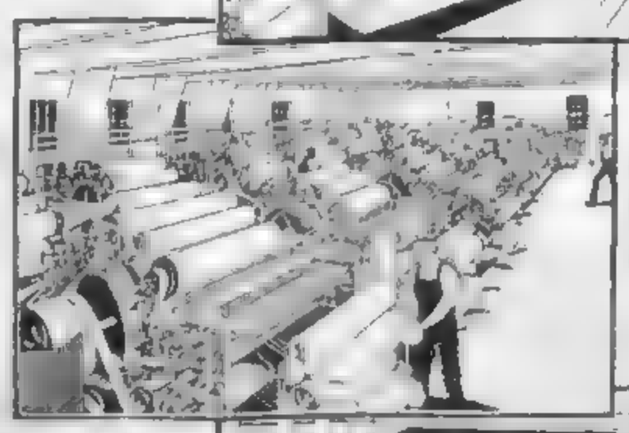
Oregon City Woolen Mills

Founded in 1864 by L. & R. Jacobs

Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

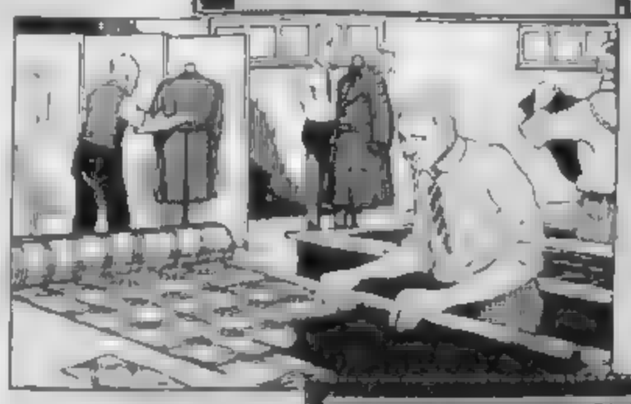
Sales Offices—New York Chicago Minneapolis
Portland Seattle Salt Lake City

The wool as it comes from the clippers' shears being graded at the Oregon City Woolen Mills



Carding the wool before it is spun and woven into Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

The great looms weaving Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens



Designing new models in Overcoats and Mackinaws which we make from Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

Overcoats
Mackinaws
Blankets
Motor Robes
Indian Blankets
Flannel Shirts

This label has stood for quality and service for more than half a century

(Continued from Page 145)

Caney handed over a canteen. "Drink hearty! You shore look like you'd been working, Adam."

Adam drank deep before replying.

"Working is right. Prospecting. Tired of farming—need a change. Say, I want you fellows to witness some location notices for me. Ride over on the next ridge and I can point out where the claims lay so you can swear to 'em—or ride over with me if you got time. I was just doing a little forgery when I saw your dust, for I wasn't expectin' to see a man up this way—not ever. I do reckon this is the lonesomest place in the world."

"Adam, meet my friend," said Jody. "Mr. Forbes, Mr. Hales. Now, Adam, no need for us to go over to your layout, is there? We can see your silly monuments. That's enough. No particular odds anyway, is it? I reckon half the notices on record have ghost signatures to 'em. Just as good as any. Nobody'll ever know the difference."

"Sure, that's all right—but seein' you happened along so slick, I thought I'd get your John Hancocks. Sign on the dotted line, please—where I rubbed out my forgeries."

"Any good, your mines?" asked Jody as they signed.

"Might be—will be, likely enough. Just struck pay dirt to-day. Lots of room if you want to try a whirl—all round my claims, any direction except down."

"Not to-day, I guess. Say, Forbes—you ain't seen any strangers this way, have you? Mexicans, mebbe?"

"Not any. But I just come up from the river. Hills might be full of people, for all I know. Water all round, after these rains."

"Look, now," said Jody. "We're doin' a little man hunt—and if you're hangin' round here prospectin', you may be able to give us a straight tip. Keep your eye peeled. There'll be a piece of money in it for you if you can help us out."

"Give it a name. But see here, Caney—this isn't Dona Ana County, you know. You're over the line."

"I'm not doing this official," said Caney. "Neither is Hales, here, though he is a deputy in Socorro County. We're private cits in this man's county—playin' a hunch. Here's the lay: There's been a heap of stealing saddles for a business lately—saddles and other truck, but saddles, wholesale, most particular. Got so it wasn't safe for a man to leave a saddle on a horse at night, down round Las Cruces."

"They got Bill McCall's saddle in Mesilla three months ago," broke in Jody, laughing. "So Bill, he went and broke a bronc backwards. Yes, sir! Broke him to be saddled and mounted from the wrong side. Only left-handed horse in the world, I reckon. Then Bill slips off down to Mesilla, ties his horse in front of Isham Holt's house about dark, and filters inside to jolly Miss Valeria. Pretty soon Bill heard a tur'ble row outside, and when he went out he found a Mex boy rollin' round in the street and a-holdin' both hands to his belly. Claimed he had the cramps, he did—but that's why we're rather looking for Mexicans."

"We figured they were a regular gang, scattered up and down, hurrying the stuff along by relays, and likely taking it down in old Mexico to dispose of," said Caney. "Then we hear that saddles are being missed up in Socorro County too. So Hales and me gets our wise heads together. Here is our hugeous hunch: This is lonesome country here, the big roads dodge the river from San Marcial to Rincon, 'count of it being so rough, so thieves wouldn't go by the Jornada nor yet take the big west-side roads through Palomas or Hillsboro. No, sir.

"They just about follow the other side of the river, where nobody lives, as far down as Engle Ferry. There or thereabouts they cross over, climb up Mescal Cañon and ooze out through the rough country east of Caballo Mountain. Then they either come through by Mac Cleod's and cross the river here again or they keep on down below Rincon to Barela Bosque. Maybe they save up till they get a wagonload of saddles, cover them up with a tarp or maybe some farm truck, and drive whistlin' down the big road to El Paso."

"Anyhow," said Hales, "the Cattle Association has offered an even thousand for information leading to conviction, and we're going to watch the passes and water holes—here and at Hadley Spring and Palomas Gap.

"If you help get the thousand you help spend it. That's right, ain't it, boys?"

The others nodded.

"Go with you, you mean?"

"No. You stay here—so long as you're here anyway—while we ride up the line. That way, one of us can go on and watch Mescal. We was one man shy before," said Caney. "Does it go?"

"It goes."

"Take your silly location papers then, and we'll ride. We're going across to have a look for tracks in Deadman first." He jerked his chin toward a notch in the hills, halfway between the head of Apache Cañon and the head of Redgate. "Then we'll go up by Mac Cleod's Tank and on through to the Jornada and up the east side of Timber Mountain."

"Me, I reckon I'll post my notice and then go mail the copies to the recorder's office," said Adam. "Thank'ee, gentlemen. *Adios!*"

Jody Weir pulled up his horse behind the first hill.

"Fellers, that man has made a strike! Didya see his face—all sweat and dust? Adam Forbes is not the man to rustle like that in this broiling sun unless he was worked up about something. He didn't act natural, nohow. He drawls his talk along, as a usual thing—but to-day he spoke up real crisp and peart. I tell you now, Forbes has found the stuff!"

"I noticed he didn't seem noways keen for us to go help post his papers," said Caney.

"Humph! I began noticin' before that," said Toad Hales. "Us signing as witnesses—that got my eye. Usually it makes no never minds about a witness to a mining claim. They sign up John Smith, Robinson Crusoe or Jesse James, and let it go at that. Mighty strict and law-abiding all of a sudden, he was! And going to record his papers the day of discovery—when he has ninety days for it? It's got all the earmarks of a regular old he-strike! I move we take rounders on him and go look-see."

"Cowboy—you've done said something."

They slipped back furtively, making a detour, riding swiftly under cover of shielding hills; they peeped over a hill crest beyond Adam's claims just in time to see him riding slowly away in the direction of Redgate.

"Gone to mail his notices to Hillsboro!" snarled Jody. "Some hurry! Come on, you—let's look into this."

They found pick and pan, stacked with the empty water kegs by the location monument of the Goblin Gold; they scraped up a small pan of dirt from one of the shallow holes of Adam's making; they poured in water from their canteens; Caney did the washing. He poured off the lighter dirt, he picked out the pebbles, he shook the residue with a gentle oscillating movement; he poured the muddy water cautiously, he shook the pan again.

"Sufferin' tomcats!" yelled Hales. "Gold as big as wheat!"

Caney's face went whity-green; he completed the washing with a last dexterous flirt and set down the pan with trembling hands.

"Look at that!"

Jody's eyes were popping from his head. "A pocket! Even if it plays out in a day—a day's work would make us rich for life!"

"Us—hell!" said Caney. "We get the crumbs and leavings. Adam Forbes knows what he's about. He's got the cream. Outside of his claims the whole damn mountain won't be worth hell room!"

Jody turned his eyes slowly toward Redgate.

"If we'd only known we might have horned in. Three of us—why, sooner than lose it all and get himself killed to boot, we might have split this fifty-fifty."

"We'll split this thirty-thirty!" Caney sprang to his feet. "Have you got the guts for it? Jody, this is your country—can we head him off?"

"If he goes round by the head of Redgate Cañon—and if we don't stay here talking—we can cut across through Deadman. There's a pass where Deadman and Redgate bend close together. It won't be a long shot—two hundred yards."

"Three shots! Come on!" Hales swung on his horse. "We've all got our rifles. Three shots! Come on!" He jabbed the spurs home.

It was not until they had passed the park that the others overtook Hales.

"Here, you, Hales—don't kill your horse!" said Jody Weir. "If he beats us to the pass we're not done yet. He'll come back to-night. He said so."

"You cussed fool! If he once gets those location notices in the mail we might as well let him go. We couldn't take the chances and get by with it."

"That's just it," said Jody. "Hi! Caney! Ride up alongside. Slow up, Hales! Listen, both of you. Even if he gets those papers in the mail the recorder need never see them. All I have to do is to say the word. I'm on the inside—sure and safe."

"Sure?"

"Sure and safe. If he beats us to the gap and comes back—well, you stop Adam's mouth and I'll be responsible for the papers. They'll never be recorded in this world!"

"Where's your stand-in? At Garfield?"

"Never you mind my stand-in. That's my lookout. A letter posted at Garfield to-night goes to Rincon by buckboard to-morrow; it lays over in Rincon to-morrow night, goes out on the High Line to Nutt on the nine-fifteen day after to-morrow, takes the branch line to Lake Valley, and goes from Lake to Hillsboro by stage. It don't get to Hillsboro till two in the afternoon, day after to-morrow. It takes as long from Garfield to Hillsboro as from Chicago. After—after—if we turn the trick—we can come back and post location notices for ourselves. Then we can beat it on a bee line for Hillsboro and record 'em."

"Aha! So it's at Hillsboro post office you're the solid Muldoon, is it?"

Weir's gun flashed to a level with Caney's breast. "That will be all from you, Caney! Your next supposing along those lines will be your last. Get me? Now or ever! Keep your mouth closed, and Adam Forbes' mouth. That's your job."

"Put up your gun, kid. I can't afford to be killed. I'm going to be a howlin' millionaire. I'll say no more, but I'm not sorry I spoke. You bein' so very earnest that way, I'm satisfied you can deliver the goods. That is what I want to know—for I tell you now, I don't expect to head Forbes off here. He had too much start of us—unless he dillydallies along the road or is delayed."

"If he comes back, won't he bring a gang with him? If he does we're done," said Hales. "That's why I'm willing to kill my horse to beat him to it. You two seem more interested in chewing the rag."

"Oh, that's all right! Jody and me, we've come to a good understanding," said Caney smoothly. Jody Weir glanced carelessly at the back of Hales' head, his eyes wandered till they met Caney's eyes and held steadily there for a moment; his brows arched a trifle.

"Well, here we are," announced Jody. "We'd better make the climb afoot. The horses are about done and they'd make too much noise anyway—floundering about. It's all slick rock."

They took their rifles from the saddles, they clambered up the steep pass, they peered over cautiously.

"Hell! There's two of them!" said Caney. "Get 'em both! Big stakes! This is the chance of a lifetime!"

Below them on a little shelf of promontory stood a saddled horse, a blue horse. A yearling was hog-tied there, and a branding fire burned beside. As they looked, a young man knelt over the yearling and earmarked it. Close by, Adam Forbes slouched in the saddle, leaning with both hands on the horn. He gave a letter to the young man, who stuck it into his shirt and then went back to the yearling. He loosed the hogging-string. The yearling scrambled to his feet, bawling defiance, intent on battle; the young man grabbed the yearling's tail and jerked him round till his head faced down the cañon. Adam Forbes made a pass with his horse and slapped with his hat; the yearling fled.

"Wait! Wait!" whispered Jody. "I know that man! That's Johnny Dines. Wait! Adam wants to get back and feel that gold in his fingers. Ten to one Dines is going across the river; I can guess his business; he's hunting for the John Cross. Adam gave him the location-papers to mail. If Adam goes back—there's your scapegoat—Dines! He'll be the man that killed Forbes!"

"Friend of yours, Jody?"

"Damn him! If they both start down the cañon you fellows get Forbes. I'll get Dines myself. That's the kind of friend he is. Get your guns ready—they'll be going in a minute, one way or the other."

"Curiously enough, I know Johnny Dines myself," muttered Hales. "Very intelligent man, Dines. Very! I would take a singular satisfaction in seeing young Dines hung. To that laudable end I sure hope your Mr. Forbes will not go down the cañon."

"Well, he won't! Didn't you see him give Dines the papers?" said Caney. "Lay still! This is going to match up like clockwork."

The men below waved their hands to each other in friendly fashion; Forbes

(Continued on Page 152)

CHAMPION

Champion No. 3450 Insulator

THRUST into the heart of the flame of the Bunsen Burner and held there for three minutes at a temperature of 2400° Fahrenheit, the Champion No. 3450 Insulator comes out of this fiery test absolutely uninjured.

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SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 149)

jogged lazily up the cañon; Dines stamped out the branding fire and rode whistling on the riverward road.

"Weir, you're dead sure you can pull the trick about the papers? All right, then—you and Hales go over there and write out joint location papers in the names of the three of us. Got a pencil? Yes? Burn the old notices, and burn 'em quick. Burn his kegs and turn his hobbled horse loose. We will bring his tools as we come back, and hide 'em in the rocks. Any old scrap of paper will do us. Here's some old letters. Use the backs of them. After we get to Hillsboro we'll make copies to file."

These directions came jerkily and piecemeal as the conspirators scrambled down the hillside.

"Where'll we join you?"

Caney paused with his foot in the stirrup to give Jody Weir a black look.

"I'll join you, young fellow, and I'll join you at our mine. Do you know, I don't altogether trust you? I want to see those two sets of location papers with my two eyes before we start. So you'll have lots of time.

"Don't you make no mistakes. And when we go, we go together. Then if we happen to find Adam Forbes by the fire where he caught young Dines stealin' a maverick of his ——"

"How'll you manage that? Forbes is halfway to the head of the cañon by this time."

"That's your way to the left, gentlemen. Take your time, now. I'm in no hurry and you needn't be, and our horses are all tired from their run. And you want to be most mighty sure you keep on going. For the next half hour nobody's going to know what I'm doing but me and God—and we won't tell."

Caney turned off to the right. Fifteen minutes later he met Adam Forbes in a tangle of red hills by the head of Redgate.

"Hi, Adam! We got 'em!" he hailed jubilantly. "Caught 'em with the goods. Two men and five saddles. Both Mexicans."

"They must have given you one hell of a chase, judging from your horse."

"They did. We spied 'em jest over the divide at the head of Deadman. There wasn't any chance to head 'em off. We woulda tagged along out of sight, but they saw us first. They dropped their led horses and pulled out—but we got close enough to begin foggin' lead at 'em in a straight piece of cañon, and they laid 'em down."

"Know 'em?"

"Neither one. Old Mexico men, I judge by the talk of 'em. Hales and Jody took 'em on down Deadman—them and the led horses—while I come back for you."

"Me? Whadya want o' me?"

"Why, you want to go down to represent for yourself. You know that odd bit of land, grown up to brush, that you bought of Miguel Silva?"

"Took it on a bad debt. What of it?"

"Why, there's an old tumbledown shack on it, and they've been using that as a store house, tha's all. By their tell they got eighteen assorted saddles hid there."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Adam, turning back. "That's a blame fine howdy-do, ain't it? How long have they been at this lay?"

"Four or five months. More'n that, south of here. But they just lately been extendin' and branchin' out."

"Making new commercial connections, so to speak. Any of the Garfield *gents* implicated?"

"One. Albino Villa Neuva."

Adam nodded. "Always thought he was a bad *hombre*, Albino."

"They're going to come clean, these two," said Caney cheerfully. "We told 'em if they'd turn state's evidence they'd probable get off light. Reckon we're going to round up the whole gang. Say, I thought you'd hiked on to Garfield. I started back to your little old mine, cut into your sign, and was followin' you up."

"Yes, I did start down all right. But I met up with a lad down here a stretch and give him my papers and shacked on back. Damn your saddle thieves, anyway—I sure wanted to go back and paw round that claim of mine. My pack horse is back there hobbled, too."

"Aw, nemmine your pack horse. He'll make out till mornin'."

Ahead of them the wagon road was gouged into the side of an overhang of promontory, under a saddleback pass to northward. A dim trail curved away toward the pass. Adam's eye followed the trail. Caney's horse fell back a step.

"There's where I found my mail carrier," said Adam; "up on top of that little thumb. A Bar Cross waddy, he was—brandin' a calf."

Caney fired three times. The muzzle of his forty-five was almost between Adam's shoulders. Adam fell sidewise to the left, he clutched at his rifle, he pulled it with him as he fell. His foot hung in the stirrup, his horse dragged him for a few feet. Then his foot came free. He rolled over once, and tried to pull his rifle up. Then he lay still with his face in the dust.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"15,000 miles and not a day in a repair shop"

"They say I am lucky, but I know it isn't luck—any motorist can do the same"

"I DRIVE this car 80 to 100 miles a day — winter and summer, spring and fall—through snow and slush, mud and dust—every mile over unimproved roads.

"The speedometer shows 15,000 miles—and the car hasn't spent a day in a repair shop.

"Others can get this kind of service, too, if they will do a few simple things from time to time.

"It is NEGLECT that puts cars out of commission — just giving them water, oil and gas isn't enough.

"Neglect shows itself in difficult starting, the engine going 'dead' when coasting, skipping, sluggishness on hills, bucking at low speeds.

"Any one of a dozen common troubles is a warning that something is wrong. And neglect *always* makes things worse.

"To detect trouble at the outset—before it gets serious—my G-Piel is an absolutely indispensable aid."

With the G-Piel you can tell instantly whether your trouble is in the motor or is due to backpressure from a clogged muffler. With the G-Piel you can cut down carbon by keeping your carburetor adjusted to a lean, clean-burning mixture. And when blowing out your motor with kerosene, wood alcohol or other "carbon removers," the G-Piel Cut-Out keeps the loosened deposit out of the muffler.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint" and it helps cool a hot engine.

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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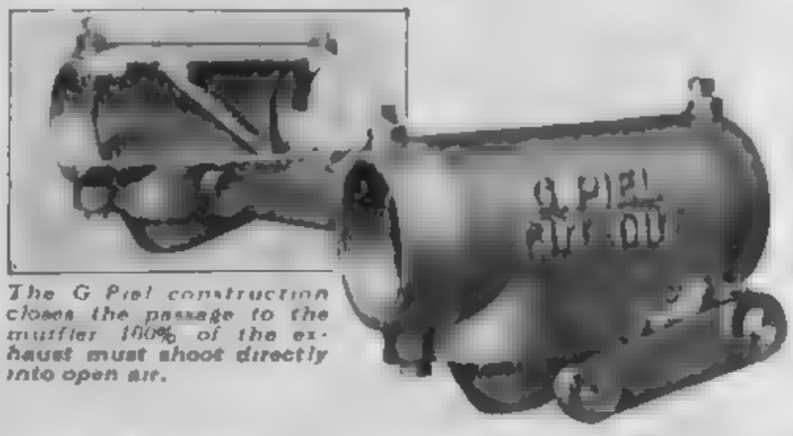
The G Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

Only when the sole is branded like this, is it an ***Educator***

Have Feet Fit to Grow Up On

A CHILD'S foot-bones ought to grow up *naturally*. Straight. Not bent to conform to narrow, pointed-toed shoes. Most parents know this.

Yet they go on, year after year, putting their *own* hard-working feet into *unfit* shoes. Educators are fit shoes—made to fit feet. That's why they "let the feet grow as they should." Young feet or old feet, in Educators, are never bothered with corns, bunions, callouses, fallen arches, in-growing nails.

Find the Educator store near you, and get Educators for the whole family. Buy your children's life-freedom from foot-ills, and your own speedy relief. A pleasant surprise awaits you, too, when you discover how *good-looking* Educators are.

Remember, though, that *all* broad-toed shoes are not Educators. You must look for the trade-mark EDUCATOR on the sole—that's your guarantee of a genuine Educator.

Write for "**Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet.**" Here's a free book that contains unexpected information about shoes and feet—facts you never had before. Send for it, today.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN, *and* CHILDREN

Educators for Boys, in the Easy, Good-Looking Blucher Style

"THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE"

(Continued from Page 5)

national policy, while the exportation of German coal fell under the control of the Reparations Commission. Every act of the Reparations Commission that directs the products of Germany's energy toward Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy diverts them from the neutral nations. The business relations of the neutral nations and Germany are to no inconsiderable extent under the surveillance of the Reparations Commission.

The memory of man is short. Smarting under the irritation of business friction, the inhabitants of the neutral nations contiguous to Germany are forgetting that by the defeat of Germany the Allied and Associated Powers rescued them from complete economic subjugation to Germany.

Opinion in Belgium is definite and objective. The Belgians believe that the Allies failed to back them in their controversy with Holland. The treaty of peace has given them far less in amount and priority in reparation than they had been led to expect, particularly in view of Germany's especial pledge to restore Belgium. The conference at Spa did not improve the Belgian position.

The Belgian press holds Great Britain, specifically Lloyd George, responsible for their disappointment. Nevertheless, with the placid psychology of the lowlands, little outcry has been made and the nation has grimly gone to work. Despite extraordinary efforts internally, the Belgian franc remains close to the French franc in value; and most Belgians seem convinced that hidden forces prevent their franc from rising faster than the French franc. Belgium's participation in the commodity loans to Austria and Poland was a splendid piece of altruism. The best opinion in Belgium is that a small reparation quickly paid would be much preferable to deferred larger payments.

Opinion in Italy is easily stated. Italy has few Francophiles. Her entering the war was largely due to the influence of Great Britain. The Italian people realize that they will receive no indemnity from the remnants of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Italy's share of the German indemnity cannot be more than ten per cent. The nation is far more interested in the coal clauses than in reparation. After the accession of Nitti to power, official Italian policy was characterized by exceptional economic soundness. There are basic reasons for this. Unlike France, which contemplates an intact Germany, Italy views in the morcellation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the final disintegration of the Hapsburg dynasty and policy.

German Views on Reparation

Italy's chief reason for entering the war was conflict with Austria-Hungary over the Adriatic. Austria-Hungary having disappeared, Italy finds that she has a new Adriatic problem on her hands, whose motivation is not of Teutonic origin. Whatever influence Germany and Austria have in the Balkans is on the side of the Italians against the Jugo-Slavs. Italy's antagonism to Greece has had the effect of making her considerate to Bulgaria. Her long association with Germany in the Triple Alliance resulted in the establishment of many commercial ties.

Italians think economically more like the Germans than the French. Italian socialists are much closer to the German than to the French socialists. Germany is more important than France to the economic reconstruction of Italy. The German banking and trading connections are being rapidly revived. Like the United States and unlike France, Italy had no traditional enmity to Germany. Unlike France, Italy finds that the war did not leave her facing a specter of national fear.

All of this has tended to make the Italians amenable to a tolerant and considerate construction of the economic clauses of the Treaty of Peace. Side by side with their divergent views on Germany, the development of international events has had the effect of making Italy and France more and more competitive for the favor of the United Kingdom. Economically Italy is at the mercy of England, particularly in the matter of coal. France has few favors to extend to Italy. These are external considerations, but they support the economic position of the government.

Opinion in Germany seems entirely single when projected in her foreign propaganda. Interiorly, however, one observes surprising shades of opinion on reparation in general and Keynes' book in particular. Of course the book was everywhere welcomed as an argument in Germany's favor, though not *the* argument. And appearing when it did, it was soon forged into a weapon of offense by the Foreign Office. Had the Reparations Commission been able to accomplish anything; had the meetings in San Remo, Paris, Boulogne and Hythe accomplished any clarification of the situation, the book would have lost influence. But with many of the predictions of Keynes verified in the interval, the doctrines of the author stood in the foreground in the deliberations at Spa.

Their views on reparation seem to divide the Germans into three groups. In the first group are socialists, liberals, democrats and a small fraction of the intellectuals. They believe Germany is under moral obligation to pay reparation; and that when the figure is properly determined the best efforts of the nation should be devoted to the fulfillment of the task.

The members of the second group, to which belong men of all classes, have no moral motive. They recognize that reparation is politically inevitable; acknowledge that the reëstablishment of equilibrium in European affairs hinges on the indemnity, and that banking and trading will not be stabilized until the question is settled. They try to hold the figure for indemnity as low as possible, but above all strive for quick decision as the prime factor in meliorism.

Guerrilla Warfare on Indemnity

The third group, including the remnants of the military caste, aristocrats, the clericals, the classes of means, the university circles, the agrarians and in general the conservatives, opposes payment of any indemnity. They profess to regard the devastations in the occupied areas and elsewhere as having been dictated purely by military needs and therefore not calling for indemnity, despite the armistice terms. If they had the war to fight over again they would do it in the same way. They have discovered a new rule for peace—to begin this time—that the loser in war should pay no damages. Recognizing that the well-being of Germany is indispensable to the well-being of Europe, and convinced that Germany can endure hard times and a low standard of living as well as or better than the other nations of the Continent, the members of this group believe in guerrilla warfare on indemnity. They would protest every step, contest every ruling, embarrass every negotiation, jeopardize every understanding and break every agreement.

The difficulty of estimating the actual strength of these parties is what makes dealing with Germany difficult. Keynes gives the impression of believing that few Germans belong to the third group. The French have the fear that all Germans belong to the third group.

Before the war, banking, manufacture and trading were on sound economic foundations in Germany. The masses were economically well disciplined, and therefore one is prone to believe that, merely as an indication of good sense, the Germans would fulfill a moderate program of indemnity.

"We are the best workmen in the world and this will be our salvation," cries Ostwald.

On the other hand, the relations between labor and capital in Germany are very taut. The workmen might be found more willing to work for reparation than for their own capitalists. There is indeed a strong feeling in German labor circles that the industries of Northern France should be rebuilt for the sake of the French workmen. The working classes are bitter because the foreign securities held by the wealthy classes were permitted to flee the jurisdiction of the German authorities so that they cannot be requisitioned for purposes of indemnity.

The writer heard one of the best-informed labor leaders in Germany state that according to his information more than two billion dollars in foreign securities, the property of German citizens, were safely cached in neutral countries. Under these circumstances the capital-tax levy that was attempted by Erzberger encountered insuperable obstacles, because it became clear that the capital most exposed to levy was active industrial working capital, levy on which would directly injure production.

Naturally, fierce controversy occurs whenever an indemnity is to be paid. The laboring classes wish the urban capitalists and the agrarians to pay it. Each of these wishes the other to pay it. The Allied and Associated Powers act on the assumption that they are dealing with a united country; in fact, they are dealing with a Germany very much divided against itself.

Educated Germans regard the coal question as more important than reparation, unless the figure were to be very high. Contrary to popular opinion, German prosperity was built round coal and steel, not round potash, toys and dyes. Though gratefully accepting any reduction in indemnity that Keynes may procure for them, German industrialists appreciate far more highly his attack on the coal clauses of the treaty. Not that they agree with them technically, but merely because they are convinced that a period of subnormal coal production lies before Europe, and that even a relatively slight monopoly in coal will lead to economic supremacy.

The men of this class do not agree with Keynes when he says, referring to Alsace-Lorraine: "There is no question but that Germany must lose these ore fields. The only question is how far she is to be allowed facilities for purchasing their produce."

One of the masters of industry of Germany discussed this point with unusual frankness with the writer. The recovery of Germany he regarded as impossible if the ore fields belonged to France. Germany already imported her copper, nickel, tin, rubber, petroleum, cotton, jute, silk and a great deal of wool and hides. She could not in addition import the larger part of her iron ore. A manufacturing nation must control some raw materials; it cannot be entirely dependent on imported basic materials, contributing only coal and labor.

Germany's control of key industries in other countries before the war was done for the purpose of safeguarding her in her dependence on imported basic materials. The Germans do not believe they can procure from France the minette they require. They were able to secure no stipulation in the treaty; they have now no more claim on the ore of Lorraine than they have on that of Río Tinto or Lake Superior. They do not believe that France will permit free flow of the ore on the basis of supply and demand. Only with Prussian discipline were the Germans able before the war to attain the necessary plane of production; they do not believe that the French will be able to enforce this discipline and secure the results. They foresee underproduction of minette and the deficit will fall upon Germany.

A Nation Between Two Terrors

The writer inquired whether he was expected to make the interpretation that the transfer of Lorraine to France was the Carthaginian act of the treaty. To this the magnate replied frankly that Germany could not recover without possession of the ore fields. He was unable to understand why Keynes should argue so vigorously for German coal without assuring her of ore to mix with coke in her furnaces.

The Germans are highly edified at Keynes' proposal of cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness. Germany's loans to her allies history has already canceled. They applaud his proposal for an international loan. They are not so certain about the bonfire of paper money. They welcome Keynes' views on the necessity for the reëstablishment of the relations of Germany and Central Europe with Russia. But they do not pretend to be surprised when Lloyd George talks trade relations with Russia before the Reparations Commission has allowed Germany to undertake trade with Russia.

The Germans express disappointment that in the Keynes program of remedies there is not an Item Five, entitled Return of Ships to Germany. They are unable to understand how a writer so desirous of increasing their earning power did not realize that Germany ought to have the right to ship her commodities, not merely manufacture and deliver them f. o. b. to ships of Great Britain and the United States.

The Germans are very desirous that the United States ratify the treaty of peace. Independent peace with the United States is not advocated by Germany. In particular, American representation is desired on the Reparations Commission. As at present constituted, the Germans complain that the Allies on the Reparations Commission spend most of the time quarreling with each other and the rest of the time quarreling with them. The presence of an American would lend to the commission one objective mind and one impartial voice. At the same time the Germans expect to encounter more difficulty in reëstablishing trade here than in the United Kingdom.

"The British are internationalists in business, the Americans nationalists; and the Americans will retain their war sentiment, including prejudice against German goods, far longer than the British."

The French were not surprised at the appearance of the book of Keynes. The appearance of some such book by a British author had indeed been predicted. Since reading the book the French are confirmed in the view, long held by the men who came in contact with Keynes, that he was not keenly sympathetic with the crucial difficulties of the position of France. At the close of the war France stood between two terrors—economic terror in the present and military terror in the future. There were of course bitter-enders who wished a Carthaginian peace, just as there were in the United Kingdom, Belgium and the United States. But the true sentiment of France sought nothing more than security.

The Courage of the French Peasant

The population of the present Germany is nearly sixty-five millions; that of France little more than forty. The German birth rate is higher than the French. The Teutonic nature is more rugged, the physique more resistant, the character more disciplined. The recovery of Prussia after the Thirty Years' War stands out as an illustration of Teutonic come-back.

The industries of Germany were more highly developed than those of France. The relative loss of man power was much greater in France than in Germany. Industrial Northern France is devastated, the region of the Rhine has not a scratch. The productivity of the country in agriculture has been more crippled than in Germany.

With the aid of the Allies of France, Germany was defeated. She did not surrender and has not the psychology of defeat. The French fear Germany is marking time and will return to the attack when she thinks the present Allies of France will not support her. Innumerable German acts confirm this fear. Some things suggest to the French the fear that her Allies were her Allies merely in this war and not in her relations with Germany as such.

Italy has already drifted to one side. The war having established the security of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United Kingdom gives signs that her direct alliance with France against Germany lacks the validity of a present historical relationship. The United States is too distant for even intelligent Frenchmen to count upon it in advance.

If the war had gone on to the surrender of Germany the psychology of both Germans and French would be different. Overwhelmed by their losses, tortured by their sufferings, distracted and desperate in the seeming irreparability of their economic situation, with fear of the Prussian stronger than before the war, the French people are to a most pathetic extent unable to think, and only react to feelings. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that they lack objectivity. Seeing themselves face to face with internal and external bankruptcy, they look for the reparation that the world has agreed should be given to them. They find themselves confronted by the situation in which to procure reparation they must themselves nurse the defeated enemy back to strength. The French realize just as well as Keynes that blood cannot be got from a turnip. They know they cannot have revenge and reparation; that Germany cannot be punished and at the same time made to pay.

It is true that French politicians have handled the case very badly. They have led the people to believe that most impossible sums would be obtained. French politicians have used the promise of reparation

(Concluded on Page 157)

Children *will* wake up with the chickens *before the house is warm*

YOUNGSTERS in the early morning hours are a great deal like newly hatched robins. "Breakfast" is their only thought, and they can't wait till the regular heating system gathers headway to heat the whole house. But with a Perfection Heater glowing merrily alongside the highchair, you needn't be afraid of colds and chills. "Keep warm and keep well" is a good motto for old and young.

What is Selective Heating?

You have often heard the expression "Don't try to heat all outdoors." But it's almost as expensive to heat all *indoors*. That's why the Perfection way of heating is the scientific and economical way. It is *selective* heating. You very seldom need more than a room or two heated to 70° or 72°. Sometimes it's the sewing room and sometimes the nursery, and *there* you carry your Perfection heater.

The furnace or base-burner will keep the rest of the house at a somewhat lower temperature without eating up your coal unnecessarily. Use a low fire in your furnace or base-burner for general heat —for water pipes, floors and halls. Then use the Perfection for *comfort heat*, in the rooms you actually occupy. *That* is selective heating.

10 Hours of Heat on a Gallon of Kerosene

The Perfection Oil Heater will burn for about 10 hours on a gallon of kerosene oil. The wick is so adjusted that it cannot burn up short—patented wick guides—an exclusive feature, with Perfection heaters—always keep the wick at the bottom of the oil. The Perfection can be carried easily from room to room, and it is simple, strong and up-to-date in every particular.

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Four million Perfection Heaters are now in use and are protecting thousands of homes daily against the perils of a fuel shortage. Buy your Perfection now and end all fuel worries.

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Perfection Heaters are sold by progressive hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Ask your dealer to show you Perfection models handsomely finished in blue or black, or write to us for booklet "Warm Rays for Cold Days."

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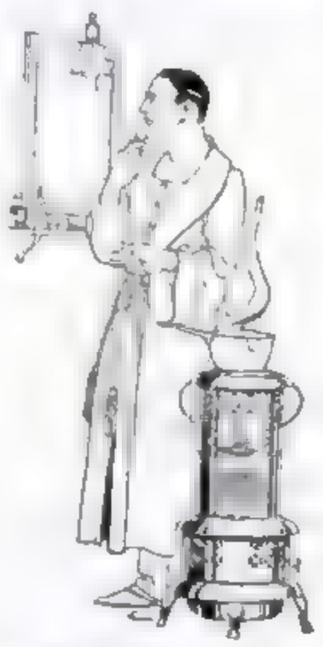

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Now taste baked beans—*toasted!*

A wholly new process—a wholly new flavor and tenderness!

LIBBY chefs have discovered a way to give beans a new tastiness, a wholly new richness of flavor.

Never before, neither in home kitchens nor by commercial chefs, have beans been cooked in just this way—to this deliciousness.

Baked beans—toasted!

Baked—*really baked*, in ovens in slow, dry heat. Baked to the mealy tenderness of well-done baked potatoes, and to the same delectable oven-sweet fragrance.

Then toasted by a special Libby method!—for that flavor of flavors that only toasting gives. A flavor that smacks of deep-browned roast meat, of the nut-like flavor of Dutch oven bread.

This toasting *browns* them too, as toasting browns bread. And it gives them a crisping as dainty and light as a bit of flaky pie crust.

And then to top it all off, there's the pork—and sauce!

The pork from sugar-cured young porklings. The sauce itself an achievement for Libby chefs.

For dinner *tonight*—Libby's Oven Baked Beans! See what wonderful new flavor Libby has given this nourishing dish.

Your grocer has them or will gladly get them for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 509 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's

(Concluded from Page 154)

as an anodyne. Klotz, who was minister of finance during the critical year after the close of the war, failed utterly in statesmanship and leadership. He was afraid to tax, restrict imports or hold down expenditures. Month by month the internal situation went from bad to worse, awaiting reparation in terms of the fantastic figures of Klotz. It finally devolved upon his successor to tell the people that reparation in cash would not be available at present and that American loans could no longer be procured. But a year of precious time had been wasted. The policy of the present cabinet of France is sane, constructive and courageous. And the wonderful peasant class, true to the tradition of centuries, strives to the uttermost for the salvation of the country.

The French are not a unit on the question of indemnity, any more than on that of the League of Nations. The liberals are in favor of the league, the conservatives and radicals are opposed. The conservatives favor heavy indemnity, the liberals are moderate and economically minded; the radicals are inclined to oppose the imposition of indemnity, except such as the workers of Germany may offer. French radicals are quite close to those of Germany, and despite the straits of France they are not inclined to impose upon Germany anything that will increase the burden of her working classes. Naturally this is treason from the viewpoint of the peasant.

The French position simmers down to this: Can an indemnity be paid that will approach the losses of France through devastation and at the same time not result in such recovery of Germany as to restore her power as a military nation? The French criticism of Keynes' book states the same thing in another way. The French object to the book because it is confined to economic reconstruction and pays no attention to national security. They have little fault to find in the economic argument; the fault lies in the absence of national safeguard.

France's Fear for the Future

If the proposals of Keynes were carried into execution, and in twenty years Germany had paid ten billion dollars indemnity and emerged from the struggle the strongest nation in Europe, what is there in the philosophy of Keynes to prevent them from turning round and attacking France? The next time the Germans would be wise enough not to invade Belgium or involve England, and there would be no Eastern front. In such a contest between Germany and France alone the outcome could not be doubted.

What assurance is there, unless agreements exist to that effect, that Great Britain and the United States would espouse the cause of France? The United Kingdom possesses a security against Germany that cannot be thus jeopardized. France alone possesses no security within herself. To ask France under such circumstances to nurse Germany back to strength is to expect almost the superhuman, and predicates in France a faith in Germany for which German history gives no warrant.

The position of the intelligent Frenchman from the beginning has been recognition on the economic side that the recovery of Germany must be aided by modification of the treaty, that the productive capacity of Germany is indispensable to the well-being of Europe, and that France is ready to aid in that direction; but he insists that the program must also contain provisions for national security in the future.

When one has been in position to study France during and after the war, one readily understands that in the present condition of the French nervous system, as the result of what has been suffered, if the average man were given the choice between blowing up with Europe now and going through another war with Germany twenty years from now, he would choose the former.

The splendid isolation of Great Britain protects her from the necessity of visualizing such alternatives. And despite many sympathetic references to France in the book of Keynes, the writer is convinced that Americans conversant with the situation in France will agree with the French in the feeling that Keynes, though not overstressing the importance of economic reconstruction, underestimates gravely the necessity of national security. It is equally clear that Keynes does not solve the terrific budgetary problem of France by pointing out that her taxes are too low; the problem of France is not to be solved by taxation.

Coming now to the particular proposals of Keynes, the French interpose objections that will find favor with American readers. In the nature of the general argument it is certain that it is not France alone that stands between Germany and recovery. France has recovered Alsace and Lorraine, has temporary possession of the Saar, receives certain deliveries of coal over a period of years, and is to receive about half the sum fixed for reparation.

Problems Solved by a Bonfire

The United Kingdom, or rather the British Empire, is to receive about a fourth of the sum fixed for reparation. She has, in fact if not in theory, taken over the shipping, banking, international trading, cables and the colonies of the German Empire.

Keynes points out that in the five years ending 1913 the value of Germany's exports did not equal that of her imports. During the same period Keynes estimates the profits of her shipping, international banking and foreign-trade connections at five hundred million dollars per annum. About forty per cent of her exports concerned or revolved about iron and coal. Keynes advances specific propositions relative to iron and coal for the purpose of conserving to Germany her manufacturing capacities, her earning power. But he makes no proposal for the return to Germany of her shipping, about which were centered the activities that brought her in a profit of five hundred million per annum during the very period when the value of her imports exceeded those of her exports.

In illustrating why he estimated the earning capacity of Germany at a figure so far lower than that suggested by the French, in the discussion of the balance of trade during the five years before the war, he says: "It follows, therefore, that more than the whole of Germany's prewar balance for new foreign investment was derived from the interest on her existing foreign securities and from the profits of her shipping, foreign banking, and so on. As her foreign properties and her mercantile marine are now to be taken from her, and as her foreign banking and other miscellaneous sources of revenue from abroad have been largely destroyed, it appears that on the prewar basis of exports and imports Germany, so far from having a surplus wherewith to make a foreign payment, would not be nearly self-supporting."

When one realizes that the billion dollars indemnity paid by France in 1871 compounded at five per cent would represent sixteen billion now, the idea comes to one that the five hundred million annual German earnings in foreign trade, shipping and banking are really the returns of the French indemnity invested abroad—and this has now passed into British hands.

The proposals of Keynes take coal and iron from France and give them to Germany in order to increase the prewar basis of exports, but he makes no suggestion for the restoration of her earning power through the return of any portion of her foreign properties and her mercantile marine that are to be taken from her.

Something must be given back to Germany. The British author gives back iron and coal from the French and retains the things that have gone to his country. Is it a wonder that some Frenchmen see a cloven hoof in the book? Is it strange that an international banker of Berlin made to the writer the same comment and questioned the objectivity of any view for the restoration of Germany that would compel France to yield coal and iron while not permitting Germany to ship, trade and bank in the world at large the commodities to be manufactured from them? The French feel that while pleading for justice for Germany, Keynes makes acquisition for the British Empire.

The peoples of Central Europe have not yet had opportunity to become acquainted with the book of Keynes. The postal connections of the new nations of this area are still very poor. In any event their exchanges are so low that any appreciable circulation of an English book is impossible. The politicians, scholars, bankers and industrial leaders know the book. The six nations that rose from the fragments of the Austro-Hungarian Empire have so much paper money, and so many kinds, that a bonfire would be welcomed by the liberated as well as by the defeated countries. The problem of the responsibility of the war debt would also be best solved by a bonfire, possibly also that of the prewar debt.

Since Austria and Hungary can pay no reparation, and the four liberated nations have finally attained the sagacity to expect none, Keynes' views on indemnities are of academic interest only, except as they concern the recovery of Germany. This is a matter of importance to every nation in Central Europe, since Germany or some other country must supply them with manufactured commodities.

Future Enterprise in Russia

Keynes did not discuss the coal problem of Central Europe. It is intimately connected with the coal problem of Germany, since any increase of German coal exports to Western Europe means a decrease to Central Europe, unless Upper Silesia goes to Poland. If Upper Silesia were to go to Poland the fuel problem of Central Europe would be solved, if the Poles were able to restore the prewar production attained under German operation.

The economists of Central Europe realize that after the restoration of peace with Russia the development of her resources can occur only through the efficiency of the foreign *entrepreneur*. Before the war foreign enterprise in Russia was largely German. The Poles and Czechs figure on replacing Germans in Russian trade, though the Polish war has certainly laid no foundation for Polish economic participation in Russia. In the opinion of the writer, German enterprise alone can be relied upon to reawaken the development of Russia, since the United Kingdom and the United States are in the nature of their other commitments debarred from more than a nominal participation in this task. Fifty years ago Germany had to choose between Russia and Austria-Hungary. To-day no Austria-Hungary exists, and Germany has no choice but Russia. The path of Teutonic rehabilitation lies in Russia. The risk of a Russo-German alliance is one that the world must take; it is the function of a League of Nations or a World Court of Appeal to keep the alliance economic, not prætorian.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early issue

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It's the bumps in the road that take the miles out of your tire

You know that kind of going. You hit a stretch of it a dozen times a day. You don't wonder sometimes that your tires bruise and that the fabric breaks the way it does. It's an ordeal for the best tire made.

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Peculiarly enough, the greater stamina of Gates Tires under conditions of extremely hard going does not lie in any mysteriously better material built into them. Other good tires are made out of just as good rubber. The big difference lies in the scientifically correct tread construction—our "Super Tread" construction.

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Ordinary Tread

Note in diagram at the left how the construction of the ordinary tread causes the side-walls to bend under road shock. In the diagram at the right, showing a corresponding cross-section of the Super Tread Tire, you can see how the scientific tread construction eliminates much of this destructive bending that weakens the side-walls and causes early blow-outs.

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The only satisfactory and positive way to learn the real value of any vacuum cleaner is to see it at work in your own home.

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BUMPING INTO THE BOLSHEVISTS

(Continued from Page 9)

in style. I was taken down to the second-class salon, where I found the captain already under guard in one corner of the room, and his three soldiers in another. We had four or five guards placed over us. The guards wore huge gray-fur caps, a sort of nondescript grayish-khaki uniform; each carried a gun ready for action and had a knife in his belt.

In the background was a crowd of spectators, mainly people in from the docks to stare at us. Among them was the ship's stewardess, who had never come near me during my seasickness. She now made strange vocal sounds, indicated streaming eyes, said "Nix" vigorously, and "Bolshevik good." Her intention of kindness was so clear that I forgave her for her previous neglect. The captain quickly offered cigarettes to the guard. Poor lad, from all I heard later about the English prisoners, he must have suffered for that tobacco.

Presently it occurred to someone that our imprisonment was not being taken seriously enough. The spectators were driven away, and the sheep and the goats were separated—that is, the captain and his men were taken off to another cubby-hole, and I was left in the salon with one guard. He was a dark-eyed boy with a shallow, likable face, and he glared at me quite sternly. I am afraid I annoyed him at first by smiling at him, but after a time he smiled back.

"You Bolshevik?" I asked him.

He rose, glanced carefully out of the door and the portholes to see that he was unobserved; then he shook his head from side to side and spat contemptuously. He had evidently come forward to swim with the tide and act as a volunteer policeman.

Time passed; the captain called out to me that the ship officials had gone to the commissar to find out what was to be done with us, the impression prevailing that the British would go to jail while I would be given the freedom of the town. The captain arranged for a Tartar to escort me to a hotel in case I were allowed my liberty. After an hour or two a message came, saying that the British must remain on the ship for the present, but that the American lady was free to go where she pleased.

"Very well," I agreed. "I'll go to Tiflis. Take me to the train."

They shrugged and explained that the train was not running and that madame would find herself very well pleased to remain in Baku for a day or two. I had already taken addresses from the British that I might write to their people. I bade them a regretful good-by, and then, preceded by three Persians carrying my rugs and luggage, and my Tartar guide, I got off the boat and on the pier and then to a very cobbly street. I was not afraid, but I will confess that I was a little lonely as I walked through groups of staring people wearing red ribbons who addressed to me questions I could not understand. I kept saying "Amerikansky" until I saw that interested them too much, for I began to head a procession following to see what was going to become of an Amerikansky.

Bolshevist Hospitality in Baku

Aside from the little ripple of excitement I created as coming off the only boat that had arrived that day, I could not see that Baku looked as if anything unusual had taken place. I had been told that ever since 1906 Baku had been distinguished by street fighting and massacres, and I should have thought that a real revolution would have been ushered in with some sort of uproar. Not at all; the streets looked about as they do when a big strike is on at home—that is, there was a Sunday or holiday feeling because of the many people loitering in the streets, and here and there these loiterers were gathered into groups, discussing the situation in a more-or-less guarded fashion. One lad of eighteen with a rifle and a big rosette was marching along with a girl of fifteen or sixteen on his arm, she also adorned with a knot of red ribbon. I had an uneasy feeling that some of these boy soldiers were quite too young. You couldn't tell what they might fancy as a target. I could see no signs of looting or of race hatred.

I went to hotel after hotel, and nowhere was I accepted. The Bolsheviks had already requisitioned them. It's not so simple to be a stranger and ignorant of the language in a country just taken over by the Bolsheviks. At last I learned that some American relief work was being done in Baku. I went to the house which was being used as headquarters, a house owned by Armenians, Mr. and Mrs. Gregoire Tomaniantz. A German received me pleasantly, but at first hesitated to do anything for me, saying that the house was not his. I then reminded him that he had two offices, and asked if I could sleep in one, using my own bed. He consented; then Mrs. Tomaniantz asked me to dinner, for that day and succeeding days. For three days, since all shops were shut, the only meals I had were her dinners, and if she had known that I was breakfastless and supperless I could have had those meals with her too.

Mrs. Tomaniantz said that as long as she had anything left she would share it with anyone representing the United States in any way. I have heard many sharp things about Armenians, but of the four persons in Baku who helped me most three belonged to that race, therefore it is only human that I should hold a brief for them. The fourth was an Englishwoman. After the Tomaniantz's house was taken away from them she and her husband let me sleep in the closet that they and their two children had been using as a dressing room, while the four of them occupied one small bedroom. One never forgets a kindness, I hope, but the kindness shown a prisoner magnifies in the soul.

The Plans of Lenine & Co.

But to go back to my arrival at the Tomaniantz house. I began to see why my Tartar guide had been so attentive. He realized that I would furnish a nice bit of graft for him. He not only charged me an appalling price for the porters, but he said that I must pay thirty-five hundred rubles customs on my rugs. The mere fact that I had already paid in Enzeli was of no avail.

Then I began really to feel like a prisoner. I had not free action or free speech. I couldn't resent anything that might be done to me in Baku. There was a great deal of humor in the remark that I was an American lady, free. As I paid over the rubles I also saw the humor in the fact that they had told me in Persia that I simply couldn't get my luggage through without being robbed, and I had thought to be safe by lying on the rugs.

A brief bit of history now about the republic of Azerbaijan. The inhabitants came originally from Central Asia. The majority of them are Moslems, of Tartar and Turkish blood. The country was once independent; then it belonged to Persia, and something like a hundred years ago Russia annexed it. Feeling between Christians and Moslems has always been acute and even within the last year and a half there have been two bad massacres. Under Kerensky an attempt was made to form Transcaucasia into a republic. But in 1918 the National Council of Azerbaijan proclaimed its independence. Khan Khoisky was made president of a council of ministers. Ministries were established of foreign affairs, home affairs, war, finance, ways of communication, justice, education, health, posts and telegraph, agriculture, state property, state control and labor. The country was menaced by anarchy, and the only troops were Armenian military detachments whom the Tartars would not trust. The Azerbaijans, who had already made peace with Turkey, asked Turkey to send them a military force to help them put the country in order. They arrived in mid-June and stayed till mid-September, clearing up the country.

In November the Azerbaijan Government sent a note to President Wilson asking that the United States should be the first of the Powers to recognize the little republic. About this time an American, French and British detachment arrived from Enzeli, with orders to the Turks to surrender Baku according to the terms of the armistice. There was no intention of interfering with the internal affairs of the country, and the republic continued to be recognized

Poor little Azerbaijan and its dream of a republic! Never so long as grass grows and water runs will Russia give up the notion of controlling her, and the reason is oil. For a thousand years Baku has been noted for its oil wells. The very name Azerbaijan means Mines of Fire. There are people in the Caucasus whose families for centuries have drawn wealth from Baku oil. At the time that the Bolsheviks entered, oil was not being pumped, because there wasn't a container left in which another quart of it could be deposited. Russia proper was starving for oil; factories and engines couldn't run, because there was no fuel. Lenine & Co. never for a moment forgot Baku. In every important firm there was a Bolshevik working under instructions and waiting for the day when the Bolshevik Army should enter. Americans who know Baku tell me that the workmen there have always been very radical and have for years had organizations that could easily enough be turned into Bolshevik institutions.

There are certain people in Baku who will tell you that the revolution came as a great surprise. It did to the bourgeoisie and to people who could not speak Russian; but the government feared it. For example, the president, Khan Khoisky, was able to make his escape to Tiflis a day or two before the Bolsheviks entered from the north; and so did several of the ministers. An English Bolshevik, a newspaper man, told me that he had been up all night for several nights waiting for something to happen. The night it did happen he met an old Tartar woman, also strolling the streets, waiting for the millennium.

"Praises to Allah," she said; "now I will go and pull down the hair of the woman I work for, and to-morrow I shall be eating white bread."

About the hairpulling I do not know, but I'll wager she got no white bread, for every shop was shut.

Something like the twenty-fifth of April, so I am told by both Tartar and Armenian informants, a small fishing smack came down the Caspian, intending to land in Baku. In the storm and darkness it was driven into a port several miles below, occupied by Azerbaijan Tartar soldiers. They found that the boat was occupied by thirty-three Russians, whose looks they did not like. They arrested these men, but the two leaders escaped at the risk of their lives, stole back on the ship and managed to get the little lifeboat off and make their way up to Baku. In a hiding place in the lifeboat were minute instructions from Lenine for the taking and the administration of Baku.

Raising the Red Flag

How true this tale is I don't know, but I am sure that on the night of the twenty-seventh an armored train came down from Petrovsk, with about two hundred and fifty soldiers, the advance guard of the Bolshevik Eleventh Army. At the first station outside Baku there was a very little firing. In Baku there was a little resistance in front of the parliament building on the part of two or three soldiers, who were killed and who killed a couple of Bolsheviks. And that was all. The city surrendered to this handful of men. Such of the Azerbaijan Army as was in the city was got under control. A revolutionary committee was formed, some of its members being composed of the ministers of the Azerbaijan cabinet. The Tartars were told that they would have great power and that Azerbaijan would be the same as before, an independent republic, the only difference being that it would be soviet. Instead of the heads of departments being called ministers, they would be called commissars. Just like that; very simple! The common people were told that elections would be immediately held for councils of soldiers, workmen and peasants; that the bourgeoisie would be eliminated; that the oil fields, banks and land and big businesses would be nationalized, and that everyone would share and share alike. Two newspapers were established for the purposes of propaganda, the Communist and the Young Communist; news sheets were posted on the big buildings, and posters—pretty clever, some of them—were put in prominent places showing the horrors of Denikin's army and of all imperialists. Well-to-do people hid their best rugs and their jewelry, wore their poorest clothes and stayed off the streets. Red flags waved everywhere, and Baku blossomed with rosettes and the red Bolshevik star, the points of which stand for brotherhood, freedom, equality, love and truth.

What impressed me at first was the bloodlessness of the revolution and the few men with which it was accomplished. I arrived on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of April. By Saturday I am sure all the troops in the place were on view, not only because it was labor day but also because in the afternoon was held the funeral of the two Bolsheviks who had been shot in front of the Parliament House. I don't think there could have been more than eight or, at the most, ten thousand. They looked tired, for they had been marching down from Rostoff, but they were in good condition; not very tidy, perhaps, but sturdy well-disciplined fellows. Many of them came in without rifles. When I was leaning out of my windows, estimating numbers, in a platoon of, say a hundred, perhaps fifteen or twenty would be without arms. My window commanded in the distance the railway station, so I don't think I missed much.

Life Under Soviet Rule

On Thursday I counted the entrance of something like four thousand men, twenty-seven machine guns and about sixty supply wagons. I have never seen sorrier-looking horses than the racks of bones that drew those wagons. The cavalry horses were in much better condition. They all came in looking for pickings from Baku—and they were not disappointed.

One of the first things they did was to begin to load the oil for transport into Russia. A Britisher who used to be manager for an oil company in Baku, and whose Tartar workmen would not let him be arrested, told me that there were about three hundred million poods of oil in Baku when the Bolshevists came. A pood is thirty-six pounds. The Bolshevists have been shipping it out at the rate of twelve thousand poods a day. They also sent out flour to Astrakhan, and they and the soldiers who came after them proceeded to live upon the country. They paid for most of what they requisitioned, but at the same time prices began to soar.

"That won't do," said the Bolsheviks. "We must have plenty of food and the prices must remain low."

So they fixed prices, with the result that the shopkeepers said they were out of everything, and began to hoard and to sell privately to those who would pay what they asked.

For the first few days, however, all went smoothly on the surface. There was no stealing that we could see. I heard from several sources that a Russian woman who had been robbed of her diamonds and silver one afternoon had them returned to her next morning. We were told that all departments were working serenely, that the Tartars and Russians were getting on beautifully, and also that the Turkish committee in the town was working hand in hand with the others. Russians, Tartars and Turks, we were told, had the right proportion of representation on the committees. True, all the Polish mission were in jail; all the British officers and soldiers and sailors, and some British politicals, numbering about forty-five; all the French politicals and a couple of civilians, seven in all; some Georgians and Armenians; and, as we learned later, a good many Russians and Tartars.

During the first two or three days little attention was paid to the needs of the prisoners. They had almost no food, no tobacco, no water for washing, no razors. But soon they were allowed to buy food from outside, venders came in to them twice a week, and twice a day they were allowed to go into the courtyard for exercise. Their quarters were crowded and uncomfortable, and the British were not allowed to receive visitors. The Russians, we were told, would have been willing to allow the British and French to stay in their own quarters on parole, but the Turks wanted them kept in jail for exchange for the Turkish prisoners the British and French had taken

As to us foreigners who were not locked up—a handful of Americans, Hollanders, Swiss and British, thirty-odd French and many Georgians and Persians—we soon saw that we were not going to be allowed to leave immediately. We were told first that the trains were not running, then that they

(Continued on Page 165)

Patent Interlocking Wedge Prevents Keen Kutter Axe Heads Flying Off The Handle

Cross Section view of Keen Kutter Axe Head showing special double locking wedge. Two soft steel pins which interlock with malleable wedge prevent Keen Kutter Axe Heads from coming loose.

No. K M 103/F

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY TOOLS U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."
—*E. C. Simmons*

Trade Mark Registered

KEEN

No. K 9

One Piece Blade Prevents Weld Breakage

The blade of the Keen Kutter Drawing Knife is made of **one piece** *of fine cutlery steel. There is no welding. This eliminates the fear and possibility of weld breakage.*

Made for Those Who Make Their Living With Tools

Have you ever seen axes with edges so keen you could shave with them? In the wilder sections of our country you can see many of them—in Michigan and Wisconsin, for instance, where the Keen Kutter model shown here has been known and loved for years.

It is one of twenty patterns of Keen Kutter axes—each different in some detail of design, yet all alike in the fact that they are made for the men who really work with them.

For fifty years their heads, handles, workmanship and design have been perfected and fitted to the needs of those to whom axes are still a necessity, as they were to our pioneer fathers.

This accurate fitting of tools to the needs of those who use them to make a living is typical of everything that bears the Keen Kutter mark.

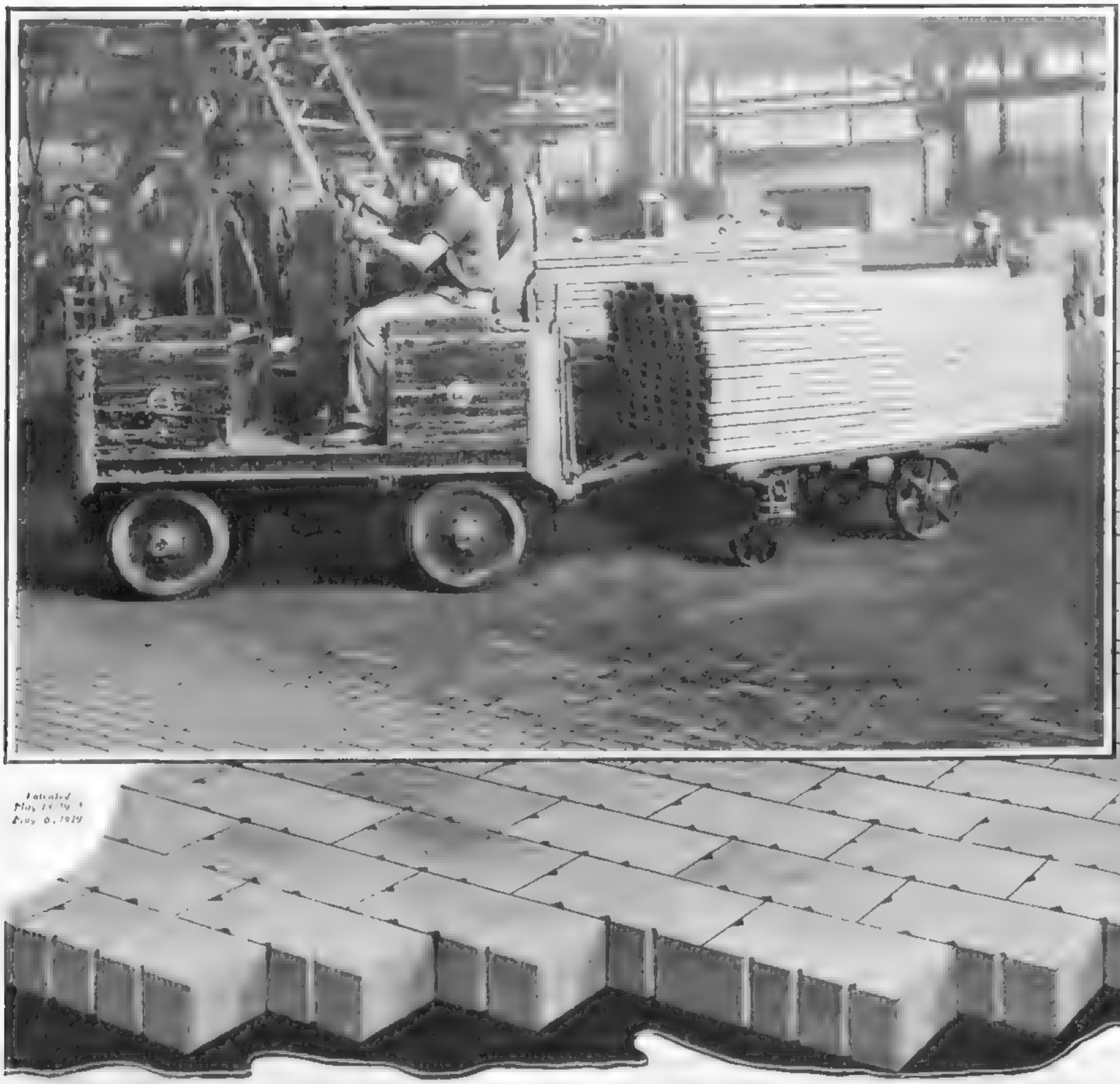
The blade of the Keen Kutter drawing knife, for instance, unlike other drawing knives, is made of a single piece of cutlery steel, so that those who work with it will have no weld to fear.

Its wonderful temper, its pleasing balance and hang, can be appreciated best by those who spend many hours in finally shaping rough lumber into useful things.

The Keen Kutter guarantee enables you to try these and any other Keen Kutter tools without risk; under this guarantee you can return any Keen Kutter article that fails to give absolute satisfaction and get a new tool, or your money back without question.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

KUTTER



Plant interior of the Lakewood Engineering Company of Cleveland, showing Kreolite Floor subjected to 24 hours a day service under 4 to 10 ton loads.

Patented May 14 '18 & Aug. 6, 1918

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory

MODERN factories cannot be paved with *good intentions.* Too much depends upon the floor of your factory to allow unsuitable or worn factory floors to cut down your plant efficiency and act as a drag upon production.

Again and again, Kreolite Floors have proved their especial adaptability for rough, factory usage, their general speeding-up tendency.

The tough end grain of the blocks laid uppermost makes Kreolite Floors so enduring that once down, your flooring problems are permanently at an end.

Their grooved construction permits the Kreolite Filler to flow freely between the blocks and bind the floor together as a unit.

The Lakewood Engineering Co. of Cleveland, displays the enthusiasm customary to Kreolite users.

Their plant superintendent, Mr. Frank Fleming, says, "The Kreolite Floors were laid in our plant two and one-half years ago."

"For one and one-half years they have had 24 hours a day service. The average load we carry on these floors is four tons, with a maximum load of ten tons."

"When castings or machine parts accidentally fall, there is no damage to the product."

"We are enthusiastic about Kreolite Floors and believe they will 'Outlast the Factory'."

Kreolite Wood Block Floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area ways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries and stables.

Our Factory Floor Engineers are expert in all floor problems. They are ready at all times to co-operate fully, without obligation.

Send for our service or write for our book on Kreolite Floors. Address the Toledo office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto, and other principal Cities
Western Sales Distributors—Western Wood Preserving Company Spokane, Washington
British Distributors—Anglo-American Agency, Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, England

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were running only to Elisabethpol, and then that the Bolsheviks were fighting with the Georgians and that our lives would be endangered if we tried to leave. We must wait two or three days. Personally I would rather have risked the bullets; I know what front-line experience is, and I prefer it to what I had in Baku. But I was not consulted as to my movements.

It all looked better than it was because the Bolsheviks were not killing people in the streets and robbing frankly, as they had done in the beginning all over Russia. The good side of their program was insisted on education for everybody, food and work for everybody, special care for the children. There were people I talked to in Baku who actually believed that Utopia had arrived. There were other people who were skeptical from the outset—people who had something to lose. The simple householder began to have his faith shaken by the way the Bolsheviks requisitioned rooms and goods. Two American automobiles were taken the very first day; two more were unloaded from the train which, by their make, I think belonged to Mr. John Caldwell, the American minister at Teheran. He used to talk of those cars as much as I did about my rugs. Two carloads of American medical supplies vanished into space. I myself saw tons and tons of American cotton piled on a ship in the harbor.

But to the simple householder what brought it all home was this: A commanding ring would come at the door, and the womenfolk would shudder or scream because perhaps the man of the family was to be arrested. Someone would go to the door and a Bolshevik official, armed with a requisition order and accompanied by several friends, would enter and demand to look at the house or apartment. He would have to be told how many residents were in the place, but I never observed that the number of residents had anything to do with the number of rooms he took. He merely selected what he thought he'd like and the family was permitted to have the rest.

Eight Moves in Seven Weeks

At first soldiers were quartered in houses, but later it was thought wiser to put them all in barracks. We heard that the Tartars had killed some of them; also that they were better controlled in barracks. Their coming and going made little difference to us. They seemed to tramp about and play the mandolin and sing all night, but sleep isn't companion to many people in Baku, it seems. Householders go to bed at two or three or four, servants get up at five-thirty, and they all yell in loud clear yells, undeterred by the emotions of people who fain would sleep. Even after the soldiers were put in barracks, so many Russian official men and women kept arriving from Moscow and the north, and so many committees demanded offices, that more and more rooms were constantly being requisitioned. In seven weeks I had to move eight times. Sometimes I would be in a place where there was a Bolshevik officer important enough to keep us undisturbed for a week or two, but sooner or later I always had to go because a Bolshevik wanted either the whole place or the little corner in which I slept. At that I mostly slept in an angle of the dining room or else in a closet or a corridor, and if I hadn't carried my own bed along I should have had to sleep on the floor.

But I was only a temporary sojourner; I was not one of the unhappy people who had to watch my things being taken in the name of the state. The last time I moved I was boarding with a Russian woman who, in her flat of six rooms and a closet and a kitchen, was sheltering fifteen of us. At three o'clock one afternoon a committee of members from the Tschesvochika came walking in the back way without knocking. I heard them coming in time to hide my typewriter. The Bolsheviks like typewriters.

They stared at the lofty rooms and then the leader said: "Yes, we like this building very much. We are going to take the whole place. You may leave these two leather sofas and this chair. You must be out by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Anything that is left after that hour we shall consider as our property."

Let any woman imagine what that moving meant. Six sets of people, numbering from ten to fifteen in each, were to move by the next morning, and with only one staircase down which to move!

As time went on the requisitioning became bolder. I believe that very often the requisition orders were fakes, proffered by some Bolshevik who wanted to acquire better rooms than he had, and perhaps a little personal property. At one time I lived opposite an apartment that was vacant. First one Bolshevik officer appeared with a simple tent bed in one of the three front rooms. But before a fortnight had passed those three bare rooms were crowded with beautiful furniture and filled with officers lolling on couches. Sometimes short-haired young women came in and lolled also. That was the only vaudeville I had, that apartment and its air of opulence and pleasure and youth and ruthlessness. I often used to see choice pieces of furniture transferred by Bolshevik soldiers from one spot to another. Astute and thrifty Bolshevists, I believe, made quite a lot of money stealing and selling in Baku. It was hard on the Azerbaijan people, all that tyranny.

Executions in Baku

One day late in April I was dining with an Armenian family. The husband had been an engineer in the employ of the English. As we sat at table a crowd of Bolshevists came to search his house. It was the third time it had been searched in a week; first by an Armenian committee, then a Russian, and at the moment by a Tartar. The committee looked for arms and for shoes, but found none. Then the husband was arrested.

"We're going to kill your papa," said one Tartar, by way of a jest to a ten-year-old child.

"Madam," said this infant turning to me, "it is only what we expect from the Tartars."

Not so bad for a child under fire, so to speak. When the father was led off, the mother began to collect papers she feared might be incriminating, and the ten-year-old began to tap the panels to find a good hiding place. I can't begin to describe the suppressed suffering in the face of the mother as she looked at her six children, and sorted papers, and tried to think what she had better burn and what save. This was only one of the families to which such things were happening.

Meanwhile the political balance had shifted considerably in Baku. The Turks and Tartars who had been told that they would have power found that, as more and more Bolshevik soldiers poured in, their power was restricted. One little concrete instance I saw: There were some two hundred automobile tires belonging to the English that the Turkish committee thought they'd like, and took. The Russian committee demanded them, and went after them—in an armored car! That same day I saw several different groups of Tartars, under heavy guard, being marched off to prison. Then we heard that the Tschesvochika, mostly composed of Russians and Jews, were drunk with power, and were not working hand in hand with the revolutionary committee.

Always when the Bolsheviks take over a bit of territory they put in first a revolutionary committee and a Tschesvochika. The revolutionary committee is composed of men from Moscow or some other organized Bolshevik spot and whatever local people the Bolsheviks can count on. Its function is to rule the new territory until the councils can be elected of workmen, soldiers and peasants, who will then take over the civil government. But side by side with this committee is supposed to work the Tschesvochika, the committee for the purpose of quelling counter-revolution, speculation and such crimes. In short, it is a police and spy system, with more power than any other police system in the world. Far from working hand in hand with the revolutionary committee, it does just as it pleases.

The Tschesvochika in Baku was composed almost entirely of men and women from Moscow and Astrakhan. I know of one girl on it aged seventeen. Think of a child of seventeen having a vote for the life or death of a prisoner! From the very beginning this committee busied itself with arrests and courts-martial, and early in May it began its sentences of death. I remember one Friday dining with some Armenians and being told a story of a friend of theirs, a Madame Ziemen, whose husband was in prison. She had not been allowed to see him, but she had taken his dinner each day to the prison and it had been accepted. Two days before the dinner had been refused and she had been told that he was not in the prison. She had been directed to the two other prisons and had at last been told that he was dead. It appeared that twenty-one prisoners had been taken out at two in the morning and shot.

Three days after this incident was told me there appeared in the Bolshevik Communist an account of the execution of twenty-one men. Upon this the workmen, Russians and Tartars both, raised a great protest. They said they did not want any executions; that they wanted the world to understand that Bolshevism was not a brutal force. They were not alone in their reluctance; two members of the Tschesvochika had been removed for objecting to the sentence of death. A few days after that the paper had a detailed account of the anti-Bolshevik history of the men that had been executed, stating that each of them was either a Russian officer who had been instrumental in executing Bolsheviks or else a man who had speculated in the food of the people.

About this time I saw eleven Tartars being carried off to jail under very heavy guard. One of these was a dark vivid man who walked with his head up and his hands in his pockets. He was Gleakas, a Crimean Tartar, late governor general of the city of Baku. I had a chill as I looked at him, for he went like a brave man who knew he was meeting death. A very few days later his execution and a statement of the charge against him were announced in the paper. Two years before a Bolshevik under arrest had been dragged away by the anti-Bolsheviks and killed. If Gleakas had not connived at this he had looked through his fingers when it was done. For that he had to die.

I am told that he was practically dead when they shot him; when he went into the court-martial, he said: "I know you are going to have me shot, and so I am going to tell you what I think of you."

He spoke his mind. They beat him terribly, I am told, as they took him to the place of execution. I know that his wife went four times to see Narimanoff to beg for his body. She did not receive it. We heard that the bodies of those executed in that group were thrown into the Caspian.

The Tartars muttered over this execution. Just afterward an announcement appeared in the paper to the effect that it was decided that for the peace of the soviet thereafter no announcement would be made of executions. Russians whom I know, Armenians, Georgians and Tartars told me that night after night executions took place; that they would go to the prisons to take food to their friends only to be told that their friends were not there. To be not there meant to be nowhere in this world. Bitter comment was made that the prisons were so overcrowded that shooting the old prisoners was the only method of making room for the fresh arrests.

A Tartar Uprising

About this time, toward mid-May, we got rumors of the state of matters at Elisabethpol. I have just been talking to an Englishman who has escaped from that city and have learned the facts from him. There were two parties among the Tartars of the city, one pro-ally, Menshevists, who followed Khan Khosky; the other anti-ally. These Elisabethpol Tartars were not especially friendly to the Baku Tartars, but they preferred Tartars to Christians, and they were incensed at having Bolsheviks and Christians in power in their city, and were also enraged at the rumors that seeped in of the execution of Tartars in Baku. They determined to rise against the Bolsheviks. Perhaps their rising was not well enough organized; perhaps some firebrands began too soon. In any case the Tartars did not have enough arms, ammunition and men to win out, and they occupied a very poor position. They and their houses were in the center of the town, and on both sides were heights. The Russians got five thousand German colonists and a few thousand Armenians to side with them; they put these men on one side to bombard the Tartars, and they themselves bombarded from the other.

For six days the fight went on. By that time ten thousand Tartars were killed, men, women and children, and their homes were wiped flat. Some four thousand Russians, Armenians and Germans were killed. Those are the most moderate figures that have been given to me, yet they may be exaggerated. What cannot be exaggerated is the bitterness of the Tartars. They believe—and most of us who know the history here believe with them—that if the Armenians and Germans had combined with them they could have taken Elisabethpol, and after that Baku, and driven the Bolsheviks out of Azerbaijan. They say that they will make the Armenians pay for this some day; I do not know whether they will leave the German colonists out of the reckoning or not. They fought as hard on the other side as did the Armenians.

When the rumors of all this reached Baku the city fairly seethed with excitement. Every day as we sat on the boulevard or walked through the streets we saw Tartars under arrest being taken to prison. We heard that Tartar workmen in this and that spot had risen. One morning I went into a little Tartar shop where I used to buy sugar—if no Bolsheviks were there. If Bolsheviks were present I bought nuts, which the Tartars were selling at the regulation price. Sugar was worth its weight in silver almost. The Tartar and I were by this time quite good friends, had expressed our views about having Bolsheviks ruling us, and had found other points in common. At the moment a Bolshevik was in the shop writing a letter. The Tartar was attentive to him, in a blankly polite way. He made a gesture to wait. The Bolshevik seemed determined that he would sit me out, and not wanting to rouse his suspicions I walked round the block and did not return till I saw him leave.

When I reentered the Tartar said: "Khanum, there will be a Tartar uprising here. I cannot tell you when. Perhaps three days, perhaps seven. But it will come. When it does you will not be safe in a Russian house, or an Armenian house, or anywhere but in a Tartar house. Come here, and I will keep you safe. Come in every morning and every night and I will let you know in time."

The Bolsheviks' Velvet Glove

We really believed that a Tartar rising was certain, and those of us who wanted to get away looked on it as a sort of hope. The Bolsheviks feared it, too, as the arrests showed. They used more force than before. One night, for example, a barrage was set across the streets, and every man was asked to show his papers and passports. But if they used more force, they also began to smooth down the Tartars with a velvet glove. For example, military law was relaxed to the extent of allowing people to stay on the streets till twelve instead of nine. Further, the shopkeepers were permitted openly to charge what prices they liked. Tartars were given more power in the commissars, and they were told that no more Tartars would be executed. At the same time, doubtless to be on the safe side, two Tartar regiments were sent to fight the Poles. Their arms were taken away from them, and when they protested they were told that they would be given others at the front. I am also informed that the Tartar artillery were summoned for a grand review by the commanding general. They were put through all their field-day motions, and they and their guns brought up at last in Liberty Square, the largest open place in Baku. They were patted and praised—and then they were told to leave their equipment behind them and go away.

During all this time the Tschesvochika arrogated to itself more and more power, and the real influence of the revolutionary committee became increasingly restricted. The Commissar for Foreign Affairs, a Tartar named Huseinof, acted as temporary head of the revolutionary committee until, early in May, Doctor Narimanoff came down from Moscow. Narimanoff is a Baku Tartar, a schoolmaster, a scholar, and, from all I hear, an honest man, and one much beloved by those who know him. In college he was always the leader of his classes by virtue of his personality, and that though he was poor and not a Christian. I watched him enter Baku and saw the tremendous reception he received as he rode down Telegraph Street, a dark, weary, sick-looking man. On that morning one would have said his power in Baku was supreme, and yet to-day he has nothing like so much real power as the Astrakhan sailor who is at the head of the Tschesvochika.

(Continued on Page 168)

Americans Win with *Remington* Ammunition

Defeat World's Most Expert Marksmen

Again upholding the historic American superiority with rifle, pistol and revolver, the representatives of the United States won first place in the Olympic Games at Antwerp, Belgium, against the pick of the world's marksmen.

It will be of interest to sportsmen to know that the ammunition used by the American Rifle Team was Remington Ammunition, chosen by official U.S. Government test at Sea Girt, N. J., in May last, over all competitive brands including the product of the Government arsenals.

Brazilian and French Pistol and Revolver Teams also elected to use Remington Ammunition, and were America's closest competitors in these events.

Win Big Event of Entire Meet

International interest ran highest in the combined 300 and 600 meter team contest with military service rifles.

Participants in this event were required to use the official army service rifle of the nation they represented.

The victory of the U. S. Rifle Team, using Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber Springfield cartridges, demonstrated the superiority of American made ammunition and arms in the hands of American riflemen over all the world.

The victorious American Team made the excellent score of 573 out of a possible 600.

Individual and Pistol Team Champions

Second only in importance to the team contest with the Military Rifle, the Pistol Team event also won by the United States again demonstrated the traditional American accuracy with small arms. A score of 2374 out of a possible 3000 was made at 50 meters.

* * *

Karl T. Frederick of New York City, a civilian member of the American Olympic contingent, won the individual pistol championship of the world at 50 meters with a score of 496 out of a possible 600.

A Brazilian, Senhor Da Cosa, was second with 489 and A. P. Lane of New York City, former Olympic champion, third, with a score of 482.

All three of the above, and also the American, Brazilian, and French teams in the pistol contests, used Remington .22 caliber Long Rifle Lesmok cartridges.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

Successor to

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.

Woolworth Building, New York City

Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

Remington U. M. C. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Olympic Victories

Victorious U. S. Rifle Team
Olympic Games, 1920

Navy Officer Wins Individual 300 Meter

Commander C. T. Osburn, U.S.N., was first at 300 meters off-hand, shooting with the Army Service Rifle and Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber Springfield cartridges. His score was 56 out of a possible 60.

Military Revolver Team Match to U. S.

The American Revolver Team, shooting Remington .38 caliber S. & W. Special cartridges, won the Military Revolver Team Match at 30 meters with a score of 1309 out of a possible 1500.

The individual revolver championship at 30 meters was won by Senhor Guilherme Papaeuse of Brazil with a score of 274 out of a possible 300. Second place went to Raymond C. Bracken of Columbus, Ohio, with a score of 272 and third to Karl T. Frederick of New York City with a score of 266.

All three of these contestants and also the United States, Brazilian and French Revolver Teams shot with Remington .38 caliber S. & W. Special cartridges.

First in "Any Rifle" Competition

With no limitation placed on the kind of rifle or ammunition used by the contestants, this event always excites great curiosity because of the possibility that some unconventional style of rifle may outshoot the generally accepted standard models.

The team representing the United States, shooting Remington Palma 180 grain .30 caliber Springfield cartridges, was first with a score of 4873.

The same standard Remington Ammunition as used by the victorious U.S. Olympic marksmen may be obtained through Remington dealers everywhere—wherever you see the Red Ball sign.

REMINGTON
UMC

Team Match at 300 Meters

In the 300 meter team match the United States again led the field of fourteen nations with a score of 289 out of 300, using Remington Ammunition.

Remington

Modern office of large manufacturing concern showing floor of Blabon Art Linoleum

Big Business
—and what it rests on

In the marts of trade great institutions are reared on the integrity of their products and the value of their service.

Precisely the same principles have operated with Blabon Art Linoleums to command the widespread popularity they now enjoy.

In the first place they are genuine linoleum—made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap, giving great durability.

Secondly, their years of satisfactory service—as a floor itself or as a background for fabric rugs—are measured by the beauty of their patterns, their resilience and quietness, their ease in keeping clean, and their tough, long-wearing quality.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 69 years

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge

Look for the label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 165)

Another powerful institution which deserves mention here is the propaganda bureau. There is one for the civil population and one for the army. There are not only the two newspapers I mentioned and the news and picture posters for the people at large, but there is also a newspaper intended for the soldiers, called Red War. There are also hundreds of well-trained workers. For two years now experts have been working on the propaganda machinery. Every time a new soviet is established the propaganda bureau springs up along with the revolutionary committee and the Tschesvochika, and presently some experts come down from Moscow to help or guide. It is due to the weapon of propaganda that Baku was taken with practically no bloodshed. The propagandists are only a little less powerful than the members of the Tschesvochika.

In all these bodies and in all the commissars Jews are to be found in important positions. The reason is that educated Russians, members of the late bourgeoisie, are keeping out of sight, and hoping that they are out of the mind of the Bolshevists. Most of the soldiers and workmen are incapable of leadership, so the Jews are having their day.

"Let them," both Russians and Tartars have said to me; "our turn against them will come later on."

Lovely world just now!

The Tschesvochika have the most power in Azerbaijan and in all of Bolshevik Russia, not only because they are the police force and the life-and-death force, but because they are the real communists. It is the communists who really count, wherever they are. The army merely does the fighting. Every high officer has a sort of spy commissar over him. This is well known, recognized by both parties to the bargain. One time at a dinner party at the Tomaniantzes, a colonel and his spy were both guests. It is practically impossible for a high officer to get a chance at graft, he is so closely watched by his trusted spy! The Bolshevists remember what the old Russian officers used to do with them, and they are taking no chances. Indeed many of their present officers were formerly with Denikin's forces.

I saw something of a Bolshevik colonel who was a guest of the large-hearted Tomaniantz. He told me that he had been in training for the army practically since his eighth year.

"Then you were in the old army?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and answered the question I did not ask.

Swept by the Red Sea

"Madame, I have a wife and children. I have not seen them for six years. I did not want them to starve, nor to starve myself. This is the first home I have lived in for six years, the first decent food I have had for a long time. My pay, it is nothing. But my wife and children are coming here next month. We shall be together again."

At another time I was talking to a Bolshevik doctor and questioning him as to some of the Bolshevik soviet administration theories.

His answers seemed very vague and I suppose my amused look told him what I thought, for he laughed and said: "Madame, how can you expect me to know all this? I have only been a Bolshevik for a month."

"You were taken prisoner then?"

"I was a prisoner for just one day. I was with Denikin's army, was taken, and was locked up. They found out that I was a doctor. 'What, you are a doctor?' they said. 'Yes,' I said. 'From now on,' they said, 'you are also a Bolshevik. Go there.' So I went where they said, and, as you see, I am a Bolshevik."

"And—sincere?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders with a whimsical smile. I suppose he was about as sincere as some of my Armenian and Russian acquaintances who put up red flags. He went with the tide. If you are a Bolshevik you are sure of a certain amount of food, and if you are not you are in danger of starving. I should think that perhaps ten or twelve per cent of the people who are now calling themselves Bolsheviks are communists. The workmen are more sincerely so than the soldiers.

"This is what we think," a soldier said to me. "We think that the red army is the only real army in the world. It is not fighting a trade war, for class against class, for capitalists of one country against capitalists of another; it is fighting for the good of just one nation. We didn't like the old Russia and the old army, and we are getting a new country and a new government and a new army. I cannot tell you whether or not this soviet government will last, but whatever comes out of it will be better than what we had. Never again can our officers treat us as they used to. We don't like fighting this long time, not at all. While we are fighting perhaps some other soldier or workman is robbing our homes. But we soldiers consider it our duty to fight on till one thing is accomplished."

"And what is that? Till all the world turns soviet?"

"No, madame. Our leaders may hope for that, but that is not what the soldiers intend. We intend to fight until the frontiers of Russia are exactly what they were in 1914; until we have all the Caucasus, all Russia again. Then we are going home."

The workmen to whom I talked had a good deal to say about communism and equality, about the elimination of the bourgeoisie and the brotherhood of man. Among them I found the same sort of thing that I imagine prevails in the higher committees—a combination of idealists and grafters, each bent on their own aims. Those two have never in the world's history managed to work in unity. The idealists are outnumbered and outmaneuvered. As to the peasants, if there was one in Azerbaijan I couldn't find him. From what men who came from the north told me, the peasants in Russia are not responding to the demands of the soviet.

Results of Bolshevik Rule

I am told by Bolshevists that the peasants are shortsighted. The government says to them: "Raise wheat for us. You may have a pound of bread a day for yourself and each of your children. Give the rest to us. We shall let you have cloth and boots."

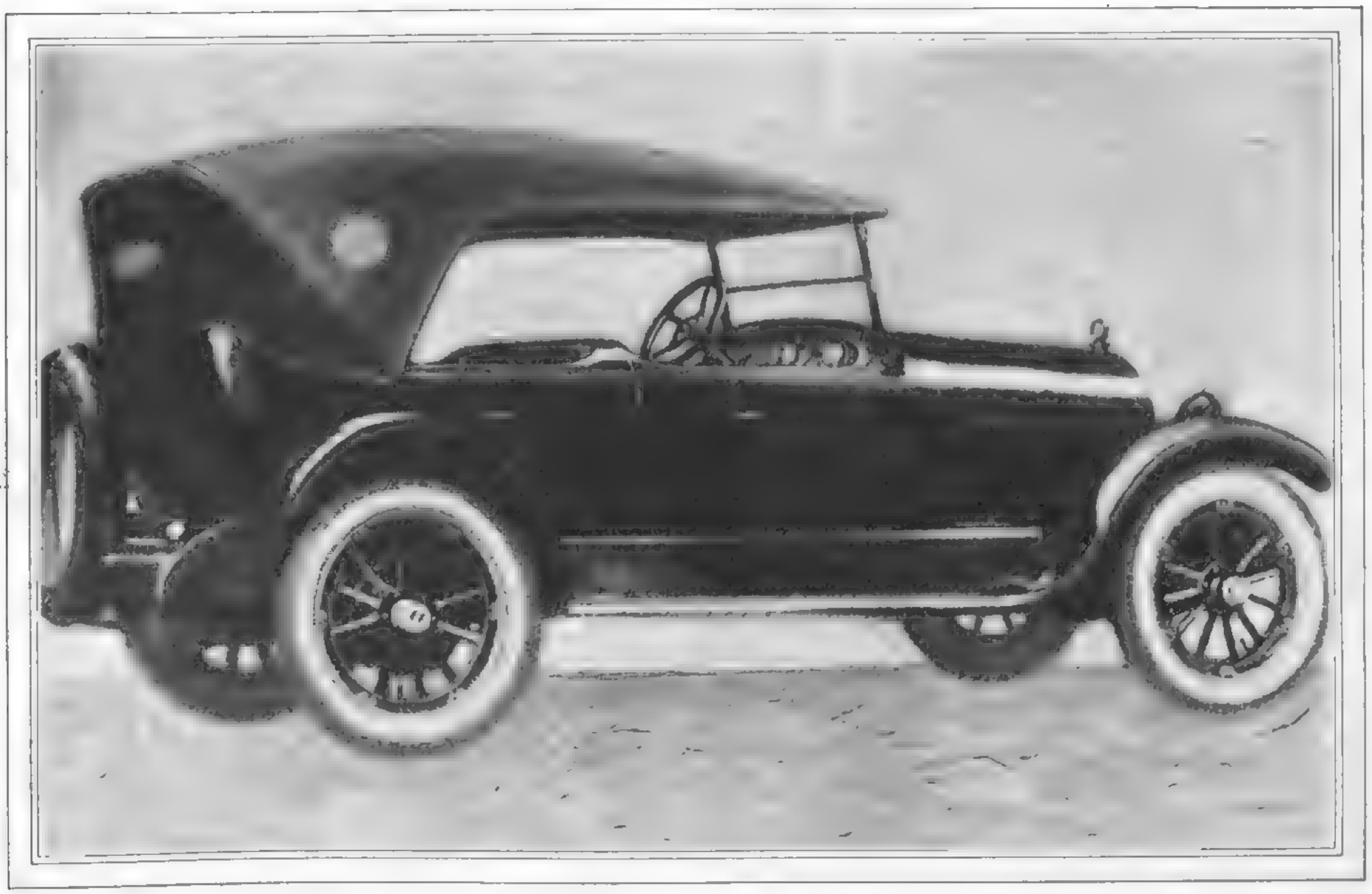
The cloth and boots are not forthcoming, and the simple peasant does not see that this is because there are no cloth and boots in Russia. He says to himself: "Why should I work hard, and give away so much, and get nothing back? I will raise only the amount necessary to support my family. I will wait."

The longer one waits in Bolshevik Russia the worse living conditions tend to become. I have a friend in Baku, an Englishwoman, married to an Armenian, who has recently spent a year and a half in the Volga, which has been Bolshevik for a couple of years. She was allowed a pound of bread a day each for the members of her family, and later half a pound; a pound of meat a week each, and about the same amount of rice. Tea was three thousand rubles a pound. Butter and milk were not to be had. Eight of them slept in two rooms on the floor; the Bolsheviks took away their beds, saying it was time for them to suffer a little hardship. When my friend wanted a brush or a packet of needles she had to stand in line two or three hours for a permit to buy it, and then stand in line again for two or three hours to get into the shop for it. No account is taken of the hardships which diminish the working capacity of a person.

In Baku, when I left, things had not yet come to that pass. True, one could not buy drugs without a doctor's prescription. True again, many of the shops had closed. A good many things that I needed I could not have because they weren't in stock. But what is the state now in the Volga will certainly be the state some time in Azerbaijan; especially if the Bolsheviks should take Georgia. At present Georgia is the one place where the Bolsheviks can trade freely. If other countries conclude commercial treaties with Russia there will be no commercial reason why Georgia should not be taken. But if Russia is commercially blockaded, then an independent Georgia will be necessary for the life of Azerbaijan, and perhaps of all Russia.

While this history was slowly working itself out we foreigners not in jail sat hoping against hope that we should be allowed to go out of Azerbaijan and into Georgia in the course of a few days. We knew the Bolsheviks had let the members of the Italian mission through, and we saw no reason why we shouldn't go. The excuse given us for postponing our departure was that fighting was going on with Georgia

(Continued on Page 170)



Economy

Stephens engineers were first to realize the importance of providing a satisfactory method of using low grade fuels. Stephens Salient Six engines have always incorporated as part of the intake manifold a Gas Super Heating feature that has made possible successful and economical operation

STEPHENS *Salient Six*

The economy of the Stephens is a proven fact by the following official tests:

1918—Won the Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run, A. A. A. sanction, Class B cars, 382 miles, with an average of 21.5 miles per gallon of gasoline. Also won over all cars entered for economy of gasoline, oil and water.

1919—Again won the Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run, with an average of 21.4 miles per gallon of gasoline.

1920—Won the Rim of the World Economy Run, Class B cars, with an average of 24 miles per gallon of gasoline.

1920—Won the Sacramento-Lake Tahoe Economy-Reliability Run, over severest mountain roads, with an average of 19.3 miles per gallon of gasoline. Also made a perfect reliability score for the 261-mile run.

These records were made with stock cars, proving that the Stephens will deliver economy in actual use. Stephens owners report from 16 to 22 miles for each gallon of gasoline.

Although the Stephens is Salient in economy it is also Salient in power, beauty and comfort and all the other factors that make for complete motor car satisfaction.

STEPHENS MOTOR WORKS

of Moline Plow Company, Freeport, Illinois

ARROW
COLLARS

Starched or soft, the Arrow mark is a dependable indicator of a satisfactory collar.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

Garments that little girls wear are *taboo* with real boys. Give your boys manly, sensible

A Support for Pants and Hose

Light, durable Kazoo pleases the "regular" boy because it keeps his pants neat, hose smooth, shoulders erect. Saves mother mending, tubbing and button sewing.

At Boys' Clothing, Furnishing and Notion Departments; or write us. $1.00 and up.
DEALERS: Buy from your jobber or from us.

HARRIS SUSPENDER CO.
694 Broadway, at 4th St., New York

(Continued from Page 168)

and we might get hurt. I suppose another reason was that we had too much information that might have been useful to Georgia—such as that there were something like fifty thousand Bolshevik soldiers in Azerbaijan, and that all sorts of recruiting was going on, and that the Tartar population was discontented. We did all we could, which was mostly to wait. A business man from Holland, who also acted as Dutch consul, constituted himself the representative of the foreigners in Baku, sent telegrams to Colonel Haskell, Allied high commissioner for Armenia and the head of the relief work in the Caucasus, and also telegraphed to our American consul, and to the Georgian minister for foreign affairs, asking for a train to be sent for us and that negotiations should be entered into to get us away. He also, from the first day or two of the occupation, spent his own money to buy food for the English and French prisoners. He expects to get it back, but that does not alter the fact that he had and carried out this idea of service.

Another good citizen was a Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Thérèse, who was a sort of assistant to the proprietor of the Hotel d'Europe. When this hotel was requisitioned she asked to stay on and do the housekeeping. This was granted; in addition she took to herself the work of getting the meals for the seven French prisoners. I have seen her daily standing in front of the prison, waiting her turn to get in. They paid for the food, but she got it for them cheaply, and it was good. A brave little person, faithful and cheery.

While Mr. Manassen was taking charge of our affairs at the Baku end, Col. John Haskell, high commissioner for Armenia, was doing all that could be done from the Tiflis end, proposing to take away not only the Americans but all the foreigners on a special train to be sent to the Georgian border, the Bolsheviks guaranteeing our safety to the edge of their territory. Being a man not only of force but also of resource, Colonel Haskell was not content merely to send telegrams through the usual channels. He and his assistant, Captain Kinne, even tried to get messages through the front by means of soldier messengers, and doubtless baksheesh. I am told that when Narimanoff received Colonel Haskell's most detailed telegram he tore it across and said he had no time or inclination for dealing with imperialists. I wonder if we were ever called imperialists before!

Dreary Weeks of Waiting

Mr. Manassen took charge of our affairs till the end of May, when Narimanoff informed him that he could look after the Dutch interests only. Another American, whose home is in Batum, Mr. Van L——, worked hard to try to figure out ways of departure and to get us all permits. The Americans consisted of two men who had been connected with the oil fields, Mr. S——, the assistant in the relief work, Captain C——, born in New York but over here on a Canadian passport, Mr. Van L—— and myself. The three first mentioned were not in such a hurry, apparently, to leave as Mr. Van L——, Captain C—— and I were.

Day after day we sat on the boulevard and listened to rumors, while Mr. Van L—— reported what progress we had been able to make in getting away. From the moment we were sure that what would affect our plans was the relations of Azerbaijan and Georgia, we watched eagerly for news of the peace or at least of the armistice. Our suspense and unhappiness aren't history and do not matter, so I won't trouble you with an account of our ups and downs. Suffice to say that three different times we were told that there was an armistice, and that we could probably go in two or three days; twice we were told that peace negotiations were broken off and that war was on again.

All the time the wildest rumors sifted in and out—the Georgians had marched as far as Elisabethpol; the English were coming to help the Georgians and were as far as Tiflis; the British were leaving Bagdad and getting out of Persia; the Tartars had poisoned the water supply in Baku; the Poles had taken Moscow; Mustapha Kemal was a hundred versts away and was coming to join the Tartars and pitch out the Bolsheviks. We heard so often the first peace terms that Georgia proposed that perhaps there is something in them: That Azerbaijan should compensate the families of the eight hundred Georgians that had been killed and wounded in the recent fighting; that Azerbaijan should hand over a gift of a million poods of oil, with more later; that Azerbaijan should yield to Georgia the disputed territory; and that the Bolsheviks should withdraw from Azerbaijan all their troops except two regiments.

It was probably because of that last requirement that the first series of negotiations were broken off and the Bolshevik delegates came home. But they met again with the Georgian delegates, and we were told it was because Lenine sent word that he could not let Azerbaijan have another soldier and that the Azerbaijan soviet must finish its job by itself.

I said I would not trouble you with our miseries in Baku. But those dreary weeks taught me an acute sympathy with prisoners. I had felt full sympathy with refugees from Northern France and Belgium who had been treated far worse by the Germans than the Bolsheviks treated us. But I don't believe I have been quite sorry enough for criminals. It is a terrible thing not to be free, no matter what one's criminal record is.

If I ever get back the twenty pounds I lost while in Baku, and feel like a real human being again, I'm going to interest myself in fresh air and exercise grounds and amusements for prisoners. I was pretty nearly a jailbird myself. I used to think of them every day as I sat on the boulevard and looked over in the direction of Byloff, where the English were kept; and Nargin, where the Russian political prisoners were kept, especially the officers of Denikin's army, who had not signed up for work when the Bolsheviks entered Baku.

Constantinople at Last

So many sights we saw there on the boulevard—the first English sailors taken off a ship and led to jail; armored cars rushing by; squads of Tartar prisoners after the Tartar discontent; three ships swung about to command the town, lying end to end with their guns pointed on us. Sometimes for a change I would walk up to Liberty Square and watch the new soldiers drilling, and awkward enough they were. The new ones wore whatever clothes they had, but the regulars were all put into the thousands of uniforms which the Azerbaijan army had bought from the Italians and which the Bolsheviks had requisitioned. The soldiers were very much pleased with these new clothes. They said it was the first time they had ever had everything together; generally they got a jacket in January and trousers in June; warm clothes when it was summer time, and a cotton shirt in December. It was just as well they had new clothes to be contented with, because they had not been paid for some time, and they were not allowed to drink. Wherever we walked on the streets we saw military sights; not only the cavalrymen jingling by, and everywhere squads of soldiers marching and singing, but courtyards full of horses or machine guns or supply wagons or automobiles. The Bolsheviks certainly managed to accumulate property in the name of the state.

The place I liked best was a little green square opposite the house of the Tomaniantzes, where the mothers and nurses used to come, and where there were marigolds and asters such as I know in a garden at home, and where birds sang louder almost than the Bolshevik singing. I wasn't always alone there. People who could speak English or French or German used to drop in to talk with me.

There was a servant I met one of the first days after my arrival in Baku; then she was jubilant, and said that now commissars would come every week to see that her mistress was treating her well, now she would get back a little of her own. She was equally jubilant a week or two later when the Bolsheviks ordered that eighty per cent increase should be given to workmen, and that this pay should date back from the autumn. But a day or two before I left she confessed her disappointment.

"What is the use of more wages," she said, "when the prices have jumped up far beyond the increase of wages? What we hoped for has not happened."

As the poet says, "This is the old woe of the world."

But in this garden usually no one told me his troubles and I could watch the children and think of the younglings at home

(Concluded on Page 173)

CYCLONE FENCE

Going Away?

Protect Your Country Estate with

CYCLONE FENCE

Make your grounds trespass proof—know that upon your return your property will be as you left it.

During your absence, Cyclone Fence will render the same protection to grounds and buildings as the safety deposit vault affords to your valuable silverware, documents, and other possessions.

Install Cyclone Fence now—end risk of property damage. The fact that your property is safe—secure against all outside dangers—will make your trip doubly enjoyable. Let us advise with you—no obligation.

Fencing, Wire or Iron, Built for Any Purpose

Phone, wire or write Main Offices, Waukegan, Ill. or Branch Offices nearest you

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories, Waukegan, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Fort Worth, Tex.

Branches
Chicago Indianapolis Detroit
Rochester New York
Philadelphia

Branches
Baltimore St Louis
Oakland Portland
San Francisco

Look for the "Red Tag"

"You Know Me"

Barney Oldfield

For many years you knew Barney Oldfield as the personification of Speed—the world's Master Driver.

Today you know him as the Master Tire Builder whose product—Oldfield Tires—has, in a single year, become the first choice of discriminating motorists everywhere.

Race drivers, too, know Barney Oldfield. On the tires he builds they ride to victory. Oldfield Tire triumphs at Indianapolis, Uniontown and Tacoma are outstanding features of 1920 racing.

For Barney Oldfield builds tires as he drove races—to make good before the world that knows him—*to win.*

Victories by Oldfield Tires—public and private, on Speedway and road—are personal matters with Barney Oldfield, for he is still proud to sign himself, "You know me".

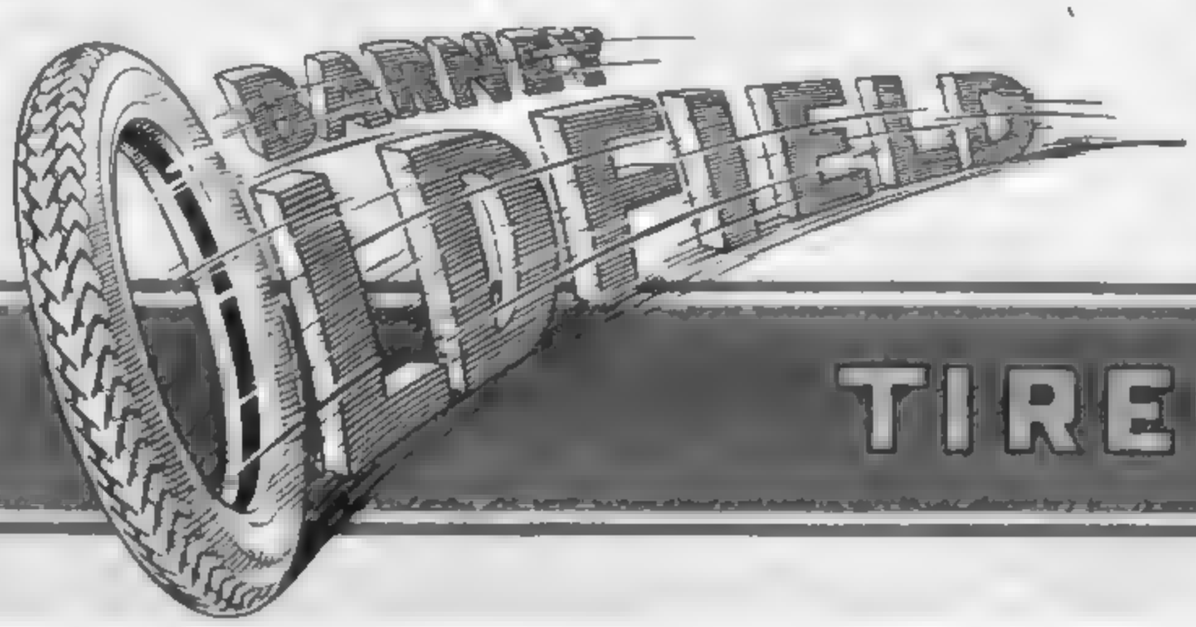
That signature—"You know me, Barney Oldfield"—is your personal assurance of Tire Satisfaction.

Buy tires whose builder you know—Tires built by Barney Oldfield.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.

BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND

Warehouses: San Francisco Los Angeles New York Boston Chicago Kansas City Atlanta Dallas Seattle



All Styles
All Sizes
Dealers Everywhere

(Concluded from Page 170)

that I love, and wonder why people ever dare to take for granted safety and food and shelter and the right to spend money if you have it. I think I used to have thoughts like this during the war, but after the armistice I forgot them. I used to watch the Bolsheviks making their soviet. So long as human nature remains what it is the average man will never go to the lengths of agreeing to communism. I used to hear it discussed in this garden, along with other dreams. It is the only place I care to remember in Baku. If ever anything seems like bad luck to me again I'll remember that boulevard, with its scant shade; and the blue, blazing sea with the battleships trained on it; and the scores of interned people sitting round waiting for news; and Mr. Van L——, his face full of gloom as he thought of his sick brave little wife in Batum; and the armored cars rushing by; and the freshly arrested prisoners being taken to jail. That will make any temporary ill luck seem agreeable pastime.

It's behind us now. Of a sudden, peace was signed, and we were able to use the permits which had been delayed on this and that pretext. Mr. Van L——, Captain C—— and I got away, along with a Georgian, Mr. and Mrs. Tomaniantz, and a Russian woman married to an American. At the border they took away my beautiful rugs, despite the fact that I had proof that they were not bought in Baku. They also, I discovered, stole a small box full of amber beads, turquoises and other more or less precious souvenirs. I am afraid my fellow countrymen were so engaged in saying "I told you so" about those rugs that they did not have energy left to sympathize with my loss. I suppose the receipt I got is waste paper. I abandoned good clothes to be able to take those rugs and, if I mourn them, what must be the state of Russian people who have lost everything to the Bolshevists—property, friends, home, country. For the Bolshevists are not likely to evacuate Azerbaijan for some time to come. Peace with Georgia concluded, they are resting for the next move, which is to take Georgia, wholesale and without bloodshed, as they took Baku.

They are treading just now the ways of peace; they have released all the prisoners except the British, whom they have taken to a large and comfortable house outside Baku, belonging to the Noble family. They have sent to Georgia ninety-seven representatives and a group of propagandists; but every Bolshevist in Georgia is in himself a center for propaganda. Two days after the representatives arrived, Khan Khoisky, the former president of Azerbaijan, was murdered. The American consul is moving to Batum, and British officials have told me that they believe it is only a question of weeks before Georgia becomes soviet. The only danger in Baku is the Tartar rising, which is sure to come.

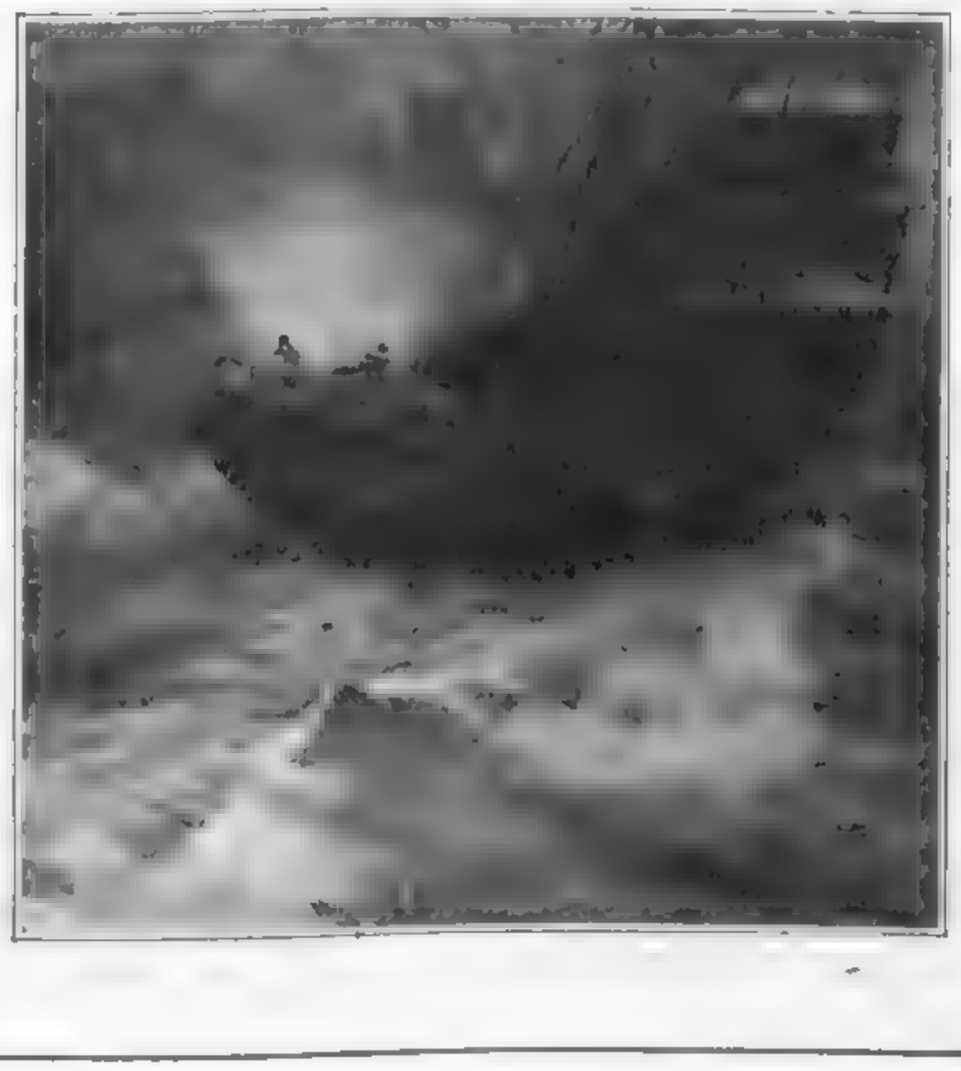
Meantime, against it and the rest of Russia they have excellent artillery and sufficient soldiers. Wrangel's army, I am told by people who have recently seen it and him, is competent but it is small. Wrangel's agricultural expert, Alladin, who struck me, when I met him a dozen years ago, as a keen politician and an honest patriot, has evolved the plan of giving the land outright to the peasants. A good stroke, which the Bolshevists, according to their theory of communism, could not use. My own opinion, after two months spent under the Bolshevists, is that the soviet may prevail over most of Russia until the people as a whole modify it into some workable scheme of democracy.

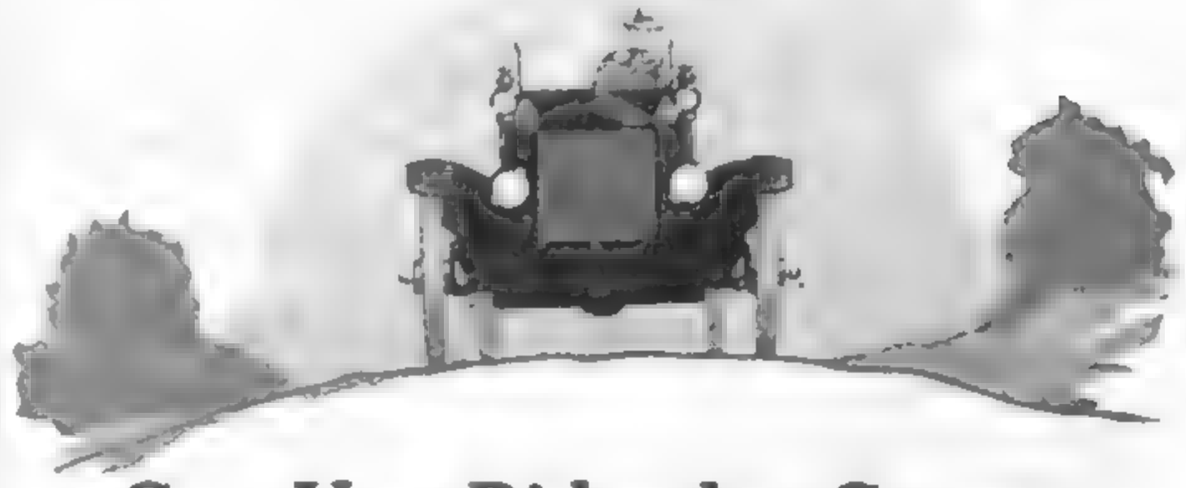
Meanwhile, as I sympathize with the homeless Russians, I exult over the blessed United States, safe across some thousands of miles of sea and land, parked right there, with a real flag waving over it, and on it a sane population that won't stand for any length of time any real nonsense. With all its faults our Government is better than any other.

I began this article on the edge of Georgia, in sight of the Bolshevists. I am ending it in Constantinople. Just half an hour ago I was leaning on the rail, looking across at the Golden Horn and Stamboul, with its aspiring minarets, and looking down on little rowboats in which people had come out to welcome their friends.

Suddenly a deep voice called, "Where's the American lady? Someone telephoned us that there was an American on board."

There was a khaki suit with a red triangle on the sleeve; there was a smiling young American Y. M. C. A. man, come out, as the Y. M. C. A. here does, to welcome American sailors and merchant-marine men, and gathering in also anyone from home. He acted as if he had known me all my life, and invited me to lean on him. I did, completely, glad to be taken care of after so many dreary weeks of looking after myself. What joy to hear him consigning further the boatman who had risen a hundred per cent on the bargain he had made; and the lad had only been in Constantinople four days himself. He seemed to divine what would be good for me; took me up to the Sailors' Club the Y. M. C. A. has just started; led me through cream-colored walls and deep chintz-covered chairs and past tanned sailors to a cool seat by a green window. He ordered strawberries, the last of the season, and cherry pie, and ice cream, and he sat me down in front of the flag. I saluted it. It waves in several places over Constantinople, and no matter who's looking I am going to salute it every time I pass under it. Thank God for the flag!

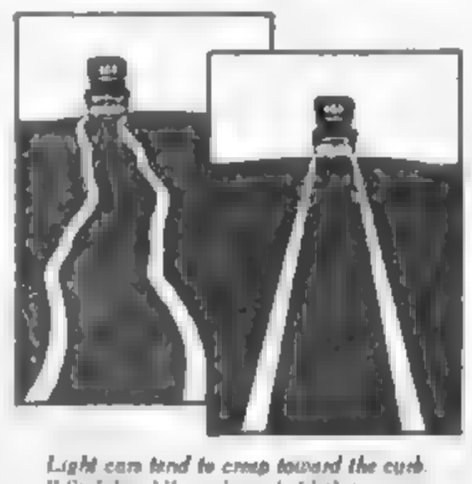




Can You Ride the Crown with *Your* Car?

On an average crowned road like this, can you keep your car running true? Isn't it tending constantly to veer off the course? And do you not find yourself gripping the wheel tightly, with fatiguing tenseness?

The hummocky surface of every roadway makes front wheels zigzag. The car insists on nosing toward the curb or ditch. Vibrations—unending jolts and jars—travel up the steering post to the hands, arms and shoulders, inducing arm strain.



Light cars tend to creep toward the curb. "Stabilized" machines hold their course truly—steering is made less tiresome

This is prevented in a "stabilized" car.

A Balcrank Stabilizer steadies the front wheels, keeps the car on the road, and eliminates the arm strain of driving. It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, and puts a coil spring between the rough road and the steering mechanism. It cushions the vibrations and jolts, and stops them from reaching the arms of the driver.

It does away with the need for clinging tightly and tensely to the steering wheel. The car holds its course like a homing pigeon. The weaving motion is taken out of the front wheels—consequently there is little or no vibration of the steering wheel, and no arm strain. On turning corners, the machine straightens out smoothly of its own accord.

A real lessening of wear on tires and bushings is effected. The danger of accident is minimized—new safety is afforded—a light car is made to hum along as truly as a heavier one.

Call on your accessory dealer today for a Balcrank Stabilizer. The cost is only $6.75, and you are saved this investment in a few weeks. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Drag Links, Starting Cranks and Ball Joints

The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanically simple unit that can not get out of repair. Made of the finest steel stock.

It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, strengthening the entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car with a wrench in ten minutes. No holes to bore or machine work to do

BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR **FORDS** AND OTHER LIGHT CARS

Walked 300 Miles on Spikes!

Hindu performs astounding self-inflicted penance

Doing penance in India. This Hindu ascetic is walking from one holy place to another—300 miles—each step pressing sharp, stiff spikes into his soles

THREE hundred miles on sharp, strong spikes! More than a million steps—each step driving the spikes into the bare sole, bruising the nerves and the tender bones in the ball of the foot!

"Religious fanaticism of the East," we say—and shudder in true Western superiority.

But are we so superior?

Torturing the Feet in America — Every night thousands of men drag themselves to bed, soles burning, arches aching, the small delicate bones in the ball of the foot bruised and sore.

Thousands of times a day the tender ball of the foot is pounded on concrete pavements, on scorching hard-dirt roads, on unyielding hardwood floors. Blow after blow, jar after jar, until every step is truly torture.

But unnecessary torture. Intelligent men all over the country are availing themselves of a new discovery that eliminates this needless suffering.

Concrete pavements and hardwood floors become as soft to their feet as the natural, yielding turf. They wear Air-Peds.

The New Means of Foot-Comfort — Air-Peds are corrugated rubber pads scientifically placed to cushion *all* of the foot from *all* of the jar.

Cushion rubber protects the ball, toe, and heel—gives back to your step the resiliency and buoyancy of youth. No blow, no jar. You stride along with a sprightly rebounding springiness like walking on air.

Air-Peds save the shoe, preserve its shape, and extend its life two and three times. Foot comfort and shoe economy combined.

Made in three pieces—for the ball, toe, and heel—Air-Peds cannot draw the feet. Will not crack or rip open.

Ask your dealer for Air-Peds today. If he cannot supply you, we will. Send us your name and address, your dealer's name and address, an outline of the sole and heel of your shoe, color (black or tan), and $2.00.

Air-Peds

TRADE MARK

The rubber-heel principle applied to the entire shoe

PIONEER PRODUCTS, Inc., 144 West 18th Street, New York

42 Craig Street West, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

OLD SPECIFICATION

(Continued from Page 35)

At first when Parry Brandon started to speak, as the six men in the smoky office turned to greet him, David Matthews felt some misgiving. This tall, gray-haired man, with a square-crowned derby in his left hand and wearing a cutaway coat and a heavy square-linked Dickens chain, seemed to have stepped from some old portrait of the past. Personality—yes; imagination—yes; enthusiasm—yes, unquenchable enthusiasm for anything that appealed to his fancy. But was he a business man, or was he merely a dreamer of dreams—a builder of commercial air castles, which he could sketch but not construct?

All the time Parry Brandon was asking questions to get the snarled strands of the story unraveled, David Matthews had closely watched his face. Yes, the old fire and imagination were there. Washington had not smothered him. But ——

"Now I get the story," Brandon was saying, "and I see what you're after, Mr. Weston. You want to sell tools—lots of tools—right away. And you want to go farther—you want to sell positive affection for Barthberry tools; you want to make the men of America feel the personality of tools just as carpenters do, almost as the sportsman feels about his rifle or his fishing rod. You want a man's kit of Barthberry tools to become part of his life—mechanical friends to reach for automatically when an odd job needs doing round the house; and for the office man, Barthberry tools as agencies of relaxation after a hard day.

"You want to make men almost love Barthberry saws and hammers and block planes and chisels because they are so helpful and honest and dependable. But you realize that they have to buy them first before ever they can begin to love them."

He talked on, speaking easily but with the deadly enthusiasm of a quiet man full of vision and inspiration. Presently he stopped and looked at the group before him almost apologetically.

"Am I rambling hopelessly?" he asked.

"Mr. Brandon," said old Mr. Weston, "I've always felt that way about tools—that's why I bought stock in the Barthberry Tool Company eleven years ago. But nobody ever put it into words for me before. I am astonished at your grasp of the idea. That, gentlemen," turning to the other three, "is the kind of advertising I want for Barthberry tools. But remember, Mr. Brandon, as you say yourself, they have to buy them first. We must sell a lot of tools in a very short time. If you can do it," he added a minute later, standing with his hand on the door knob, "I'll treat you all to the finest little dinner my club can set up."

IV

BY ELEVEN o'clock the next morning Parry Brandon had heard all sides of the story, had been through the portfolios of both of the unsuccessful Barthberry campaigns and was ready to get down to business. Young McGrath was assigned to him as an assistant to take all the detail off his shoulders, and his desk had already been moved into Brandon's office.

From eleven o'clock until twelve-thirty Brandon sat looking out of the window. At twelve-thirty he reached for a tablet of interoffice memo blanks, scribbled the production manager's name after the word "To," and then almost automatically wrote at the top of the sheet the word "Specification." He paused a second, then wrote:

Please furnish the following information:

1. What tools men need for household use in the following places: Poughkeepsie, New York; Hartford, Connecticut; New Bedford, Massachusetts; and Huntington, Long Island.

2. Where and how these men keep their collection of tools—in the cellar or garret, in tool chests, on benches, hanging up, scattered or dumped any old place.

3. What range of jobs men do round the house with tools.

4. The psychological price at which a household set of tools should sell.

Brandon tore this sheet from the tablet, tossed it into his "out" basket, handed the carbon copy to McGrath, took his square-crowned derby and walking stick from the closet in the corner, and went out to the Holland House for lunch.

Returning from lunch at two-thirty, he sat down in his desk chair, lighted a cigar and spent nearly an hour chatting with McGrath.

Presently the door opened and Dreyer, the production manager, an old war horse in the advertising business, came in, his shoulders hunched up rather belligerently.

"Look here, Mr. Brandon," he remonstrated, holding up a yellow memo sheet, "this specification of yours is outside of my province."

"I rather wondered if it wasn't," replied Brandon good-naturedly. "But we haven't a regular research department to handle such things, and you're such a good production manager I thought perhaps you could produce the required information."

Somewhat salved by the compliment, Dreyer's shoulders relaxed just a little.

"That's all very well, but I can't see how I can fill your prescription. We aren't geared up for such work. It means traveling round and doing a lot of special investigating, and who can I send?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Brandon frankly. "All I know is that I must have that information."

"Oh, let me dig it out," interjected young McGrath. "I'm crazy about investigation work. I like nothing better than to get out and quiz people on a job like this, and I believe I know just how to go about doing it."

"Well, now what do you think of that?" demanded Brandon. "It works here in New York just as it did in Washington!"

"What works?" asked Dreyer.

"Why, there seems always to be someone who knows just how to go ahead to do the sort of things I never could imagine myself doing—and who actually likes to do it!"

The next morning, armed with expense money and a list of questions, McGrath left for a five-day trip. By day he called on hardware dealers in the various cities on the list, each of which had been selected for a definite reason. In the evenings he sought out the residential sections, and went from house to house talking with men about what kind of odd jobs they did round the house, what sort of tool kits they owned and what extra tools they often felt the need of. Occasionally he was rebuffed, but not often. Indeed, his enthusiasm was so contagious that in some cases he was invited into the sitting rooms of the homes he called at—and had trouble to get away.

Meanwhile Parry Brandon was spending several days at the Barthberry factory asking questions and making notes.

On Saturday morning McGrath arrived back at the office with a mass of information and a charge of enthusiasm that made Parry Brandon chuckle with delight. All day Saturday and all day Monday they studied these facts and figures.

"Just to think," Parry Brandon exclaimed half a dozen times a day, "that a man can get such a mine of information as this just by asking for it!"

On Tuesday morning old man Weston found in his pile of morning letters the following from his advertising agency:

Dear Mr. Weston:—In order to make the advertising of Barthberry tools effective it must conform to the following specifications:

1. It must offer specific tools needed constantly for odd jobs round the house.

2. These tools must be sold in a chest at a combination price, but must also be offered for sale separately.

3. The chest must be of the type used by carpenters, which closes and latches and has a handle, so that it can be carried round the house conveniently.

4. The chest must contain:

1 hammer
1 gimlet
1 screw driver (6 inch)
1 pair pliers (6 inch universal)
1 6-foot zigzag rule
1 22-inch panel saw
3 chisels—⅜, ½ and ¾ inches
1 monkey wrench (8 inch)
1 block plane
1 oil can
4 files (flat, round, half round and slim taper)
1 brace with ¼, ½ and ¾ inch bits, screw driver and counter sink
1 nail set
1 cold chisel (½ inch)
1 carpenter's flat pencil
1 try-square (8 inch)

(Continued on Page 177)

Printzess Merchants Announce Their *Fall Opening*

Whether your preference in a coat or suit is for the conservative or the unusual, it will be completely satisfied at the Fall Opening of Printzess garments which will be held in your town next week, by your local Printzess dealer.

There are models especially designed for every type—the conservative matron—the smartly groomed, younger woman—the dashing débutante. And even the school girl of minor years can be as stylish as mother or older sister in her comfy "Printzess Cadet" coat.

Your appreciation of perfection of line, of smart proportions, of delightful fabrics will be completely satisfied. And to assure you of that intangible, unseen finish which determines the life of a garment, and which can be tested by time alone, we add our signature.

This pledge of our faith is sponsored by the Printzess Merchant whose reputation rests with the quality of his merchandise. Thus the Printzess label in your coat or suit carries with it a double guarantee of enduring style and quality.

Watch your local paper for the announcement of the Printzess Fall Opening.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

Paris CLEVELAND New York

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

Copyright, 1920, The Printz-Biederman Company

OCTOBER 9th WE WILL MAKE A FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRINTZESS WEEK

The Double Challenge

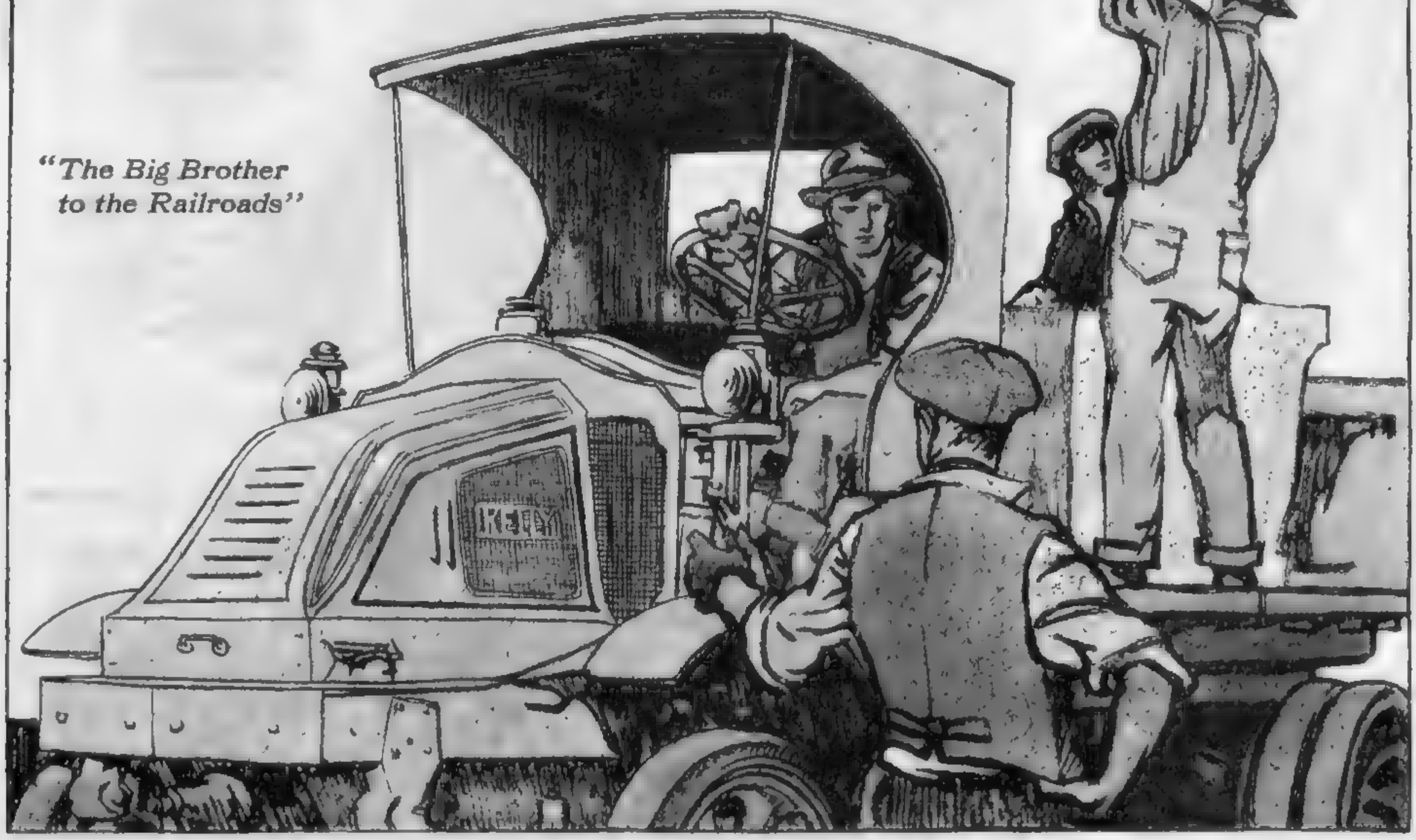
A RECORD of fifteen progressive years in the building and selling of motor trucks is so unusual as to challenge the attention of every truck buyer. For in that time literally hundreds of motor truck companies have come and gone. The very fact that parts can still be had for the first Kelly Truck, built fifteen years ago, is sufficient proof of the stability of this organization.

In many businesses there are haulage problems that actually challenge the ability of a motor truck. Perhaps there is such a challenge in your business. If so, our trucking studies, and the truck itself, can be our only answer. Whether successful or not depends upon the opportunity of investigating your problems and upon demonstration.

Our faith in the Kelly Truck is based upon two factors—the way it is built and the way it is sold. Years of study and practice have shown our principles to be right. Balanced design, flexible construction, vital parts of our own manufacture and quality throughout—each plays its part in the development of Kelly Trucks. And in Vocational Trucking, Kelly applies to the sale of trucks, as well as to their construction, the common-sense fundamental of fitting a machine to its job.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

"The Big Brother to the Railroads"



(Continued from Page 174)

5. There must be a little section of four compartments, with a hinged cover for nails.

6. The retail price of the chest must be not more than $18.75.

Please have the factory furnish us with a chest made up to these specifications at the earliest possible moment so that we can have photographs made and descriptions written for the new advertising campaign.

Yours very truly,
DAVID MATTHEWS ADVERTISING AGENCY,
By Parry Brandon.

"Well," snorted old Weston as he laid the letter down, "since when has our advertising agency had the right to boss us round with a set of specifications?" Turning he called, "Holden, ask Mr. Grant to come here."

Mr. Grant, long-time general manager of the Barthberry Tool Company, who had come down from the factory for a week at his new chief's office, stepped in at once.

"Grant, what do you think of that?"

Grant read the letter through carefully.

"Why," he said finally, "I think that man knows what he's doing."

"Well—well"—taken rather aback—"well, perhaps he does. Yes, I believe he does. Take care of it, please—and very promptly, Mr. Grant."

Four days later a special messenger from the Barthberry factory entered Parry Brandon's office with a carpenter-type tool chest with a handle for carrying. Brandon and McGrath opened the chest.

"Now isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Brandon, examining the layout with genuine admiration. "And to think that all we had to do was to ask for it!"

Suddenly he rang for a stenographer.

"Memorandum to Mr. Dreyer," he dictated.

"I am turning over to you a chest of tools which we are to feature in the Barthberry advertisements. Please provide:

"1. A suitable name conforming to the following specifications: It shall be simple, easy to pronounce and easy to remember. It shall be such a name as can be referred to with something akin to affection, rather than a mechanical name.

"2. A suitable copy description (a) of the chest itself; (b) of each individual tool in the chest. These descriptions shall be more than ordinary mechanical descriptions of size, price, and so on; they shall describe each tool from the angle of what it will do for its owner.

"3. A photograph of the chest closed.

"4. A photograph of the chest open, with the tools all so arranged that each of them can easily be seen, with each tool plainly numbered.

"Also, please provide twelve pieces of copy conforming to the specification outlined in our conference with Mr. Weston on the day of my return. Make men see these tools as friends. Underscore that word 'friends,' Miss Bradley. And that will be all for now, thank you."

"Well," exclaimed Parry Brandon as the stenographer disappeared into the hall, "I never knew business could be such fun! Just sit and tell folks what you want and never worry about how!"

But two days later Parry Brandon began to see the other side of it. The twelve pieces of copy came through from the copy department. They were flat, mechanical and far from having the spirit called for in the specification.

"What shall we do about it?" asked McGrath as Brandon gave free expression to his opinion of the copy.

"Just what we did down at Washington—send it back." And he scribbled a memo, attached it to the copy and rang for a boy.

A half hour later the copy chief entered.

"I'm afraid if you want copy to fill your prescription you'll have to write it yourself, Mr. Brandon. None of our men seems to be able to get the hang of it, and I must admit that I couldn't write it."

"Neither could I, not to save my life," laughed Parry Brandon. "I only know the kind of copy I want, and such copy can be written. I leave the rest to you. Here, just a minute ——"

He searched in his inside coat pocket, produced half a dozen dog-eared envelopes and a worn wallet, which he fumbled in until he found a yellowed page from an old magazine. "Listen to this for copy:

"'Are you Bill Smith? Get your hat on then and come along with me! I want to talk to you outdoors. Yes; light your pipe and sit down here on this log. Seems like I can't breathe indoors. Can you? Say, Bill, do you ever read yourself into a state of intoxication about outdoor life—real life? Great, isn't it? Well, how'd you like to have a magazine come to you every month to tease your appetite for hunting, fishing, camping, canoeing—living? You know—bring you the air of the mountains when you can't be out in them—the glow of a camp fire at night—a touch of the streams and marshes—the smell of fresh varnish on the little power boat at paint-up time! Say!'

"Now, that's what I call copy," exclaimed Parry Brandon. "We want somebody who loves tools like that man loves the outdoors to write our Barthberry copy."

"But there isn't a man in our shop who can write that kind of tool copy," protested the copy chief.

"Well, then I'll have to depend on you to go out into the highways and byways and find someone who can. Nothing short of that spirit in copy will do."

It was said with Parry Brandon's usual graciousness; it carried no barb; but there remained no doubt of the fact that such copy must be provided somehow.

Later in the day the copy chief returned.

"We're stuck on a name to fit your specification, Mr. Brandon," he admitted. "I have a list of twenty-six names, but none of them seems to fit."

Parry Brandon smiled and handed back the list without even glancing at it.

"I'm sure I shall not be satisfied unless you are," he said. "Won't you give the matter just a little further thought?"

"I don't know what's got into Mr. Brandon since he's come back," the copy chief confided to Joe Dreyer, whom he met in the hall. "He's an awful stickler for having just what he gets his mind set on. He never used to be so hard to work with."

"What now?" inquired the production manager.

"Oh, that prescription of his for a name for the Barthberry tool chest!"

"Say," exclaimed Dreyer, "I've been thinking of that myself since I passed that production order through to you. What's the matter with using the name we gave that combination tool for this tool chest?"

"You mean Old Trusty?"

"Yes, Old Trusty—the Barthberry Old Trusty Tool Chest. Doesn't that just about fill the bill?"

"By George, it does!" exclaimed the copy chief, and he turned and retraced his steps to Brandon's office.

"The Barthberry Old Trusty Tool Chest," repeated Brandon several times. "Fine!" he exclaimed suddenly. "And I believe Old Trusty can be protected too. It isn't descriptive."

When the copy chief had gone Brandon turned to his assistant:

"McGrath, my boy, you see it pays to fight for our specifications. I propose a new office motto: 'Smile—but Insist.'"

Impulsively he wrote it out on a blank index card, which he propped up against his ink well.

There followed hectic days of struggling with copy and pictures and schedules. More than once, as Parry Brandon looked at his calendar with the fatal first of the month approaching, he almost weakened on something that didn't conform to his specification. Then he would look at the little motto card on his desk and insist with a smile that it simply must be right.

As the last week started to slip away swiftly, everything began to come to a head. Copy was rushed to the printer to be set up, revised, rushed back for correction. Border designs were scaled for various sizes of ads and rushed off to the engraver. Pictures of Old Trusty open and closed were retouched, O. K'd and hustled off to the plate maker. Then proofs—proofs—proofs! Both McGrath's and Parry Brandon's desks were smothered with them.

"What I'd call orderly confusion," laughed David Matthews as he stood in Parry Brandon's office the afternoon of the last day of the month.

That night a light shone from a sixteenth-floor window until nearly midnight. McGrath and Parry Brandon were racing with the clock to get all the ads made up into a big portfolio ready for the morrow.

V

OLD WESTON rocked back and forth in his swivel chair and watched Parry Brandon interestedly as he untied the brown tape round the package and drew

The Broadway

Tailored from finest imported tweed, "Cravenette" finished. Has a genuine leather sweat-band and is full lined with handsome two-tone silk.

Regal Palmetto Brand Caps

are universally popular because of superior style, quality and workmanship. In addition they will not shrink in size or get out of shape when rained on. 20,000 dealers sell them at $3.00 to $6.00.

425 Fifth Ave., New York THE REGAL-SPEAR CO. 647 S. Wells St., Chicago
Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater

MONTHS of rigorous weather are ahead—the chill of autumn, the gripping cold of winter. You can make your home comfortable in every nook and corner with the Lawson Odorless Gas Heater.

The glowing "heart" of the Lawson diffuses RADIANT HEAT. No odor, no devitalization of atmosphere. The air you breathe remains pure. No dangerous open flame for garments to brush against. Combustion takes place in an inner core protected by an outer steel jacket.

The Lawson Odorless Heater is powerful, although smaller than most heaters. In convenient sizes for every room in the house. Durable and economical. Obtainable from your hardware or furnishings dealer, or

DISTRIBUTORS:
The Lawson Odorless Line, in five numbers and four sizes, meets all room heater requirements. Lawson Heaters are unapproachable for heating power, safety, economy, healthfulness.

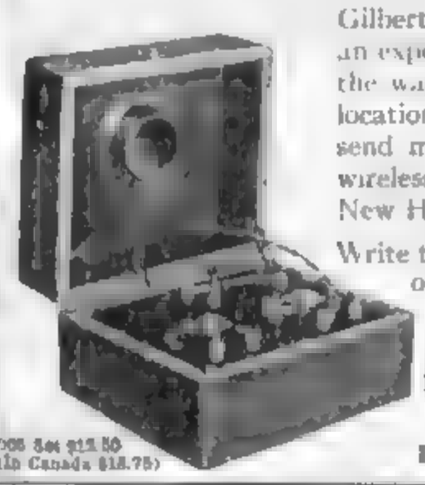
DEALERS:
Lawson Heaters are profitable and quick-moving. Easy to show and display. Write us for distributor's name.

Patented:
Dec. 6, 1910 May 1, 1917
Feb. 10, 1914 May 28, 1918
Dec. 22, 1914 July 9, 1918

The Lawson Mfg. Co. of Pittsburgh

WIRELESS! A real radio station for your boy

Encourage your boy in scientific study. Let him install a wireless station at home—a real wireless, not a toy. With a No. 4006 Gilbert Receiving Set he can have his station completely assembled in an hour and be listening to the messages of Government and commercial stations and many amateur stations all over the country. It's fascinating. It's instructive. It opens great possibilities to any boy.



4006 Set $15.50 (in Canada $18.75)

Gilbert Radio outfits are right up-to-date, designed by an expert, a wireless officer of the U. S. Army during the war. The Wireless Book in each outfit tells the location of the Government stations—when they send messages—how to receive them. It gives the wireless code. And the powerful Gilbert station at New Haven sends messages to boys every day.

Write today for our special Radio Catalog and name of the dealer who sells these outfits in your city.

The A. C. Gilbert Company

119 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto

In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

ICY HOT

Built for — Lifetime Service

LUNCH KITS

OVER ONE MILLION in USE

CARRY your lunch in an ICY-HOT Lunch Kit. Keeps home-packed lunch clean and fresh; the ICY-HOT-Bottle supplied with kit provides hot, nourishing soup or coffee or ice-cold drinks.

ICY-HOT Lunch Kits are made in many styles and sizes for office people, school children and all other workers—needed daily by all who carry lunch.

ICY-HOTS are *Built for Lifetime Service*. Thoroughly protected against breakage, easily cleaned, absolutely sanitary. There's an ICY-HOT for every need—at home and out-of-doors.

Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom. Ask your dealer; if he can't supply you, send his name.

No 319 School Kit

No 381 Lunch Kit

Write for Illustrated Catalog.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE COMPANY

Dept. F-7 Cincinnati, Ohio

ICY-HOT Keeps Contents Cold for 72 Hours; Hot for 24 Hours.

out the leather portfolio. Hopefully, eagerly the old man took it into his hands and opened to the first page. There he saw a big friendly tool chest that looked ready for any emergency.

He saw a little sketch of a man carrying the chest upstairs, and under the sketch a caption reading, "Haven't you often noticed when you get started on an odd job of carpentering round the house that the one tool you most need is always downstairs or up in the attic? Not so with Old Trusty. Take him by the handle and your tools are all right there. That's Old Trusty anyway—right there always!"

He saw a narrow panel down one side with a display heading, "Old Trusty Complete, $18.75," and under it, "Or buy any of these good, honest Barthberry tools separately at the prices listed below." Following was a list of all the tools in the chest, numbered to correspond with the numbers on the picture, and described as probably no one has ever seen tools described before.

He read copy that made block planes and try-squares and zigzag rules seem positively human.

Not until he had read that ad—and the next and the next and the next, clear on through to the last one—did old Weston speak or even look up. Then he summed it all up in one explosive sentence:

"Bully! That'll sell tools!"

VI

ON A BEAUTIFUL summerish night three months later a table was set in one of the private dining rooms of an exclusive uptown club. There were covers for fourteen.

"Mr. Weston's party is on the third floor, sir," answered the dignitary at the door to Parry Brandon's inquiry.

Two minutes later he was the center of a merry group, the merriest of whom was old Weston himself, who was mixing round introducing his associates of the Barthberry Tool Company to the group of Matthews Agency men who had sat in at the funeralistic conference in Mr. Matthews' office on that eventful morning when Parry Brandon had returned from the war just in time to bring peace.

Finally they all sat down, David Matthews at old Weston's right and Parry Brandon at his left, with Barthberry and Matthews men alternated round the rest of the table.

Such a dinner! Oysters, soup, fish, mushrooms under glass—it was during this course that David Matthews, big, human man that he was, turned to Mr. Weston and remarked with a quizzical grin and in a tone low enough that Parry Brandon might not overhear: "I don't mind telling you now that when Mr. Brandon left to go to Washington I was rather hopeful that he wouldn't come back. He had good ideas—in fact he has a remarkable imagination. But like so many other men of imagination, he didn't seem to be able to bring his ideas through. They got lost on the way. If he couldn't see just how to do a thing he didn't attempt it. But now——"

Old Weston leaned over and filled out David Matthews' sentence in a whisper behind his hand:

"But now—he's found a secret that is going to make him a very big man. Ideas move the world, and he's learned that there is someone somewhere who can work out the details of any idea for the man who will furnish the specification. I tell you Parry Brandon has found the magic lamp of great accomplishment!"

Roast guinea fowl, sorbet, alligator-pear salad—it was during the salad course that Mr. Weston confided to Mr. Matthews that he had a nephew who had been in Washington during the war. He had worked in the small-arms-ammunition section of the Ordnance Department. And on a certain rainy Sunday afternoon he and a man named Brandon and a stenographer, a Miss Burns, had been the only ones working in the big office. He had been the last to leave. And on the way out he had picked up a small sheet of yellow paper from the floor beside Brandon's vacant desk, and smiled as he involuntarily read a sentence scrawled on it in blue pencil. Old Weston leaned close and whispered something in Mr. Matthews' ear.

Ice cream, crackers and cheese, demitasse, cigars—the latter Mr. Weston's own private stock.

A general shifting of chairs.

Parry Brandon never did fully realize what happened next. Mr. Weston had launched into a speech congratulating the Matthews Agency on the Old Trusty campaign and telling what a wonderful success it was already proving. Then suddenly he had found himself in the limelight. For the first time in his whole life he—Parry Brandon, forty and a failure—was being publicly lauded for having succeeded where others had failed! A kindly old gentleman was talking to a big round tableful of men about Mr. Aladdin and his magic lamp. Then suddenly he found himself standing on his feet—or was it his head?—accepting from this old gentleman a little jeweler's box. What was in it he could not see clearly at the moment because of a strange mist that covered his eyes. What he said in reply he never did know.

Half an hour later there walked down Fifth Avenue, as far as the Holland House, where he turned in, a tall man of dignified bearing who, judging by outward appearances, would be in his middle forties, but who actually was merely a gray-haired boy with a new toy, which was concealed in a little box which he carried in his left hand. Unlocking the door of the room on the fourth floor which had come to be his home since his return from Washington, he switched on the light and dropped into an easy-chair.

"Now how did he ever know about that?" he demanded of himself as he examined a solid-gold watch charm in the form of a miniature replica of Aladdin's famous lamp. For there round the edge, engraved in the tiniest letters, he read, "I should worry about how ——"

"Well," said Parry Brandon half aloud as he took the worn old charm off his square-linked Dickens chain, "old Atlas, you've been hanging round me long enough trying to teach me to hold the world up by sheer force of muscle. You haven't made good. I hereby announce that from now on I pin my faith on Mr. Aladdin's magic lamp. We'll just see if it won't make the world carry a bit easier."

Then as he snapped the new charm on the ring of his chain he noticed more engraving on the bottom of the lamp. Holding it up under the light he read:

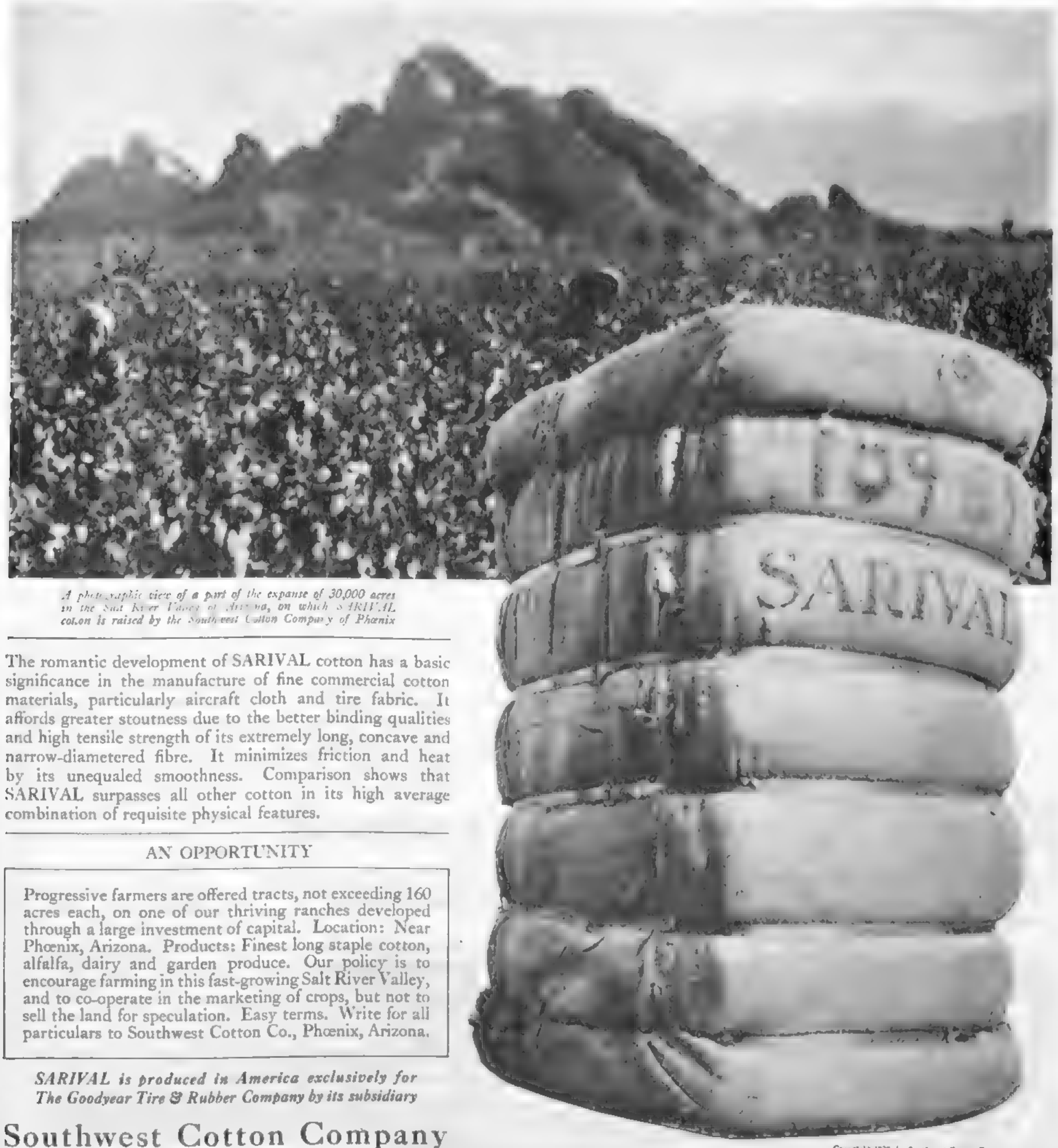
To Old Specification
from
Old Weston

"I'm not so old at that," he chuckled to himself, glancing across to the mirror. And the face that smiled back at him certainly was not!

SARIVAL

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

SELECTED FROM COMMERCIAL LONG-STAPLE COTTON PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD



A photographic view of a part of the expanse of 30,000 acres in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, on which SARIVAL cotton is raised by the Southwest Cotton Company of Phœnix

The romantic development of SARIVAL cotton has a basic significance in the manufacture of fine commercial cotton materials, particularly aircraft cloth and tire fabric. It affords greater stoutness due to the better binding qualities and high tensile strength of its extremely long, concave and narrow-diametered fibre. It minimizes friction and heat by its unequaled smoothness. Comparison shows that SARIVAL surpasses all other cotton in its high average combination of requisite physical features.

AN OPPORTUNITY

Progressive farmers are offered tracts, not exceeding 160 acres each, on one of our thriving ranches developed through a large investment of capital. Location: Near Phœnix, Arizona. Products: Finest long staple cotton, alfalfa, dairy and garden produce. Our policy is to encourage farming in this fast-growing Salt River Valley, and to co-operate in the marketing of crops, but not to sell the land for speculation. Easy terms. Write for all particulars to Southwest Cotton Co., Phœnix, Arizona.

SARIVAL is produced in America exclusively for The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by its subsidiary

Southwest Cotton Company

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Copyright 1920, by Southwest Cotton Company

The Right Arm of Agriculture

With vastly increased acreage, and greater production, dependable power equipment has become the right arm of agriculture. The complete Twin City line has proved by performance that every unit is *built to do the work—not to meet a price.*

There is a Twin City Tractor for every farm—12–20, 20–35, and 40–65. Twin City superiority is demonstrated by such features as the 16 valve-in-head engine, counterbalanced crankshaft, all gears enclosed and running in a bath of oil. The Twin City reputation is built upon remarkable fuel saving and capacity for work under all conditions.

All-Steel Twin City Threshers with their exclusive grain-saving features are winning a big market. Three sizes: 22–42, 28–48, 36–60. The 22–42 is the fast-selling individual or community outfit.

Twin City Trucks, 3½-ton and 2-ton, meet the enormous demand for reliable transportation. In the 3½-ton range especially there is an imperative call for more economy in the great power needed. It is answered by the Twin City 16 valve-in-head engine which, with its quick-cleaning, thorough combustion, prevents power waste.

The Twin City line is backed by a $7,000,000 organization with service warehouses within telephone call.

There is some territory yet available for capable dealers. Those interested are invited to get in touch with our nearest branch or distributor.

BRANCHES:

Lincoln, Neb. — Great Falls, Mont.
Des Moines, Iowa — Wichita, Kansas
Denver, Col. — Fargo, N. D.
Peoria, Ill. — Kansas City, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind. — Spokane, Wash.
St. Louis, Mo. — Salt Lake City, Utah

Canada:

Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.

Export Office:

Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.—154 Nassau St., New York City

TWIN CITY COMPANY

Selling Products of

Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company

Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Distributors:

Frank O. Renstrom Co.—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Stockton, Oakland, and Sacramento, Calif
Baskerville & Dahl Co.—Watertown, S. D.
Shannahan & Wrightson Hardware Co.—Easton, Maryland
Kepler-Marvell Motor Car Co.—Syracuse and Utica, N. Y.
Southern Machinery Co.—Atlanta, Ga.
R. B. George Machinery Co.—Dallas, Houston, Amarillo, San Antonio, Texas, and Crowley, La.
J. Z. Horter Co.—Havana, Cuba

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from Page 17)

She told me of the eight happy years they had in the White House, of my aunt's wedding there and of my christening, some of which I have incorporated in an earlier article. As I went to bed I always was allowed to dig my hand deep into the contents of a prune jar or a box where cookies, dried fruits and so on still awaited me—an old traditional nightcap I liked extremely.

In spite of mourning, now and again grandmamma received formally some delegation or mission, and for this reception I was always mobilized. I remember clearly a group of Methodist pastors who were invited thus, and a still larger number of colored preachers came to tea one day. In the dining room I handed out cakes, and to play my hostess' rôle I suggested to many of those who had children that they take some cake home to the latter from me. Then fitting my action to my words, I was happily packing soft and sticky slices of chocolate cake into scraps of old newspapers when discovered and stopped. Of course my disappointment was keen, but it soon died down, and thereafter I did not send home any provisions with my grandmother's guests.

Except for these ceremonies now and again, our life was very simple, quiet and healthful. We had an eight-o'clock breakfast; lessons from nine to eleven, and two to four-thirty daily, save Saturday; a walk in Central Park for nearly two hours before luncheon, which we took with the grown-ups. Our evening supper at five-thirty we had alone. Before supper for an hour and after it for an equal time we were free, and visited grandmamma or my very beautiful mother at their evening toilets; or I would sneak into the office and sit there quietly watching my father. He would look up and smile at my evident interest in his work and himself.

Christmas was gay, and brought all the family together for the annual tree. If the grown-ups were heavy-hearted they never showed it, and never saddened our young minds. Each year in either the spring or autumn we spent a month with my lovely Aunty and kind Uncle Palmer in Chicago, and this month was the happiest of the year to me. To play with the two favorite cousins, to have no lessons, and to enjoy their ponies and fine toys with them and spread our games out over their immense house, with little severity or watching, was a taste of liberty and luxury deeply appreciated.

Mr. Dodsworth's Dancing Class

So several seasons passed—lessons and our family life, with short intervals of quiet pleasure playing with small cousins; twice a week the treat of a dancing lesson at one of the classes held by that quaint and elegant personality who taught half New York of our generation to dance, walk and curtsy, Mr. Dodsworth. Once each year the greatest treat of all—an afternoon at the circus; where all the family, save grandmamma, went together, my gay mother being the inspiration and hostess at these parties.

So passed the four years from 1885 to 1889 and I was nearly thirteen years old—a quiet overgrown girl, with long heavy hair, but otherwise nothing distinctive. My brother was going on eight; Nurse Louise had married, and we had a German Elise to replace her, so we should pick up this new language.

One day my mother called us down to her room at supper time and announced that she had a great surprise to impart. We were all going to Vienna, and soon, to live there a long time. President Harrison had named my father Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria, and we must prepare to be off very soon. My interest and excitement were intense. I wrote the new title over and over, till I knew how to spell and say it by heart. What I knew of Austria was limited and vague, but I asked more, until I learned that Vienna was considered one of Europe's brilliant capitals, that there were crowds of great families with names known to history back through the centuries, robber barons, Holy Roman Emperors. Also art, music, fine clothes, court functions, fancy leather goods, galleries of treasures, palaces—all these words figured in the table conversation now and I followed these trails, varied as they were, to my own satisfactory conclusions.

Soon our date of sailing was announced. We were going to land at Southampton, be in London a short time and then go to Vienna, either by France or by Germany, as my parents should decide at the last moment on the spot. Anyhow, we would have quite a trip, and I was vastly elated by this prospect, because I had always been told we were too poor to go abroad, and I had known all I ever hoped to of foreign lands through the albums others brought home. I had been quite contentedly resigned, but was delighted by the sudden turning in our path and by the new prospect of adventure and discovery.

We sailed early in March. Grandmamma with a companion decided to come with us and spend the summer months abroad, so our party made six. The night before our embarkation we all dined with my father's brother and in the large company present we children, unnoticed, ate of every dish, from oysters to marrons glacés. Our ordinary frugal simple diet had not prepared us for digesting such a banquet, especially on the eve of a trip by sea, and the results of our orgy were frightful. For several days we tossed on a stormy ocean, unable to eat or even to sleep much—helpless victims of our gluttony. My small brother had high fever, and my mother felt he was really in danger, for the ship's doctor could do nothing, he said, and merely recommended fresh air when we could go on deck, and quiet till then. Mine was a healthy case, as I was much stronger than the boy.

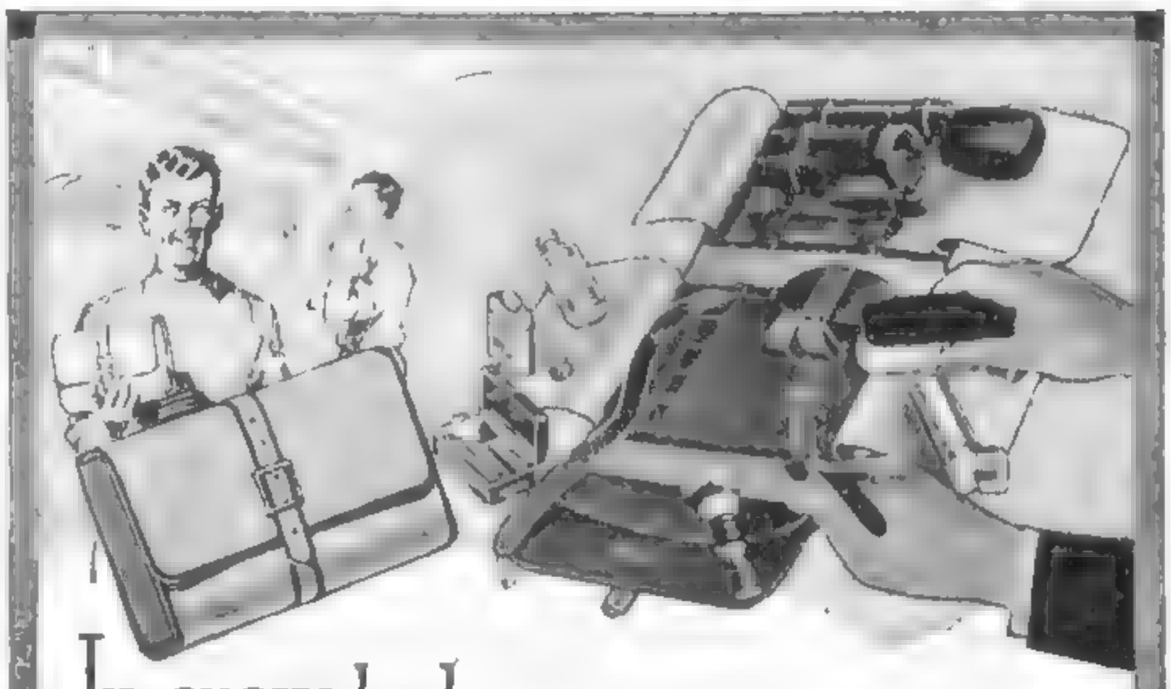
My Parents Meet Queen Victoria

About the third day my father carried my limp brother up on deck, and I was able to go that far on my own feet. Then we stretched out and watched a sullen, lead-colored, hideous sky, and a rough sheet of water equally ugly in color. The boat rolled and tumbled. Soon young Ulysses was himself, and he explored the wonders of the ship with interest. In the later luxury of steamers one forgets the uncomfortable life on them during my childhood, when the food was at best monotonously indifferent, and was usually wretched. In those days what friends sent one to eat was precious, and I remember on this particular voyage the pleasure we took in a barrel of oysters and some oranges, gifts at parting. Our steamer chairs also were given us. My first impressions of my journey out into the world were horrid.

At last, with help from several books, the long dull trip, which lasted about ten days, ended, and we landed. A boat train to London deposited us at our hotel—a huge caravansary where one got lost; with bad food and rooms that didn't remember being cleaned. Mud, drizzle, darkness—all contributed to our doleful impression. We did a little sight-seeing. The Tower of London impressed me very much. My mother and father were doing a good deal of going about, meeting people, and they dressed up and went to court, both looking very fine. I was allowed to aid at dressing my mother, who was quite radiant in orange and silver, with a becoming touch of brown and white at her shoulders and on her head and feet.

It seems that Queen Victoria was holding court that day, and was gracious enough to remember that my grandfather had visited her at Windsor years before. The Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, was present, desperately bored; and the Princess was as smiling and gracious as usual. Distinguished men, statesmen of various countries, asked to meet my father and talked with him about the different interests of America and currents of European politics—all of which gave my parents rather an unusual picture as their first glimpse of official circles.

It seemed curious to me to be abroad, where everything was so different from the frame I was used to. The English country from Southampton to London had appeared very beautiful to my eyes— greener, richer vegetation and bigger trees than at home, with here and there a castle or a manor house hidden away. At that age it was beyond my powers to define the feeling I had, but in the light of later knowledge I think it must have been the dignity and growth of these traditional homes



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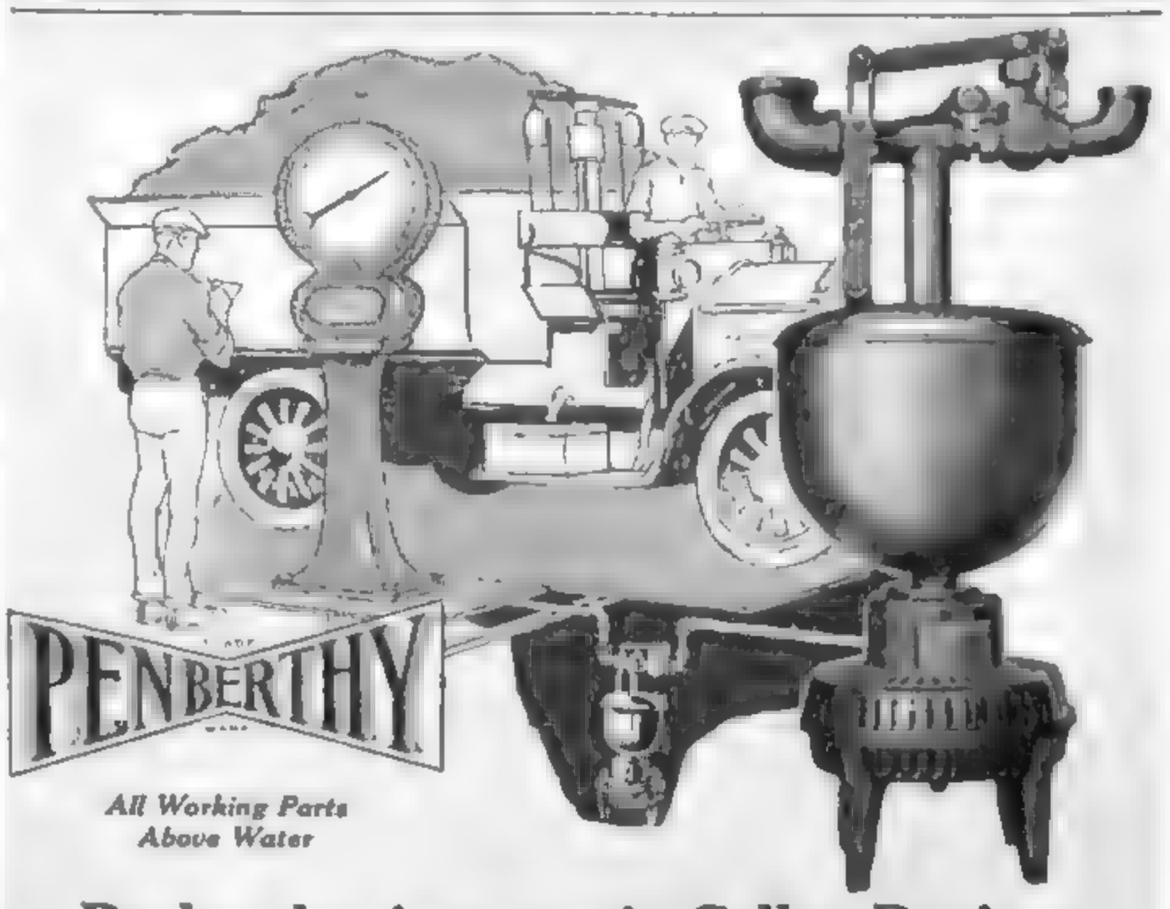

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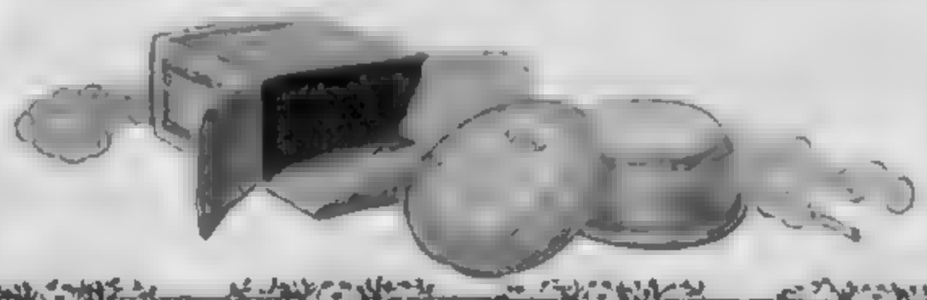

with a history which brought the past into the present, giving promise of strength for the future. Even a child is sensitive to such things as atmosphere and realizes differences, and though London had smoke and noise, and our hotel was a hideous place, with much gilt and dirt in the rooms, and with uncomprehending German waiters, and though we were very uncomfortable, I liked the streets and the buildings, and what little sight-seeing we did I enjoyed to the full.

I remember very few of the interesting people who went through my mother's salon, paid her compliments, sent her flowers, and told my father she had been the prettiest woman at the drawing-room. I know Mr. Robert Lincoln, the American Minister, was constantly among them, for he was an old friend whom I was very glad to see and who gave me news of his children, who had been among my chums at home. Mr. Harry White also came and went, arranging details of my parents' presentation at the drawing-room, where not only were they to make their entrance and bow and curtsy to royalty, but they were to stay when others passed on and to line up with the diplomatic corps, thus remaining with the court to see the procession of English débutantes, matrons and dowagers go by.

I was sorry I wasn't old enough to wear a grand court train and three white feathers in my hair with the long veil sweeping out from them, and I watched every detail of my mother's toilet and felt she was looking her best that day. My father also looked extremely well; knee breeches and silk stockings were becoming to his well-shaped legs and feet. My father, like both his parents, had admirable hands and feet and always in costumes out of the ordinary looked thoroughbred and comfortable, perfectly unconscious of himself and of the popularity he always won.

After this short stay in London we left for Vienna, direct through Belgium and Germany, without stopping off. My father was anxious to reach his post and take over the work given him to do, and his sense of duty suppressed all sight-seeing on the way. He was sorry, he said, and promised to bring us back some day to see these lands we were skimming through. My mother gave me a blank book and a pencil, with which I was to keep a diary about Europe. Luckily this document was lost not long after it was written, but I remember with warm affection the little black oilcloth book and my pencil, for they kept me busy and amused, from our arrival at Ostend—or some other port—all through the long journey to the Austrian capital.

Cathedrals, Castles and Cologne

To my inexperience it was far from dull; the Channel trip was made at night and was pleasant enough to revive my self-respect. We enjoyed our breakfast on landing, and found comfortable big seats in one of the old-fashioned, side-doored compartment cars. Everyone exclaimed over its inferiority to the American sort, but I liked it. I sat entranced near a window, watching the strange landscape whirl by, wondering at the women's lace caps and the dogs harnessed to small carts and the gabled quaint houses overhanging streets so spick-and-span that one fancied they were scrubbed by hand every morning—as they were.

Modern styles in art had not struck the world yet, and the picturesque beauty of ancient and historic towns was not swamped in blatant new and rich villas. After the flat Belgian landscape came some of Germany, and a stop at Cologne for lunch. We had an hour, and the old hotel with its garden full of flowers offered us excellent food. I hurried, for my father had told me he would take me to see the cathedral for a moment on our way back to our station. The others lingered over their meal and we were alone together, my father and I, and I felt a sympathy in our common love for beauty and history which was to establish a new and precious relation and to be one of the best factors in my education.

I was a little thing but I felt the stone marvel of Cologne; both its size and beauty appealed to me and moved me, even before we went in; then the dim colored light from the great stained-glass windows, the vast proportions and the beauty of the lines carried me off my feet. I loved it—wished I could live in its shadow as did the people whose homes clung to its feet, as if for the protection of this giant among buildings. A vague fragrance of incense hung in the air; the great organist, preceding some service, played a magnificent rolling strain, which spread and spread until it filled all those corners, while people with spirit worn or body weary with life's problems stood or kneeled, and sat with folded hands for a brief moment of their busy days, resting, absorbing all this beauty for eye and ear, lost in the possible solitude of this forest of columns. I could not have defined it, but I appreciated the rare genius of a people for whom this cathedral stood, and I still have a lingering sentiment for the cathedral at Cologne above all others, because I owe my first deep joy in Europe's beauty spots to it.

Later through the years I have seen more perfect specimens of the builder's art, but none has seemed to me more magnificent than this giant of Cologne. My father whispered me its history as he drew me close to him, and he covered his dry facts with legend and art so well that I learned to love the guidebook's knowledge, as well as the object it described. All too quickly our half hour passed, and we hastened to the station to find the rest of the party, who had had a walk and had bought "Maria Farina" cologne of some of the quaint-costumed natives.

Up the Rhine until dark our train passed, and I was delighted with the old castles perched everywhere on the rocky peaks; delighted also with my father's tales of robber barons, but disappointed in the river itself. Barred of its associations it was much less splendid than our Hudson, and I had expected more—so my Cologne experience kept its first place in my mind.

First Impressions of Vienna

We woke up in Vienna. The legation carriage and footman were awaiting us, and we fell in love at first sight with the place. It was a long drive from the train to our hotel, which stood in the heart of the ancient part of the town. The quarter of the city first traversed had broad fine open streets and stuccoed houses, large but quite uninteresting. Then we reached the Ring, with its fine public buildings and parks, covering the space and following the line of what had been the fortified walls of old Vienna. Suddenly we turned short at right angles and plunged into a tiny street so narrow that it was almost possible to shake hands from sidewalk to sidewalk. And such sidewalks! Two people abreast was their limit, a third had to walk in the street. It was all crowded with a gay, well-dressed, talkative mass rushing both ways, getting tangled up and untangling. Now and again a fiacre passed, the driver cracking his whip and shouting to make way; then it was some lumbering family carriage with big colored crests on the side doors; and then a pushcart with vegetables and fruits piled high or with fragrant violets and daffodils. And for each passing vehicle there was a scramble to the sidewalk and a flattening out of the people on foot against the house wall—amid laughter and shouts.

The shop windows looked most attractive on this the smart shopping street, the Kärntnerstrasse. I loved it and the people at once. Suddenly we stopped. The footman, whose name was Franz, and who at once announced he had been with the legation many years and spoke "Engleesh eazee," got down and opened the door. We all got out before what looked a very unpromising place and went in. Franz explained that there was a newer hotel, but not so elegant, and that it was not for *Excellenz* to live in. It was on the Ring and was quite modern, while this, the Munsch, was where kings and princes and *Excellenzen* always stayed; and "You will very much like eet, *Excellenz*."

Inside, a clean low hall, painted white with marble floors; no lift, but a wide staircase walled on each side, white, with a thick red carpet; one flight; a dark landing, heavy red velvet curtains and a door of white painted wood. It flew open, both panels, and we stood on the threshold of the apartment of kings, princes and *Excellenzen!*

Enormous rooms, two of them, one brown and blue brocade of large design, the other red damask; lots of gold—frames, mirrors, carved backs to chairs, great chandeliers of gilt bronze or Bohemian glass, great candelabra, clocks and vases of the same metal on high mantels. A hundred people in each room would not have made a crowd. One room had five

(Continued on Page 185)

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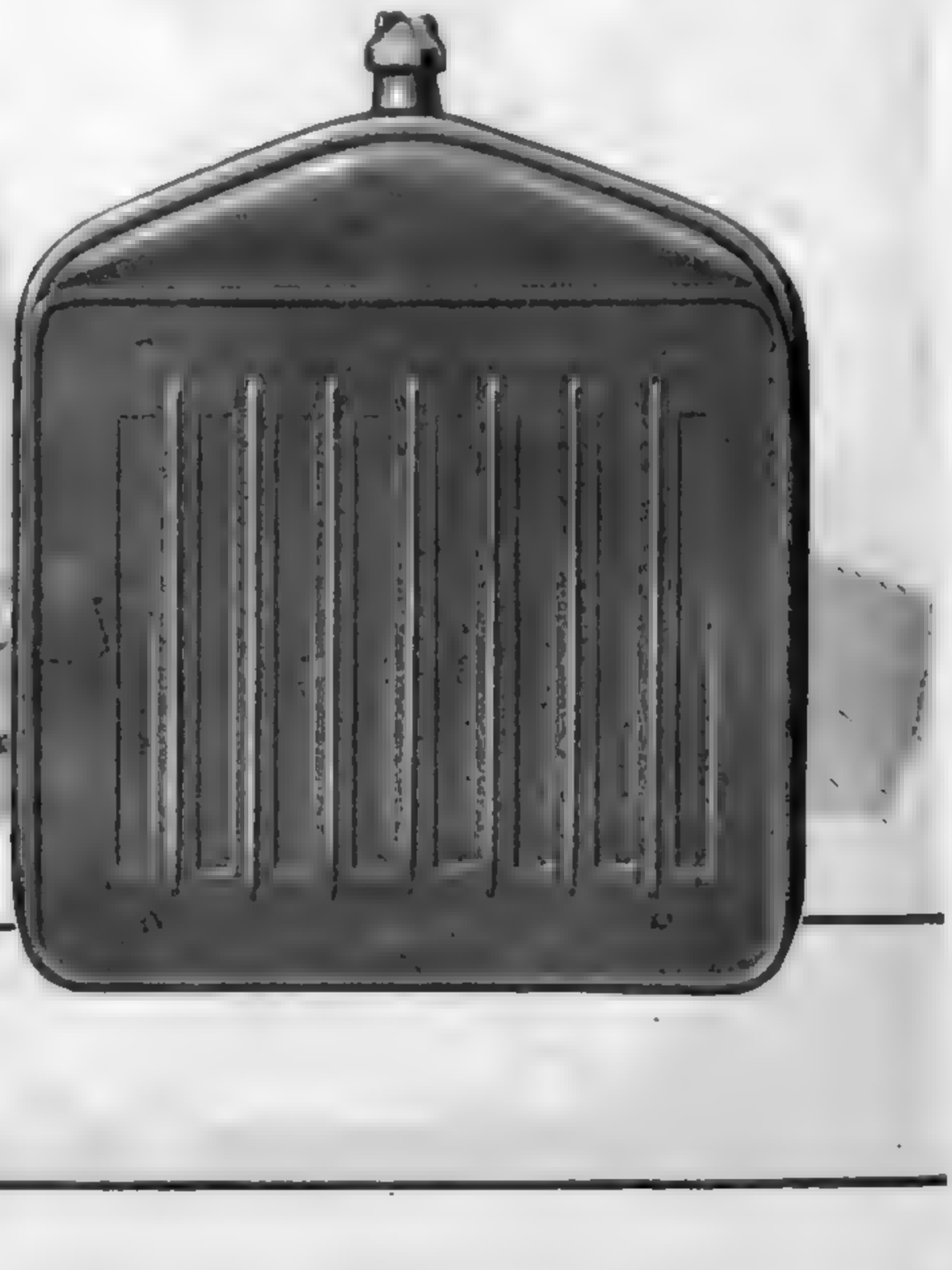

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"
"Simply Add Boiling Water"

(Continued from Page 182)

windows, the other more perhaps; and large tables stood about in formal style. Perhaps to kings, princes and *Excellenzen* it might be a normal habitation; to a simple little American girl it looked a palace, vast beyond belief. The bedrooms were in proportion, and there were no baths at all, nor even toilet rooms. In fear, my father asked the price and was told a small figure, which proved that in Vienna space was a drug on the market. So we took the rooms.

We children had one with the funniest beds—head and foot boards equally high, heavy quilts with sheets buttoned back on them, and a soft down cushion as large square as the bed's width, to use as an extra comforter. The walls were so thick and the window spaces consequently so deep that they made attractive alcoves for use. I had in mine a desk and chair, while my brother used another as a playroom.

We all decidedly liked the place as soon as we got used to the queerness, and it was pleasant to have excellent food well served in our rooms by a friendly smiling waiter, who spoke all sorts of languages, though he was not particularly comprehensible in any.

With the memory of the Kärntnerstrasse in my mind I did not think of a possible view from our windows, and it was only after a long time that I got where the desk stood and glanced out. It was an enchanting scene below—a large cobblestone-paved square, and in the center a fountain with simple perfect lines, quite an early and a very good creation. About it was grouped a motley throng in bright peasant costumes, most decorative. Then radiating out from the center were quantities of push-carts covered with fresh flowers, piles of them, and so cheap that anything you wanted and as many as you could carry cost really a very small sum. The edges of the square were vacant and the whole space was surrounded by façades of quaint old homes, while just opposite our hotel the church stood where all the Hapsburgs have been buried these many years. It seemed a simple structure. The whole impression was of a charming happy-go-lucky people with a love of finery, a childish gayety and a desire to help others about them.

Count Kálnoky Calls

That first morning I did not gain any further knowledge, but I already had the feeling I liked this new place and the people very much. Breakfast was brought up soon, and all the grown-ups exclaimed over their delicious coffee. By the end of the meal bathrooms had become a matter of indifference to everyone, and we were completely under the spell of the Viennese. We unpacked our trunks, glad to think we were to stay on for some time in the transformed old palace, for that was the real origin of our hotel.

My father made his first call on Count Kálnoky at once. The latter charmed him, as he did everyone else. I heard afterward that Kálnoky had been considered one of the most delightful men of his epoch and that much of his success in handling the delicate mechanism of Austria-Hungary's foreign policy had been because he was such a personal favorite with all who negotiated with him. At the time we knew nothing of him, save that he presided at the Foreign Office and that a first call was due him. When he returned my father's visit and spent a half hour with my mother, the gay connoisseur was quite evidently delighted with her beauty and made himself so agreeable that a warm friendship was at once established between the American Legation and the Ballplatz.

At the end of his visit we were sent for, as the minister said he was keen to meet a pair of children who came to Austria from so far. I was very much interested to see this first foreigner who crossed my path. He made us children some simple cordial speech; asked if we had seen the pretty Wurstel-Prater, how we liked the country, and so on; and went straight to our small hearts by his warmth and sympathy. Of medium height and fairly heavy build, he had thin hair, a round face and somewhat prominent eyes. The rest of the face was not especially marked, but he had a guileless expression, a most pleasant voice and a good-natured laugh, and without any familiarity seemed at once to be on rather intimate terms with those he met. He inspired confidence in my father from the first, and they remained firm friends throughout the remaining time Kálnoky was in office, though there were various delicate and difficult negotiations carried on between their respective governments. More and more my father grew to trust the man, who on that first day impressed us by a welcome which he made so sincere.

A Tragedy at Court

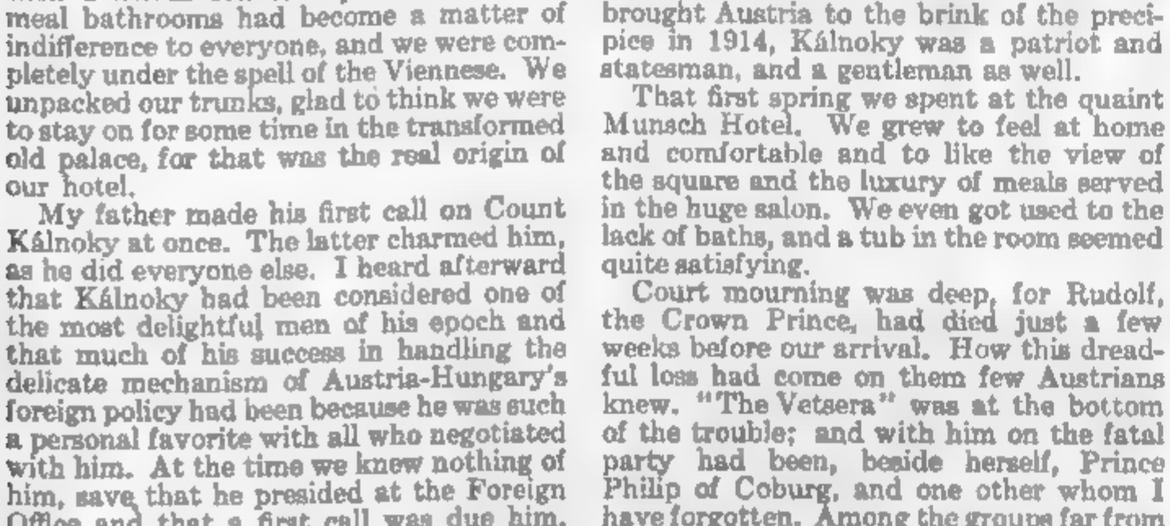
I had never been out of the Anglo-Saxon circle at home, and I was struck by the fact that the Minister of Foreign Affairs bowed low over my mother's hand and kissed it in adieu, and that at the door he stopped, clicked his heels together and made a general bow to our family group. I think also he wore a monocle, which amused me. He was an old bachelor, I learned, and poor, and had, though he was of noble birth, made his own career. At the Ballplatz, where he occasionally gave an official party, opening up the palatial rooms and doing everything with great dignity and splendor, he lived habitually in one of the small apartments and kept very quiet. He always used a smart fiacre instead of a private carriage, and one saw him sometimes flying along at breakneck speed such as only the Viennese hired drivers dare to adopt.

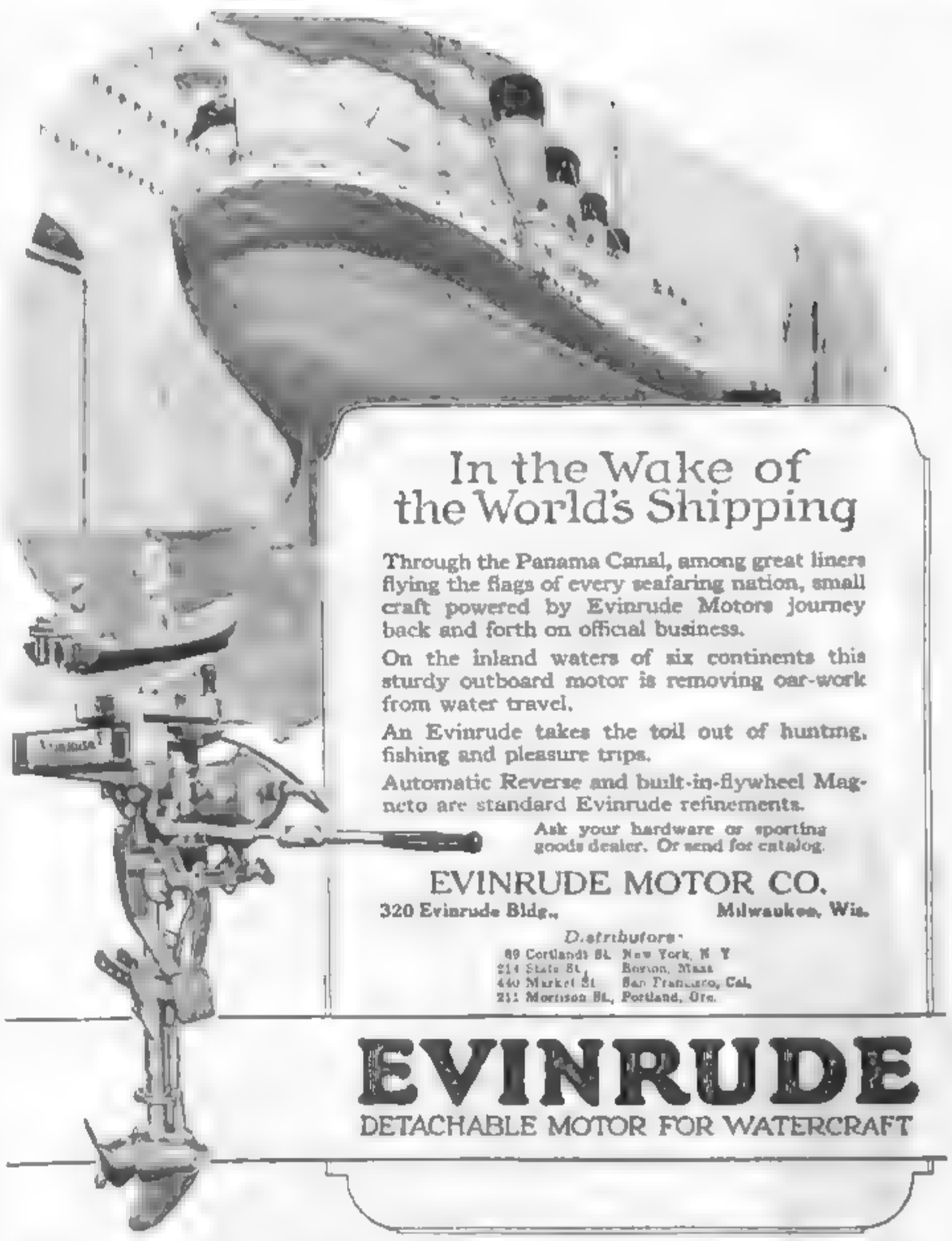
In fact *Wiener chic* ordained that any man with pretensions to success should make a point of using a very fast fiacre, except when on gala occasions of ceremony it was replaced by court carriage or family-crested clumsy vehicle.

I met Kálnoky often and watched and listened always with great interest as he talked of everything, vivacious, talented, cultivated, yet always with a shrewd sense of values and a judgment which made him one of his emperor's most valued servitors. Of a different quality and race from the Aehrenthals, Berchtolds and others who brought Austria to the brink of the precipice in 1914, Kálnoky was a patriot and statesman, and a gentleman as well.

That first spring we spent at the quaint Munsch Hotel. We grew to feel at home and comfortable and to like the view of the square and the luxury of meals served in the huge salon. We even got used to the lack of baths, and a tub in the room seemed quite satisfying.

Court mourning was deep, for Rudolf, the Crown Prince, had died just a few weeks before our arrival. How this dreadful loss had come on them few Austrians knew. "The Vetsera" was at the bottom of the trouble; and with him on the fatal party had been, beside herself, Prince Philip of Coburg, and one other whom I have forgotten. Among the groups far from the court, gossip over Rudolf was rife and every sort of scandal was passed about. The court—we hadn't yet met the Emperor—was deeply affected and people were received only on state business. The Empress had retired in her grief to some far-away palace and stayed there in strict retirement. We were told that when questioned, various members of the court had

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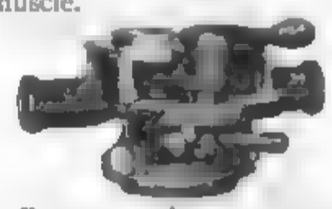

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How do you judge tools?

First, examine them carefully—handle them—and by their appearance, finish, balance and "feel" even an amateur should be able to judge quality.

Second, judge them by reputation. Ask any good carpenter, mechanic or hardware man about the tools you are going to buy.

Lastly, test their efficiency and wearing qualities by actual use for an indefinite period of time.

Millers Falls tools answer these three tests. This is because the Millers Falls Company has been making braces, auger bits, hand and breast drills, mitre boxes, vises, hack saws and other boring and cutting tools for over half a century with the thoroughness and pride of workmanship characteristic of this typical New England institution. Millers Falls tools have always been true to their maker's ideals and their owners' requirements.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

Millers Falls Ratchet Brace No. 32 (shown here) has been the standard brace for nearly two generations and is still our largest seller. Has our well-known Barber chuck with all-gear jaws of forged steel. The ratchet is of the boxed pattern and the head ball bearing. Cocobolo handles. Other parts nickel-plated and finest material throughout.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

The Berkshire Hills country —the home of Millers Falls Tools

replied: "The Emperor, whom we love dearly, is suffering a great loss, and he does not wish it discussed. We know nothing." Evidently the indiscreet diplomat whose curiosity got the better of his manners was not an example to follow, but the members of the diplomatic corps gossiped among themselves, and naturally the nobility must have done likewise, even while toward foreigners a discretion was maintained which was made up of utmost loyalty to the bereaved sovereigns.

The Emperor was evidently adored by his gay subjects of the capital, who had also affection and admiration for the dead Crown Prince, and sympathized even with the latter's follies. Both men had had a simple charm and real love of the city's gay life and had always taken part in it, circulating quite unofficially. The Crown Prince, like his father, was known for a wonderful shot and horseman, had a quick wit and a bright smile, and had spent much time in the theaters and cafés or in the Prater, rubbing elbows with the crowd. He had used a fiacre like all the *jeunesse dorée* and spoke the Viennese patois to perfection.

His people were inclined to sympathize with his various peccadillos, on the score that he did not care for the Belgian princess he had been obliged to marry and who they said had made him scenes and misunderstood him always. "The Vetsera" was one of Vienna's own daughters, a great beauty, though her bringing Rudolf to the point where suicide or murder must have ended their romance was really exaggerating matters. Their easy-going mentality and invariable weakness for the romantic made them say this gently. "They were very much in love and very handsome and the Stephanie was not adroit." Then the gossips sighed.

The Shooting-Lodge Episode

Whether the death of the Crown Prince at his Meyerling shooting lodge was accident, suicide or murder, whether the party was sober or intoxicated, there is no doubt that Prince Philip of Coburg—who was married to another Belgian princess and consequently Rudolf's brother-in-law as well as friend—acted with tact and promptitude. Before anyone was up next morning the Empress had been awakened at the Hofburg palace and informed. She had been vastly brave, and had faced the situation with the thoroughbred pride that always characterized her. After a moment to steady herself she had said she would in person tell the Emperor, and had gone about her errand at once. He was more bowed than she by Fate's blow, but together they had traversed the ordeal of the funeral ceremonies, hushed the gossip to what extent they could, and at the time of our arrival in Austria were still dignified in mourning Rudolf's death—she in her retreat, he with courage to face his duties, but not to amuse himself.

At Home in Vienna

Therefore my parents had little social life at the beginning of our Austrian experience. After Kálnoky, a few calls and presentations followed to colleagues who were of superior or equal official rank, ambassadors and ministers.

The spring was growing into summer. My father had taken hold of the legation offices and work and was handling both so that the clerks and secretaries were amazed at how much they could accomplish.

An apartment had been found for us, with another in the same building for the legation's offices, and we were to move into it early in the autumn. Meanwhile my parents' furniture had been cabled for. Unused since the Morristown cottage days, we all rejoiced over the arrival of the pretty things of which we were so fond. It was decided also that we should move down for the summer to a quiet little country hotel situated on a beautiful hillside. A valley spread with cyclamen blossoms, pink and white, stretched at our feet, and the summer there at Little Baden promised to be charming.

Before we moved to the country we began to feel at home in Vienna and the subtle charm of the Kaiserstadt—Emperor's city—was at work making us welcome. Soon we really thought the people most lovable and their background as attractive as themselves. It pleased us to feel we were to live in this frame for a time; four years perhaps, if all went well. Life took on a new interest, even to a little girl.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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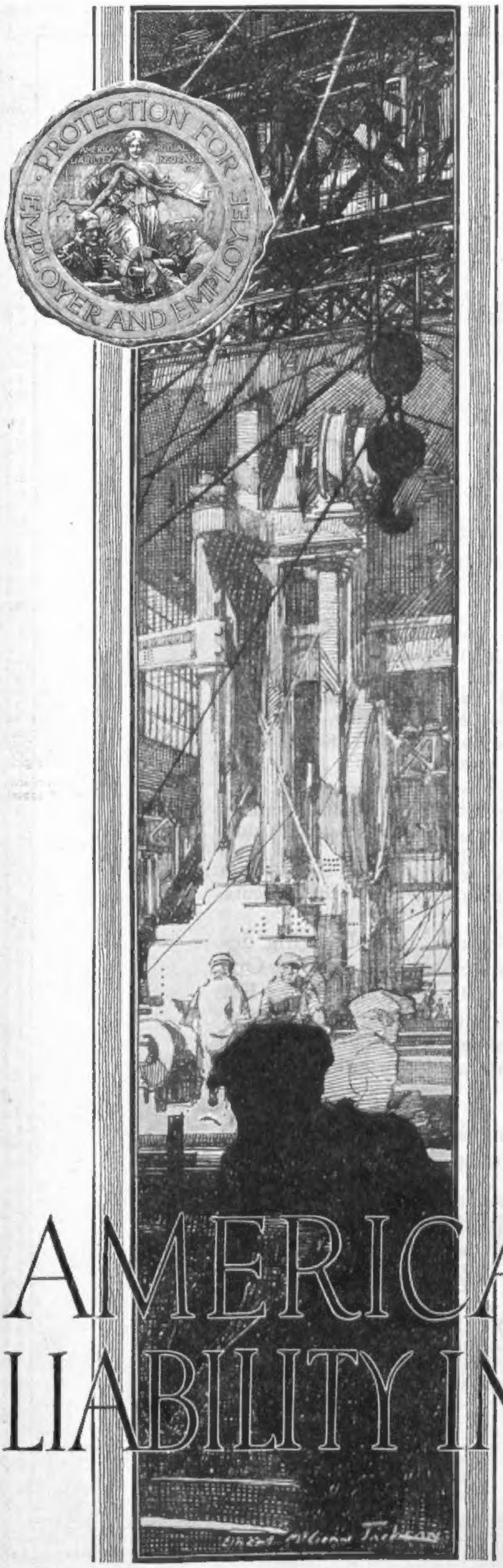

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The Eighth of a Series on the Story of Industrial Justice

ARE you an employer of Labor? Then if your employee is injured while doing your work, workmen's compensation laws hold you accountable. *You* must pay: so much for a doctor's visit, so much for a week's illness, so much for a lost finger. It is to your interest to insure yourself against such accidents, to turn over the burden of risk, the investigation and payment of claims, the medical care, to an Insurance Company. Thousands of America's greatest employers have chosen the American Mutual, because they have learned that the American Mutual gives them the utmost protection, service, and economy.

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The Price of Bacon

Some people wonder why the price of best quality bacon is so much higher than the price of live hogs.

The answer is:

1. From every hundred pounds of live hogs we buy, we get only about 72 pounds of meat and lard.

2. The choice cuts—bacon, hams, and pork loins—are only about one-third of the whole animal. They must bring prices much higher than the price of hogs to offset the low prices we get for many of the other cuts. Otherwise we couldn't stay in the pork business.

3. Only about 8 pounds out of every hundred pounds of live hog can be made into fine bacon like Swift's Premium. Only half the hogs we can buy are suitable for this brand; hence **only about 4 per cent of the total live weight of hogs we buy is sold as Premium Bacon.** Other bacon is sold at much lower prices.

4. There is an extra expense of about 8 cents per pound in preparing Premium Bacon, due to careful trimming, curing, smoking, and shrinkage. This extra expense is nearly as much as we get at wholesale for some of the cheaper cuts.

The various cuts not only bring different prices, but changing demands cause these prices to vary with respect to each other. One cut may have the call, with prices of other cuts ranging lower. For example, fancy bacon has been in heavy demand during the summer of 1920, and the price has not fallen with the price of hogs. But lard has dropped about 45 per cent at wholesale and dry salt pork has dropped about 35 per cent.

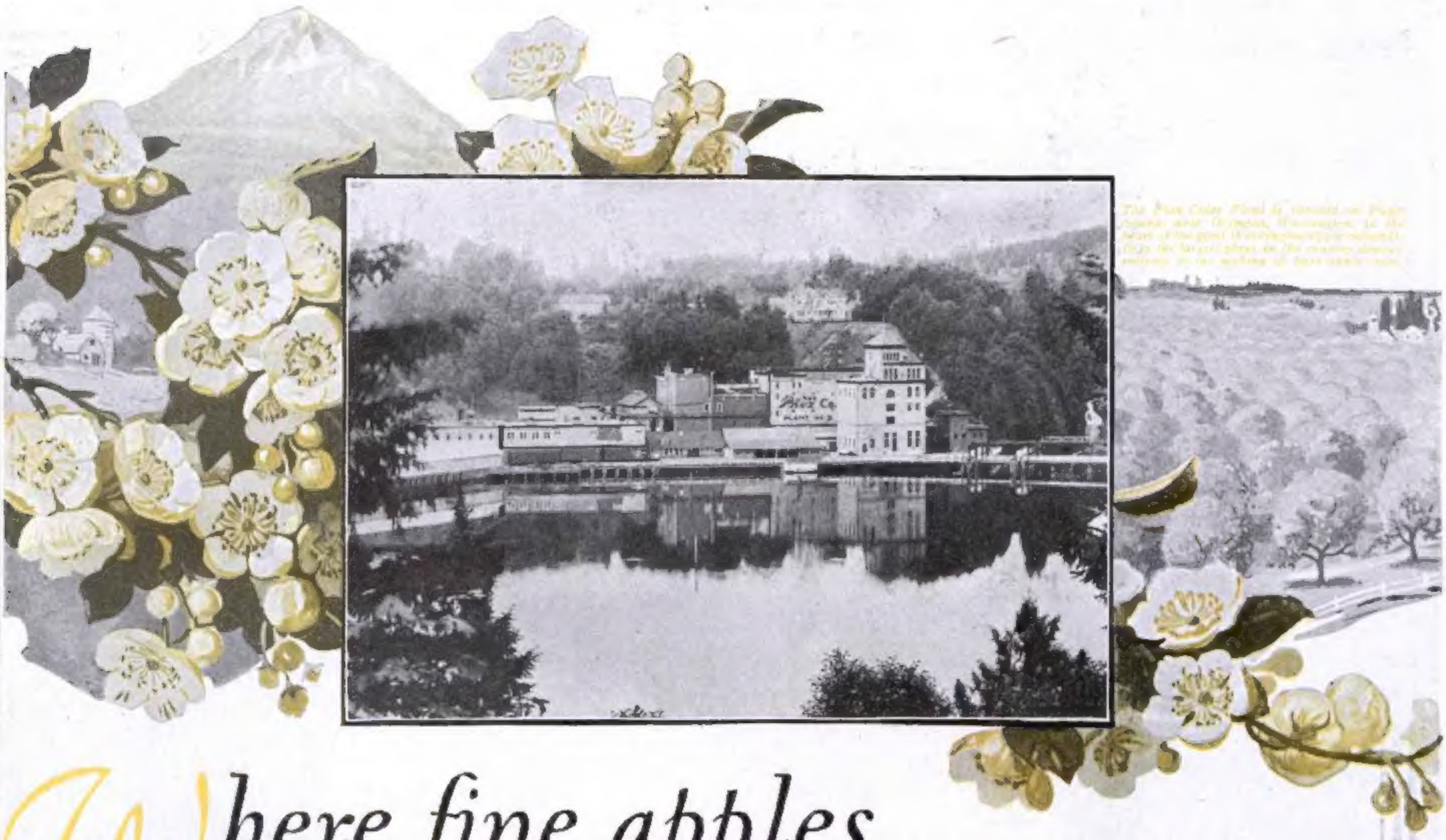
These prices are utterly beyond our control; bacon may come down at any time, and lard, or some other cut, go up.

But you may rest assured that competition, at all times keen and active, keeps the average return from all cuts down to a point which allows us less than one cent per pound on all pork products sold.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders



Where fine apples make Phez Cider

THIS *old-fashioned drink*—with its happy memories of childhood—made in a *new-fashioned way*. Made from big, firm Spitzenbergs, golden Newtowns and juicy, red Jonathans—such apples as come only from the mountain valleys of the Northwest.

Hand-picked when they're ripe and full of juice. Inspected, washed, and the clean, sound apples put into shining presses to come forth as delicious, golden Phez Cider.

Just the pure juice of sound apples—in a perfect blend of flavors—Phez Cider is unequalled. Pasteurized so the full bouquet is retained, Phez Cider remains amber-clear to the last drop in the bottle.

Once you try Phez Cider, you'll never be without it. Healthful, delightful for young folk and old folk! Drink it at mealtime, at bedtime, or any time of the day. Have your grocer send you a bottle of Phez Cider today—or, better yet—a case.

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Back of every perfect achievement is a reason.

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